MAY 1952

COMMENTARY

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The Diary of Anne Frank	
A Day in the Life of a Senator	STEPHEN KEMP BAILEY & HOWARD D. SAMUEL
The First Fruits and the Giving of the Law	THEODOR H. GASTER
Britain's Jewish Intellectuals Look Ahead	BARNET LITVINOFF
The Near East's Communist-Fascist Front	MARK ALEXANDER
My Mrs. Schnitzer—A Story	SYLVIA ROTHCHILD
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The Study of Man— What Americans Get Out of College	NATHAN GLAZER

BOOKS IN REVIEW

William A. Irwin — Leslie A. Fiedler — H. R. Trevor-Roper
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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Lebanon: Middle East Microcosm *Ray Alan*

It now seems that Lebanon, Israel's neighbor to the north, may be the first of the Arab countries to break the blockade that hems in the new state. Ray Alan, a long-time observer of the Middle East, describes the political and social cross-currents that now agitate that little nation, with its French culture, Christian merchants, and Arab farmers.

The Politburo and Soviet Foreign Policy *Boris Meissner*

Stalin has advisers to whom he delegates power and upon whom he depends for many of his decisions. It is they who staff that mysterious cabinet of his known as the Politburo. Mr. Meissner, one of the leading European experts on Russian affairs, tries to clear up some of the mystery about the inner workings of this body, its conflicting factions, and their influence on changing Soviet policy.

Trends in Orthodox Jewish Thinking *Emanuel Rackman*

In some circles the belief persists that Orthodox Judaism is a petrified survivor of the past, completely unaffected by the currents of modern thought. On the contrary, Rabbi Rackman declares, Orthodox Judaism is a live and sensitive organism, struggling with all the problems—and influenced by all the ideologies—of our day. An informative survey as well as a critical estimate.

Mathematics and Social Science *Abraham Kaplan*

It is an open question, according to Abraham Kaplan, just how much longer the literate layman will be able to understand what social scientists are trying to say; some of the most important recent books in the field present an almost impenetrable barrier of mathematical symbols. Professor Kaplan describes, in straightforward English, what is happening on the other side of the barrier. In our department "The Study of Man."

Seven Men in Search of a Rabbi *S. T. Hecht*

The story of a delegation from a small suburban community in New Jersey, who crossed the Hudson one Sunday to find a rabbi for their congregation.

What Good Is Changing Your Name? *J. Alvin Kugelmass*

Gold into Gould, Levy into Latham—name-changing is on its way to becoming a permanent feature of American Jewish life. Mr. Kugelmass has done some first-hand research to discover what the effects of name-changing have been on the individual himself, and he comes up with surprising results.

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COMMENTARY

WHY ASIANS HATE THE WEST

The Third Phase in the Orient

G. F. HUDSON

HUMAN actions in history often seem to resemble the behavior of a child who starts to operate some complicated, high-powered machine without any idea of what he is doing. Certainly, this is the impression the historian gets when he studies the state of mind of those who a century or more back took upon themselves the responsibility of penetrating the seclusion in which the Oriental peoples were then for the most part immured, and of turning them away from their traditional ways of life. In 1852, a year before Commodore Perry reached Japan, but when the opening of that country was already anticipated, a British writer declared in the introduction to an English edition of Golownin's *A Captivity in Japan*:

"Heretofore the Japanese people have known no wants beyond those which their strict laws and customs have enabled them to gratify; but a freer intercourse with foreigners must necessarily have the effect of expanding their intelligence and improving their taste. The products of European ingenuity and industry will excite their interest, and to obtain the mere necessaries of life will no longer be the boundary of all earthly wishes among the mass of the people. These changes will open new and lucrative markets for mercantile transactions in a part of the world heretofore closed against British commercial enterprise."

It did not occur to this worthy and forward-looking publicist that the forcible opening up of a country so long and so deliberately closed off from the rest of the world might do more than simply extend "mercantile transactions." The pioneers of trade in the 19th century were not afraid to awaken sleeping dragons—mainly, perhaps, because they were so sure of their own good intentions that they assumed gratitude on the

---

ASIA is in a convulsion, everyone knows; almost everyone even thinks he knows what the cause is, and terms like "nationalism," "anti-imperialism," "colonial revolution," etc., are bandied freely about, as are sure-fire solutions: "Asian TVA's," "economic reconstruction," "land partition," etc. But perhaps, as G. F. HUDSON here points out, one cannot understand what is happening on that troubled continent by blandly applying concepts that actually derive less from Eastern realities than from the unique historical experience of the West. Nor can the West hope to ride the storm until it realizes that the minds of "awakening colonial giants" may be intent on objectives very different from those we envision in our benevolent daydreams. Mr. Hudson, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, is a regular contributor to the London *Economist*. He was born in 1903, and has studied in Japan, served with the British Foreign Office from 1939 to 1946, and is the author of three books on the Far East. His article "Who Was Guilty of the Katyn Massacre?" appeared in our March issue.

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part of the dragons. After all, they sought neither plunder nor tribute, but only commerce for mutual benefit, and they believed with Cobden that the expanding production rendered possible by the new technology, combined with free trade among all the peoples of the earth, would unify mankind and obliterate antipathies derived from old ethnic and dynastic conflicts. If they looked at all beyond the mere exchange of material goods, they took it for granted that the countries of Asia and Africa would sooner or later adopt the critical scientific outlook and the economic and political institutions associated with Western civilization.

The actual course of history in the Orient since 1852 showed, after a long delay, an approach to the expected development, and then an unforeseen turning away from it. The story unfolds itself in three chapters or phases, each of which has a clearly marked historical character, even though the trends were not synchronous over the whole continent. The first phase may be said to have terminated with the Young Turk revolution of 1907; the second covered the period from that event to the establishment of the Chinese People's Republic in 1949; the third is the one we are now in.

DEFINING the first phase was the stubbornly conservative resistance of the traditional civilizations of the East—except for Japan—to Western influences; this, in spite of the pressures of superior Western armed power and the penetration of Western trade and capital investment. Large areas were controlled by Western nations, who were in a position to determine not only administrative and economic but also educational policies; but even so, little impression was made on indigenous modes of thought and ways of living; it was his Indian experience that led Kipling to talk of the impassable gulf between West and East. Outside the range of direct Western rule, political authority was vested in dynastic autocracies of the traditional Asian type, buttressed by established religions of great antiquity and apparently unbroken strength. These vast structures of religious belief, law, and custom—Islamic, Hindu, and Confucian—remained intact and socially dominant; their respective hieratic classes, the Moslem *ulama,* the Indian Brahmans, and the Chinese "scholars," retained their dominating influence over the Asian masses, and their spiritual tradition held fast against Western infiltration.

The exception was, of course, Japan, where from 1868 "Westernization" was carried out through a series of drastic reforms that brought profound social and cultural changes. But Japan was only the exception that proved the rule. Nor was it altogether an exception, for the reformers acted in the name of a monarchy claiming dynastic descent from a sun goddess, and the official cult of a divine emperor was sustained by a revival of the most primitive and archaic of Asian religions. Foreign observers noticed the strange incongruity of Shinto emperor-worship with Japan's new modern apparatus of national power, but the combination proved effective in a great war, and Japan's victory over Russia in 1905 sent a thrill of excitement and unrest all through Asia. Japan had defeated one of the great European powers, not by an uncompromising resistance to Western influence, but by boldly adopting Western forms of production and state organization.

As has been said, the next phase of Oriental history began in 1907 with the overthrow of the Sultan Abdul Hamid II's despotism by the Young Turks; this was followed in 1908 by the exaction of a parliamentary constitution in Persia by armed revolt. Then came the Chinese Revolution in 1911, and about the same time the movement for national independence in India became a serious political force. All these new political elements in Asia sought to imitate Japan's example in modernization, but departed from the model insofar as they were all inspired by liberal, democratic, and secularist ideas, and looked for no such continuity with the past as was provided in Japan by Shinto and emperor-worship. These movements were essentially revolutionary and iconoclast, led as they were by small groups

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of Western-educated intelligentsia who had cut themselves off from their native customs and traditions to such an extent that they were often like aliens in their own families. They quoted Rousseau, Comte, and John Stuart Mill, as their children were soon to quote Karl Marx and Professor Laski. Their activity had a shattering effect on the traditional religions of Asia as well as on the old monarchical regimes; not only did Western ideas of political democracy spread, but also Western free-thinking with its critical attitude towards all institutions and its subversive attitude toward all authority.

These trends gained after 1918. In Turkey the Sultan-Caliph was swept away, in Japan liberalism began an advance that persisted through the 20's, and in China a new wave of revolution brought the Kuomintang to supremacy in 1928. The material products and techniques of the West were penetrating Asia at an increasing rate; automobile and airplane, cinema and radio became familiar features of the Asian scene, and with them spread new, disruptive ideas about the nature of the universe and human society.

But the two most thoroughgoing revolutions, those in Turkey and China, found the adaptation of political democracy more difficult than had been anticipated. The idea of a sudden leap from age-old despotisms to free parliamentary government was replaced by the notion of a period of single-party "tutelage" in which the people would be educated for the functions of a sovereign electorate. Such a solution, however temporary in theory, naturally contained the risk that a dictatorship would indefinitely postpone its own termination on one pretext or another. On the other hand, the very fact that the Kemalist regime, in Turkey, and the Kuomintang, in China, proclaimed free parliamentary democracy as their ultimate goal, and did not equate it with their own tutelage, prevented them from creating real totalitarian ideologies. And so in Turkey the dictatorship has now given way to parliamentary government with genuine rights of opposition, and the Kuomintang might have undergone a similar evolution had it not been destroyed by years of foreign and civil war.

From 1917 onward, Western liberal democracy had a rival for influence in Asia in the shape of Russian Communism. Yet the impression made on Asia by Communist propaganda between the two world wars was remarkably small. In view of the extreme poverty of the masses in Asian countries, the social dislocations caused by the spread of capitalism, and the tensions between the rising nationalist movements and the Western colonial empires, it is astonishing how little success Communism had in Asia, outside the boundaries of the old czarist empire, during the two decades after the Russian Revolution. Its only memorable achievement, its partial seizure of power in South China in 1925-27, was followed by a catastrophic defeat. But it must be remembered that the Soviet Union in those years did not appear to Asian eyes the irresistible power that it seemed to be by 1945, and in the 30's the most aggressive challenge to the principles of democracy came from Berlin and Tokyo rather than Moscow. After 1931, reactionary militarism reversed the liberal trends in Japan and moved to extend her rule over eastern Asia by force of arms. The Japanese counter-revolution denounced both liberal individualism and Marxist socialism as corrupting Western influences from which Asia would be delivered by the unique "manifest god" who was the emperor of Japan. But Japanese nationalism was unable to exalt itself in terms of a creed with a universal, or even simply pan-Asian, appeal; Japanese publicists, trying to explain to the Asiatics why it would be good for them to be conquered by the Japanese army, excited no enthusiasm among the intelligentsia of Peking, Calcutta, or Teheran. In the 30's, as at the beginning of the 20th century, Japan was still a political exception in Asia, but now it was distinguished by its traditionalism rather than its modernity. Congress India and Kuomintang China continued to talk the language of democracy, and it

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seemed reasonable to expect—as was expected in America during the Pacific war—that, once Japan was defeated militarily, the democratic cause in Asia would resume its advance.

Since 1945 the opposite has happened. The triumph of the Communists in China means that the most populous country in Asia—as in the world—has fallen under the sway of a regime that fears political and intellectual liberty and is fundamentally hostile to the West. Further, it is becoming more and more evident that China's example is exerting a potent fascination on politically important elements in the remaining non-Communist countries of Asia. Russia and China in combination enjoy an ascendancy as to power and prestige in Asia such as Japan never attained at the height of her military power, and the Marxist-Leninist doctrine, with its claim to universal application and historical inevitability, makes an appeal of which Japanese Shinto was never capable. This marks the third phase, since the original impact of European expansion, in the evolution of West-East relations. The union of Western technology with anti-Western values, already apparent in Japan's "imperial way," now confronts the West on a much broader front and under circumstances that threaten to draw the line of ideological cleavage in world affairs no longer merely between groups of states but between continents.

This situation is still very inadequately understood in the West because the basic issue is conceived too exclusively in economic terms. It is held that the problem of Asia is mass poverty, that Communism offers a solution, and that it is for the West to show that it has a better one by providing economic aid for "backward and under-developed" countries. All this is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

Economic problems cannot be detached from the total context of the given civilization, and the main factor of crisis in Asia is not so much the *poverty of the masses*—which is nothing new—as the *social and cultural disintegration* that has been going on for two generations now, under Western impact. This process has at last reached a climax; the destruction has been incomparably greater than the replacement, and an immense spiritual vacuum has been created. The old civilizations of the East, however weak and ineffective they may seem in their decline, were enormously effective in giving meaning and stability to life; Asia's history is full of bloodshed and turmoil, the rise and fall of dynasties and kingdoms, but these events appear insignificant in comparison with the range and duration of the great Asian religions and the systems of social organization based upon them. Whatever the tyrannies and caprices of nature or man, the Moslem who prayed with his face toward Mecca, the Hindu who fulfilled his caste *dharma*, or the Chinese who did ritual honor to his parents and ancestors, felt sure of his place in the universe because he was in accord with eternal and divine law. Now all these certainties have been taken away and the firm framework is gone; everything is doubt, confusion, and chaos. Salvation, however, is nigh; into this wasteland come the Communists proclaiming that they have the absolute truth and the answers to all questions. Their doctrine is modern, "progressive," fully flavored with the scientific machine age, but at the same time it appeals to the nostalgia of Asians for their lost world of royal autocracy and sacred scriptural authority. To uprooted Asian man the Communist party offers a patriarch substitute, a king substitute, a god substitute, and a priest substitute—all in one. For two millennia the Chinese had a "Son of Heaven" to reign over them and Confucius to tell them what was right and wrong; then they had forty years of political headlessness and mental anarchy; now they have an absolute ruler who is also an infallible sage, and to study "the thought of Mao" is today the first commandment for anyone in China who would be educated.

The terrible ease with which totalitarianism in one form or another wins sway in countries with no traditions of political and

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intellectual liberty should not, after all, surprise liberals. In the West such traditions go back ultimately to the city-republics of ancient Greece; but even in the continent of their origin they have time and again been on the point of extinction by hostile forces. Even in the countries where liberalism is most deeply rooted, some find the "burden of freedom" intolerable, and submit themselves to the dogma and discipline of organizations that remove all need for independent thinking. How much stronger must be the inclination to an atavistic acceptance of authority among people who have never known individual liberties or the rights of citizens except as ideas lately imported from an alien world. What is really remarkable is not that the democratic cause has had to retreat in Asia, but that it shows as much vitality as it does, particularly in Turkey and India.

IT IS time for Western liberals to take stock of the situation, and a more realistic view of the short-term prospects of democracy outside the relatively small part of the world where it is well rooted. They have been so given to projecting their own ideals upon distant peoples, and so accustomed to expecting the victorious advance of liberal principles over the world, that they are unable to recognize the non-conforming reality. While history keeps showing them, not a triumphal progress of fraternal, democratic nations into the Century of the Common Man, but a new marching of Xerxes to subdue Hellas, liberals incline either to explain away the facts—as in a persistent refusal to recognize the violence and intransigence of emerging totalitarian regimes—or, once the facts are admitted, to lapse into excessive despondency and suppose that nothing remains but to be sunk by the "wave of the future." But there is no reason why the clear recognition of the truth should be a source of weakness; it is better to know the strength of the enemy rather than to underestimate him. It was always foolish to imagine that the kinds of society and mental life that have been normal for the vast majority of mankind since the pyramids were built could be supplanted overnight, or that they could not reappear in up-to-date costumes.

Even now there are still far too many illusions in liberal thinking about Asia. A few short years of bitter experience have indeed dimmed the radiant optimism of the time when Wendell Willkie wrote *One World* and Henry Wallace rhapsodized about the free creative life led in Siberian slave-labor camps; but a residue of fallacy remains. It cannot be better illustrated than from one of the most important and widely read of recent books on the Middle East, Justice William O. Douglas's *Strange Lands and Friendly People*. This book is first-rate travel reporting and the author shows himself a warm, generous personality, alive to the sufferings and aspirations of ordinary folk in lands of ancient poverty and "feudal" oppression. But when he proceeds from a diagnosis of Asia's ills to recommending an American policy, a strain of romantic folly becomes apparent. His main thesis is that in an Asia being swept by revolutionary movements America should seek by her support and encouragement to win influence over them:

"America is fitted by tradition for directing and guiding revolutions. We won our freedom by revolution and set the example which today inspires the peasants of Asia. We cannot remake the world in our image, but we can help those who are seeking an escape from squalor to find alternatives to Communism. We cannot do it by talking democracy and peace. We can do it only by making our foreign policy understandable in terms of the aspirations of these people. Our foreign policy must be specifically related to the land problem. . . . If that were our announced policy, it that were the word that went out from all our embassies and legations, the masses of Asia would soon be on a basis of understanding with us. . . . It would mean that in every capital of Asia American sympathy and understanding would be behind the liberal, progressive groups, whose mission it is to break the hold of the feudal system. Groups who enjoyed the prestige of that kind of American support would be in a strong political position."

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Such a program must be attractive at first sight to all men of good will; it seems to offer the prospect of accomplishing something intrinsically desirable and at the same time forestalling the Communists. Unfortunately, Justice Douglas fails to draw any line between that discreet exercise of influence behind the scenes which is proper to diplomacy, and public, demagogic, political activity that involves open intervention in the domestic affairs of sovereign states. American economic aid would certainly provide what Douglas calls "leverage," and American policy could see to it, without any public campaigning, that American dollars were spent on projects of benefit to the masses, and not simply to landlords and speculators. An ambassador who combined knowledge with firmness, patience, and tact could have an immense influence toward administrative and social reform in the country to which he was assigned. But it is quite another matter to sit in public judgment over the established authorities of that country, make gestures to its people over the heads of their rulers, side with opposition leaders, and hold reigning governments up to condemnation at press conferences or in official reports back home to Congress. Such methods might be very effective in humiliating, weakening, and discrediting established governments that Justice Douglas did not regard as sufficiently progressive, but it is very unlikely that they would produce better and equally stable governments.

It is easy to talk about backing the liberal and progressive groups in each country; the difficulty in most cases is to find a middle-of-the-road "third force" strong and united enough to govern without either leaning on reactionary vested interests or entering into fatal "popular front" coalitions with the Communists. "Directing and guiding" revolutions is not so simple a matter as Justice Douglas supposes. American policy has no such instruments either for subversion or indirect rule as Moscow and Peking possess in the local Communist parties of Asian countries. Communists everywhere serve the international Communist power because of their Marxist-Leninist faith, but there are no organized parties in Asia that are pro-American in a corresponding sense. If American diplomats or visiting politicians were to try to go over the heads of existing governments and play popular politics on the Asian stage, this would only result in a disintegration of authority in which not they, but the Communists, would reap the advantage.

IN SPITE of his advocacy of a policy of backing progressive and liberal groups in Asian countries, Justice Douglas appears to be rather doubtful about their short-term prospects, for he writes:

"Democracy, as we know it, will take generations to develop in Asia. After all, we ourselves are not yet perfect. Democracy cannot be imposed from without or from above; it comes from within a people as a result of education and experience. We must learn tolerance of crude beginnings and not be harsh in our judgment."

These are wise words if it is a question of political development in a country able to work out its own destiny without risk of foreign interference. Latin American countries, secure behind the Monroe Doctrine, have been able to indulge in any number of revolutions and counter-revolutions in the course of their democratic self-education without doing any great harm either to themselves or the world at large. But in lands bordering on Russia or China at the present time, the "crude beginnings" of democracy can be infinitely dangerous. A civil war in Persia would involve, not only the risk of Russian domination for the Persians, but also the menace of a world crisis. Western statesmen who have to cope with the situation now actually existing in world affairs cannot afford to be too tolerant of the infantile destructiveness of newborn democracies; they may even face the political necessity of supporting regimes of which in other circumstances they would strongly disapprove. They have to work, not with the hypothetical enlightened societies of two or three generations hence, but with the material at hand.

Justice Douglas writes only about the

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Middle East and India; he did not visit the Far East. But it is from China that he takes the example to clinch his argument: "Soviet Communists can get substantial adherents only with a democratic program and then only if they have no political competition. Their great political success has resulted solely from those circumstances. They won in China against a corrupt and reactionary government which had liquidated the liberal movement."

The lesson Justice Douglas draws from the Chinese disaster is that America ought never support any government like the Kuomintang's. But, historically, it is *not* a fact that America consistently supported the Kuomintang and still failed to avert its defeat. During the three crucial years 1944-46, the main aim of American policy was to compel Chiang Kai-shek to compromise with the Chinese Communists on what were substantially the Communists' own terms. Those were the days when nearly all the experts in London and Washington were endlessly repeating the line that the men of Yenan were not "real" Communists, but just "agrarian reformers." This confidence trick was worked at the highest level; Stettinius has related in his book *Roosevelt and the Russians* how on one occasion the President read out to Gromyko "a wire from General Patrick Hurley in which Hurley had said that Molotov had told him that the Soviet Union was not interested in the Chinese Communists, that they were not really Communists anyway." Chiang, of course, knew better; he had not only had long experience of the ways of his own Communist fellow countrymen, but in his six-months' sojourn as a military student in Moscow in the early 20's he had gained an inside knowledge of the Soviet Union such as no other leading non-Communist statesman in the world possessed (or now possesses). Chiang resisted very strong American pressure to make him accept the Communists as partners, but in doing so he had to rely more and more on the support of the ultra-conservatives in the Kuomintang, the elements that were the most uncompromisingly anti-Communist and the most impervious to American pressure.

Several factors conducive to a reactionary trend existed in the Kuomintang at the end of the war against Japan, but none contributed so much to the "liquidation of the liberal movement" as the illusions about the Chinese Communists on which American policy was based. By the time the American government had got round to the realization that forcing a partnership with Communists on a friendly, allied government was not the wisest of all possible policies, it was too late to save the Kuomintang or to liberalize it.

Nor is it really true—as so many liberals like to believe—that present anti-Western feeling in China is due to the association of the Western powers, and of America in particular, with the Kuomintang. It would be much nearer the truth to say that one of the principal causes of the unpopularity of the Kuomintang was its too close and obvious connection with America. Even before the end of the Pacific war an extremely well-informed source warned of a revival of popular "anti-foreignism" in China that would be directed not only against the Japanese, but against Europeans and Americans as well. Subsequently, America, by her own acts, concentrated this hostility upon herself—and this was even before the Communists began their rabid anti-American propaganda. Over-conspicuous American marines remained stationed in Chinese cities long after Russian troops had been withdrawn from Manchuria, and General Marshall was sent to China in a blaze of publicity to carry out his futile mediation, producing the universal impression in China that America was trying to control internal Chinese politics. Meanwhile the Russians kept themselves in the background, making their policy moves in secrecy and silence. Hence, when Chiang Kai-shek was denounced as the "running dog" of American imperialism, this was believed, while the men who had seized Manchuria with Russian help were able to pass themselves off as the purest patriots.

Today, almost seven years after American

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armed power delivered China from her conquerors by breaking Japanese might at its center, the tirades against Anglo-American imperialism that used to be broadcast from Tokyo are being repeated almost word for word from Peking, and a generation of Chinese school children are being brought up to believe that the victory over Japan was achieved exclusively by Chu Teh's guerrillas aided by Russia's army. Even worse, perhaps, half a century of American educational and philanthropic work in China is now being misrepresented as "cultural aggression." All this, of course, is part of high Communist policy; for the new rulers of China (now at last recognized as "real" Communists), America must be Enemy Number One. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that this is only government propaganda that stirs no response in the mass of Chinese people. Their general attitude was expressed by a rich Chinese of Singapore who, on hearing news of the Chinese Communist victory in Northern Korea in November 1950, declared: "For the first time in my life I feel proud to be Chinese."

By defying the United Nations and waging war successfully against the expeditionary forces of the principal Western nations, the Communists have restored to the Chinese that attitude of arrogant superiority which marked their dealings with foreigners up until the 40's of the last century. In former days only a few foreign merchants suffered from the pretensions of Chinese ethnic pride; it did no harm to the world if the Chinese in their isolation thought they were the only civilized people. But in the contracted world of our time the Chinese cannot live by themselves, and when the Marxist-Leninist division of the world into an "imperialist camp" and a "peace camp" is added to the traditional anti-foreignism of the most numerous nation of mankind, the outlook is indeed ominous.

THE anti-Western and pan-Asian propaganda now emanating from Peking owes its appeal throughout the East to a factor far deeper than any specific resentment against Western colonial rule or economic penetration. Asia's fundamental grievance is something that is nobody's fault and that nobody can help; it is the plain historical fact that Asia stayed behind during the three or four centuries when the West was creating the modern world. The sense of frustration instilled in Asians by their "backwardness" is ultimately a feeling of dissatisfaction with themselves. But, human nature being what it is, especially in its collective responses, this feeling is relieved by being projected outward in hatred of the West. There is just enough evidence to render plausible the idea that everything wrong in the world is due to imperialism, and once this connection is believed in, it is not necessary to demonstrate it in any particular case. If America is rich, it can only be because the Americans have plundered other countries; if Western money has endowed schools and hospitals in Asian lands, it must have been for imperialist ends (or in the case of Catholic orphanages, according to the official Peking version, for the purpose of murdering children!). Are we not faced here with a paranoid construction as crazy and as impervious to reason as the anti-Semitism of the Nazi Reich?

It is possible to paint too dark a picture; there are elements of strength and hope in the situation which should not be ignored. But right now it is more important to emphasize the dangers that lie ahead, because there is still too much of the easy optimism of the recent past, and the lessons drawn from yesterday's experiences are too often the wrong ones. In the near future the containment of Communist aggression in Asia will be a struggle against odds, both strategic and political. One of the conditions of a successful policy in such a crisis is the clear recognition of the strength and resources of the foe; and a rejection of the wishful illusion, of a piece with those that have betrayed Western thinking at so many previous critical junctures, that well-meaning but blind support of popular "upsurges of the masses" and generous economic handouts will of themselves magically stem the march of Soviet expansionism.

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THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

The Secret Heart Within the Secret Annex

EDITORIAL NOTE: From some early omitted entries of the journal we here publish, we learn that in 1933, at the start of the Nazi persecutions, the Jewish businessman Otto Frank picked up his family and removed from Germany to Holland. There he resumed his business, and his wife and two growing little girls, Margot and Anne, were content enough with their new country. The reprieve was not for long; the Gestapo sent its summons to their Amsterdam home on July 5, 1942. They had already decided to ignore it, and in less than twenty-four hours the Frank family was installed in their "secret annex," the upstairs rear rooms of the old building by the canal in which Mr. Frank had his business offices. With the help of several devoted Dutch employees, he had been preparing the hideout for months. Shortly, they were joined there by the three members of the Jewish family Van Daan, and several months later by the dentist Albert Dussel. These eight lived together for two years, unseen and unheard by the world outside, except that their Dutch friends came stealthily to minister to them. Then on August 4th of 1944, the Gestapo came. The eight were taken away, and seven perished in the concentration camp—the father, Otto Frank, alone surviving. (The two compassionate Dutchmen, Kraler and Koophuis, who had risked befriending their employer, eventually returned home from the Dutch camp to which they were sent.) It was just two months before Holland's liberation from the Nazis when Anne Frank, the author of this diary, died in the concentration camp of Bergen-Belsen. She was not yet sixteen.

It is sad, and idle, to speculate on what this brilliant young girl might have achieved had she lived. It is certain that her journal will strike many of our readers as the most moving personal record to come out of the years of the Nazi terror. Anne had begun it on her thirteenth birthday, endowing it with a personality and a name, Kitty, for it was to be the friend she sorely felt the lack of in her busy young life, the recipient of her deepest sentiments; nor did she intend its confidences for any outsider's eyes. Thus it becomes one of the great documents of adolescence—true, of one gifted with a self-perception and power of expression beyond the ordinary, and yet who was nevertheless undergoing the familiar, turbulent unfolding of the personality that is the crisis of adolescence. It is the description of Anne Frank's own secret reaches—hidden from hostile grown-ups—within the "secret annex" shared by all. Out of this experience of Anne's unnatural confinement for two years with seven other people, she re-creates for us the comedy drama of the compulsive banality of everyday life, even in a grim, unbanal situation. In these descriptions, Anne's wit, one of her greatest gifts of spirit and style, flashes continually. It remains to be said that whatever childishness is naturally mingled with the startlingly mature reflections, there is not one false note of affectation.

The original manuscript of the diary was rescued from a pile of rubble left in the hideout by the Gestapo. It was published in Amsterdam in 1947, and became a best-seller. The condensed English version here given (in two installments, the second to appear in the next issue) is taken from the American edition of the book soon to be published under the imprint of Doubleday; the translation from the Dutch is by Mrs. B. M. Mooyart-Doubleday. The book has also had publication in England, France, and Germany, and is scheduled to appear in Spain and Indonesia. In addition, the Dutch publisher of the diary issued in 1949 a collection of Anne Frank's stories.

1942

JULY 8—It seems as if years have passed since Sunday [July 5]. At three o'clock someone rang the front doorbell. I was lying in the sunshine on the verandah lazily reading a book, so I didn't hear it. A bit later, Margot appeared at the kitchen door looking very excited. "The SS have sent a summons for Daddy," she whispered. "Mummy has gone to see Van Daan already." (Van Daan is a friend who works with Daddy in the business.) It was a great shock to me, a summons; everyone knows what that means. I picture concentration camps and lonely cells—can we allow him to be doomed to this? "Of course he won't go," declared Margot, while we waited together. "Mummy has gone to the Van Daans to discuss whether we should move into our hiding place tomorrow. The Van Daans are going with us, so we shall be seven in all." Silence. We couldn't talk any more, thinking about Daddy, who, little knowing what was going on, was visiting some old people in the "Joodse Invalide" [Jewish Home for the Aged]; waiting for Mummy, the heat

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and the suspense, all made us very over-awed and silent.

Suddenly the bell rang again. "That's Harry," I said. "Don't open the door," Margot said, and she held me back, but we heard Mummy and Mr. Van Daan downstairs talking to Harry, then they came in and closed the door behind them. Each time the bell rang, Margot or I had to creep down softly to see if it was Daddy, and not let anyone else in.

Margot and I were sent out of the room. Van Daan wanted to talk to Mummy alone. When we were by ourselves in our bedroom, Margot told me that the summons was not for Daddy, but for her. I was more frightened than ever and began to cry. Margot is sixteen; would they really take girls of that age away alone? But thank goodness she won't go, Mummy said so; that must be what Daddy meant when he talked about our going into hiding.

Into hiding—where would we go, in town or in the country, in a house or a cottage, when, how, where. . . ?

At five o'clock Daddy finally arrived, and we rang up Mr. Koophuis to ask if he could come round in the evening. Van Daan went and got Miep. Miep has been in the business with Daddy since 1933 and has become a close friend, likewise her brand-new husband, Henk. Miep came and took some shoes, dresses, coats, underwear, and stockings away in her bag, promising to return in the evening. Then silence fell on the house; not one of us felt like eating anything, it was still hot, and everything seemed very strange. At eleven o'clock Miep and Henk Van Santen arrived. Once again, shoes, stockings, books, and underclothes disappeared into Miep's bag and Henk's deep pockets, and at eleven-thirty they too disappeared. I was dog-tired and although I knew that it would be my last night in my own bed, I fell asleep immediately and didn't wake up until Mummy called me at five-thirty the next morning. Luckily it was not so hot as Sunday; warm rain fell steadily all day. We put on heaps of clothes as if we were going to the North Pole, the simple reason being to take clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would have dreamed of going out with a suitcase. I had on two undershirts, three pairs of panties, a dress, on top of that a skirt, jacket, summer coat, two pairs of stockings, lace shoes, cap, scarf, and more yet; I was nearly stifled before we started, but no one bothered about that.

Margot filled her satchel with school books, got her bicycle, and rode off behind Miep—into the unknown, as far as I was concerned. You see, I still didn't know where our secret hiding place was to be. At seven-thirty the door closed behind us. Moortje, my little cat, was the only creature to whom I said farewell. She would have a good home with the neighbors. Instructions about all that were put down in a letter addressed to Mr. Goudsmit [the lodger]. There was a pound of meat in the kitchen for the cat, the breakfast things on the table, stripped beds, everything giving the impression that we had left helter-skelter. We only wanted to get away, only escape and get there safely, nothing else.

July 9—So we set out in the pouring rain, Daddy and Mummy each carrying a shopping bag, and me with my school satchel, all crammed full with all kinds of things thrown together. We got sympathetic glances from people on their way to work. You could see by their faces how sorry they were they couldn't offer us a lift; the gaudy yellow star spoke for itself.

Only when we were on the road did Mummy and Daddy begin to tell me bits and pieces about the plan. For months as many of our goods and chattels and necessities of life as possible had been sent away and things were sufficiently ready for us to have gone into hiding of our own accord on July 16. The plan had to be speeded up ten days because of the summons, so our quarters would not be so well organized but we would have to make the best of it. The hiding place itself was in the building where Daddy has his office. Daddy didn't have many people working for him: Mr. Kraler, Mr. Koophuis, Miep, and Elli Vossen, a twenty-three-year-old typist, who all knew of our coming. Mr. Vossen, Elli's father, and two boys worked in the warehouse; they had not been told.

I will describe the building. There is a large store and warehouse on the ground floor. The main entrance to the building is next to the warehouse door, and inside this main entrance is a second doorway that leads to a staircase. There is another door at the top of the stairs, with a frosted glass, which has across it, in black letters, the word "Office." This is the large main office, very big and very light, where Elli, Miep, and Mr. Koophuis work during the day. From here, a small dark room containing the safe, a wardrobe, and a large cupboard leads to a small somewhat dark second office. Mr. Kraler and Mr. Van Daan used to sit here, now only Mr. Kraler. From Kraler's office a long passage goes past the coal store, up four steps, and leads to the showroom of the whole building: the private office. Dark, dignified furniture, linoleum and rugs on the floor, radio, smart lamp, everything first-class. Next door there is a roomy kitchen with hot water and a gas stove. Next door the W.C. That makes the first floor.

A wooden staircase leads to the next floor.

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There is a small landing at the top with a door at each end; the door on the left leads to a storeroom at the front of the house and to the attics. One of those really steep Dutch staircases runs from the side to the other door opening on to the street. The door on the right leads to our "Secret Annex." No one would ever guess that there would be so many rooms hidden behind that plain gray door.* There's a little step in front of the door and then you are inside.

You face a steep staircase, and to the left a tiny passage brings you into a room which was to become the Frank family's bed-sitting room, next door a smaller room, study and bedroom for the two young ladies of the family. To the right of the staircase, a little room without windows containing the wash basin and a small W.C. compartment, with another door leading to Margot's and my room. If you go up the next flight of stairs and open the door, you are simply amazed that there could be such a large light room in such an old house by the canal. There is a gas stove in this room (thanks to the fact that it was once used as a laboratory) and a sink. This is now to be kitchen and bedroom for the Van Daan couple, as well as living room, dining room, study.

A tiny little corridor room will become Peter Van Daan's apartment. Then, just as on the lower landing, there is a large attic. So there you are, I've introduced you to the whole of our beautiful "Secret Annex."

July 10—When we arrived at the Prinsengracht, Miep took us quickly upstairs and into the "Secret Annex." She closed the door behind us and we were alone. Margot was already there, waiting for us. Our living room and all the other rooms were chock-full of junk. All around lay the cardboard boxes which had been sent on to the office in the previous months, on the floor, on the beds, everywhere. The little room was piled to the ceiling with bedclothes, and we had to roll up our sleeves and get right to work if we wished to sleep in decent beds that night. Mummy and Margot couldn't lift a finger, they had dropped down on some mattresses, exhausted, miserable, and all that. But the two "clearers-up" of the family—Daddy and myself—wanted to start at once.

The whole day long we unpacked boxes, filled cupboards, hammered and arranged things, until we were dead tired. We sank into clean beds that night. We hadn't tasted anything warm the whole day, but we didn't care; Mummy and Margot were too tired and keyed up, and Daddy and I were too busy. Tuesday morning we took up where we had left off the day before. Elli and Miep collected our rations for us, Daddy improved the makeshift black-out, we scrubbed the kitchen floor, and were on the go all day long again.

July 11—The "Secret Annex" is an ideal hiding place. It leans to one side and is damp, but you'd never find such a comfortable hideout anywhere in Amsterdam, no, maybe not even in all Holland. Our little room looked very bare at first, but thanks to Daddy who had brought my film-star collection and picture postcards on beforehand, I have transformed the walls into one gigantic picture. This makes it look much more cheerful.

Margot and Mummy are a little bit better now. Mummy felt well enough to cook some soup for the first time yesterday, but then forgot all about it while she was downstairs talking, so the peas were burned to a cinder and absolutely refused to come away from the pan. Mr. Koophuis has brought a "Book for Young People" for me.

There is a large place of business to the right of us, and to the left a furniture workshop. No one is there after working hours, but even so, sounds could travel through the walls. We have forbidden Margot to cough at night although she has a bad cold, and we make her swallow large doses of codeine. I am longing for Tuesday when the Van Daans arrive; it will be much more fun and not so quiet. It is the silence that frightens me so in the evenings and at night. I can't tell you how oppressive it is *never* to be able to go outdoors; also I'm very much afraid that we shall be discovered and shot. Not exactly a pleasant prospect. We have to whisper and tread lightly during the day, or the people in the warehouse might hear.

AUGUST 14—The Van Daans arrived July 13. At nine-thirty in the morning (we were still having breakfast) Peter came, the Van Daans' son, not sixteen yet, a rather soft, shy, gawky youth, can't expect much from his company. He brought his cat (Mouschi) with him. Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan arrived half an hour later, and to our great amusement she had a large chamber pot in her hatbox. "I don't feel at home anywhere without my chamber," she declared. Mr. Van Daan carried a folding tea table under his arm.

From the day they arrived we all had meals cosily together and after three days we were like one large family.

August 21—I'm not working much at present, I'm taking a vacation until September. Then Daddy is going to give me lessons; it's

* Camouflaged by the swinging cupboard mentioned later.

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shocking how much I've forgotten already. There is little change in our life here. Mr. Van Daan and I usually manage to upset each other, it's just the opposite with Margot whom he likes very much. Mummy sometimes treats me just like a baby, which I can't bear. I still don't like Peter any better, he's so boring; he flops lazily on his bed half the time, does a little carpentry, and then goes back for another snooze. What a fool!

It is lovely weather, and in spite of everything we make the most we can of it by lying on a camp bed in the attic, where the sun shines through an open window.

SEPTEMBER 2—Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan have had a terrific quarrel. I've never seen anything quite like it before. Mummy and Daddy would never dream of shouting at each other. The cause was so trivial that the whole thing was a pure waste of breath. But still, everyone to his own liking.

Naturally it is very unpleasant for Peter, who has to stand by. No one takes him seriously, he is so frightfully touchy and lazy. Yesterday he was badly upset because he found that his tongue was blue instead of red; this unusual phenomenon of nature disappeared just as quickly as it had come. Today he is going about with a scarf on, he has a stiff neck; in addition, his lordship complains of lumbago. Pains around the heart, kidneys, and lungs are not unusual either, he is a real hypochondriac (that's the word for such people, isn't it?). It is not all honey between Mummy and Mrs. Van Daan; there is plenty of cause for unpleasantness. Mrs. Van Daan has taken all except three of her sheets out of the common linen closet. She takes it for granted that Mummy's sheets will do for all of us. It will be a nasty surprise for her when she finds out that Mummy has followed her good example. Last week we had a little interruption in our monotonous life; it was over a book about women—and Peter. First I must tell you that Margot and Peter are allowed to read nearly all the books that Mr. Koophuis lends us, but the grown-ups held back this particular book on the subject of women. Peter's curiosity was aroused at once. He got hold of the book on the sly and disappeared with his booty to the attic. His mother knew what he was doing, but didn't tell tales, until his father found out. He was very angry, took the book away, and thought that would finish the whole business. However, he had not allowed for his son's curiosity, which waxed rather than waned. Peter, determined to finish it, thought of a way to get hold of this enthralling book. In the meantime, Mrs. Van Daan had asked Mummy what she thought about it all. Mummy thought this particular book was not suitable for Margot, but she saw no harm in letting her read most books.

"There is a great difference, Mrs. Van Daan," said Mummy, "between Margot and Peter. In the first place, Margot is a girl and girls are always more grown-up than boys; secondly, Margot has read quite a lot of serious books, and does not go in search of things that are forbidden her, and thirdly, Margot is far more developed and intelligent, witness the fact that she is in the fourth form at school."

September 21—Mrs. Van Daan is unbearable. She's forever telling me off because of my constant chattering. She is always pestering us. This is the latest: she doesn't want to wash the pots and pans; and if there is a bit of food left, instead of putting it into a glass dish, she leaves it in the pan to go bad.

Mr. Koophuis brings a few special books for me every other week. I'm thrilled with the "Joop of Heul" series. I've read "A Summer Idyll" four times and I still laugh about some of the ludicrous situations in it.

Term time has begun again, I'm working hard at my French and manage to pump in five irregular verbs per day. Peter sighs and groans over his English. I sometimes listen to the Dutch news from London, heard Prince Bernhard recently. He said that Princess Juliana is expecting a baby about next January. I think it's lovely; it surprises the others that I should be so keen on the Royal Family.

I was being discussed and they decided that I'm not completely stupid after all, which had the effect of making me work extra hard the next day. I certainly don't want to be still in the first form when I'm fourteen or fifteen.

September 27—Just had a terrific fight with Mummy for the umpteenth time; we simply don't get on together these days and Margot and I don't hit it off any too well either. Margot's and Mummy's natures are completely strange to me. I can understand my friends better than my own mother—it's really too bad!

We often discuss postwar problems—for example, how one ought to address servants. Mrs. Van Daan had another tantrum. She is frightfully moody. She keeps hiding more of her private belongings. How some people do adore bringing up other people's children in addition to their own. The Van Daans are that kind. Margot doesn't need it, she is such a goody-goody, perfection itself, but I seem to have enough mischief in me for the two of us put together. Mummy and Daddy always defend me stoutly. Although they do tell me that I mustn't talk so much, and not to poke my nose

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into everything. Still I seem doomed to failure. If Daddy weren't so patient, I'd be afraid I was going to turn out a terrific disappointment to my parents.

September 28—Up till now I thought that only children squabbled and that it wore off as you grew up. Of course, there is sometimes a real reason for a quarrel, but this is just plain bickering. I suppose I should get used to it. But I can't so long as the subject of nearly every discussion (I use the word "discussion" instead of quarrel) is me. Nothing, nothing about me is right; my general appearance, my character, my manners are discussed from A to Z. Am I really so bad-mannered, conceited, headstrong, pushing, stupid, lazy, etc., etc., as they all say? Oh, of course not. I have my faults, just like everyone else, I know that, but they exaggerate everything. Kitty, if only you knew how I sometimes boil under so many gibes and jeers. I shall just blow up some day.

Somehow or other, we got on to the subject of Pim's (Daddy's nickname) extreme modesty. Even the most stupid people have to admit this about Daddy. Suddenly Mrs. Van Daan says, "I, too, am of an unassuming nature, more so than my husband." Did you ever!

September 29—Extraordinary things can happen to people who go into hiding. Just imagine, as there is no bath, we use a wash-tub, and since there is hot water in the office (by which I always mean the whole lower floor) all seven of us take turns in making use of this great luxury. Each member of the family has found his own place for carrying out the performance. Peter uses the kitchen in spite of its glass door. When he is going to have a bath, he goes to each one of us in turn and tells us that we must not walk past the kitchen for half an hour. Mr. Van Daan goes upstairs; to him it is worth the bother of carrying hot water all that way, so as to have the seclusion of his own room. Mrs. Van Daan simply doesn't bathe at all right now; she is waiting to see which is the best place. Daddy has his bath in the private office, Mummy behind a fire screen in the kitchen; Margot and I have chosen the front office. The curtains there are drawn on Saturday afternoons, so we wash ourselves in semi-darkness, while the one who is not in the bath peeps through a crack in the curtains and amuses herself watching the passers-by. However, I've been on the lookout for more comfortable quarters. Peter gave me an idea, to try the large office W.C. There I can sit down, have the light on, lock the door, run my own bath water, and I'm safe from prying eyes.

I tried my beautiful bathroom on Sunday for the first time and although it sounds mad, I think it is the best place of all. Last week the plumber was at work downstairs to move the drains and pipes from the office W.C. to the passage. This change is a precaution against frozen pipes, in case of a cold winter. The plumber's visit was far from pleasant for us. Not only were we unable to draw water the whole day, but we could not go to the W.C. either. Now it is rather indecent to tell you what we did to overcome this difficulty: but I'm not such a prude that I can't talk about these things.

The day we arrived here, Daddy and I improvised a chamber pot for ourselves; we sacrificed a glass preserving jar for this purpose. During the plumber's visit, nature's offerings were deposited in these jars in the sitting room during the day. I didn't think this was nearly so bad as having to sit still and not talk the whole day. You can't imagine what a trial that was for "Miss Quack-Quack." I have to whisper on ordinary days; but not being able to speak or move was ten times worse. After being flattened by three days of continuous sitting, my bottom was very stiff and painful. Some exercises at bedtime helped.

OCTOBER 1—I got a terrible shock yesterday. Suddenly at eight o'clock the bell rang loudly. Of course I thought someone had come; you'll guess who I mean. But I calmed down when everyone said it must be some boys or perhaps the postman.

The 29th was Mrs. Van Daan's birthday. We managed a little party in her honor, with a specially nice meal, and she received some small presents and flowers. Red carnations from her husband; that seems to be a family tradition. I must tell you that Mrs. Van Daan's attempts to flirt with Daddy are a source of continual irritation to me. She strokes his face and hair, pulls her skirt right up, and makes so-called witty remarks, trying in this way to attract Pim's attention. Pim, thank goodness, doesn't find her either attractive or funny. Mummy doesn't behave like that with Mr. Van Daan, I've said that to Mrs. Van Daan's face.

Now and then Peter comes out of his shell and can be quite funny. We have one thing in common, we both love dressing up. He appeared in one of Mrs. Van Daan's very narrow dresses and I put on his suit. He wore a hat and I a cap. The grown-ups were doubled up with laughter.

October 3—There was another fight yesterday. Mummy raised a horrible fuss, and told Daddy just what she thought of me. Then she had an awful fit of tears, so off I went too.

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Finally I told Daddy that I'm much more fond of him than of Mummy, to which he replied that I'd get over that. But I don't believe it. I am working hard at my French and am now reading *La Belle Nivernaise.*

October 9—I've only got dismal and depressing news for you today. Our many Jewish friends are being taken away by the dozens. These people are treated by the Gestapo without a shred of decency, they're loaded into cattle trucks and sent to Westerbork, the big Jewish camp in Drente. Westerbork sounds terrible: only one washing cubicle for a hundred people and not nearly enough toilets. Men, women, and children all sleep together. One hears of frightful immorality because of this; and a lot of women, and even girls, who stay there any length of time are expecting babies.

If it is as bad as this in Holland whatever will it be like in the distant and barbarous regions they are sent to? We assume that most of them are murdered. The British radio speaks of their being gassed. Perhaps that is the quickest way to die. I feel terribly upset. Nice people, the Germans! To think that I was once one of them too! No, Hitler took away our nationality long ago. In fact, Germans and Jews are the greatest enemies in the world.

October 16—Yesterday I finished "The Assault." It's quite amusing, but not up to "Joop of Heul." As a matter of fact, I think Cissy van Marxveldt is a first-rate writer. I shall definitely let my children read her books. Mummy, Margot, and I are as thick as thieves again. It's really much better. Margot and I got in the same bed together last evening; it was a frightful squeeze, but that was just the fun of it. She asked if she could read my diary. I said "Yes—at least, bits of it," and then I asked if I could read hers and she said "Yes." Then we got on to the subject of the future. I asked her what she wanted to be. But she wouldn't say and made a great secret of it. I gathered something about teaching.

This morning I was lying on Peter's bed, having chased him off it first. He was furious with me, not that I cared very much. He might be a bit more friendly with me for once; after all I did give him an apple yesterday.

I asked Margot if she thought I was very ugly. She said that I was quite attractive and that I had nice eyes. Rather vague, don't you think?

October 29—I'm awfully worried, Daddy is ill. He has a high temperature and a red rash, it looks like measles. Think of it, we can't even call a doctor! Mummy is letting him have a good sweat.

I'm allowed to read more grown-up books lately. I'm now reading "Eva's Youth" by Nico van Suchtelen. There are bits about women selling themselves to strange men in back streets. I'd die of shame if anything like that happened to me. Also it says that Eva has a monthly period; oh, I'm so longing to have it too; it seems so important.

Daddy has taken down the plays of Goethe and Schiller from the big cupboard. He is going to read to me every evening. We've started with "Don Carlos." Mummy has pressed her prayer book into my hand. For decency's sake I read some of the prayers in German, but they don't convey much to me. Why does she force me to be pious, just to oblige her?

NOVEMBER 7—It's obvious that Mummy sticks up for Margot; she and Margot always do back each other up. I love them, but only because they are Mummy and Margot. With Daddy it's different. If he holds Margot up as an example, praises and fondles her, something gnaws at me inside, because I adore Daddy. He is the one I look up to. I don't love anyone in the world but him. Now Margot is just the prettiest, sweetest, most beautiful girl in the world. But all the same I feel I have some right to be taken seriously too. I have always been the dunce, the ne'er-do-well of the family, I've always had to pay double for my deeds, first with the scolding and then because of the way my feelings are hurt. I can't stand this apparent favoritism any more. I want something from Daddy that he is not able to give me.

Daddy doesn't understand that I need to express my feelings about Mummy sometimes. He doesn't want to talk about it. Just the same, Mummy and her failings are something I find harder to bear than anything else. I can't always be drawing attention to her untidiness, her sarcasm, and her lack of sweetness, neither can I believe that I'm always in the wrong. I'm not pronouncing judgment on Mummy's character. I only look at her as a mother, and she just doesn't succeed in being that to me; I have to be my own mother. I've drawn apart from them all; I am my own skipper and later on I shall see where I come to land. I have in my mind's eye an image of what a perfect mother and wife should be; and in her whom I must call "Mother" I find no trace of that image.

November 9—Yesterday was Peter's birthday, he was sixteen. He got some nice presents. Among other things a game of Monopoly, a razor, and a lighter. Not that he smokes much; it's really just for show.

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The biggest surprise came from Mr. Van Daan when, at one o'clock, he announced that the British had landed in Tunis, Algiers, Casablanca, and Oran. "This is the beginning of the end," everyone was saying, but Churchill, the British Prime Minister who had probably heard the same thing in England, said, "This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning." Do you see the difference? There is certainly reason for optimism.

November 19—Dussel* is a very nice man, just as we had all imagined. Of course he thought it was all right to share my little room. Quite honestly, I'm not so keen that a stranger should use my things, but, "If we can save someone, then everything else is of secondary importance," says Daddy, and he's absolutely right.

The first day that Dussel was here, he immediately asked me all sorts of questions: when does the cleaning woman come? When can one use the bathroom? When is one allowed to use the toilet? You may laugh, but these things are not so simple in a hiding place. During the day we mustn't make any noise that might be heard downstairs; and if there is some stranger—such as the cleaning woman for example—then we have to be extra careful. I explained all this carefully to Dussel. He asks everything twice over and still doesn't seem to remember. Perhaps that will wear off in time, and it's only that he's thoroughly upset by the sudden change.

Dussel has told us a lot about the outside world, which we have missed for so long now. He had very sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have gone to a terrible fate. Evening after evening the green and gray army lorries trundle past. The Germans ring at every front door to ask if there are any Jews living in the house. If there are, then the whole family has to go at once. No one has a chance of evading them unless you go into hiding.

I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed while my dearest friends have been knocked down or have fallen down into a gutter somewhere out in the cold night. I get frightened when I think of close friends who by now are in the hands of the cruelest brutes that walk the earth. And all because they are Jews!

November 20—None of us really knows how to take it all. The news about the Jews had not really penetrated through to us until now, and we thought it best to remain as cheerful as possible. Every now and then Miep lets out something about what has happened to a friend, and then Mummy and Mrs. Van Daan always cry, so Miep thinks it better not to tell us any more. But Dussel was immediately plied with questions from all sides, and the stories he told us were so gruesome and dreadful that one can't get them out of one's mind. Yet we shall still have our jokes and tease each other when these horrors have faded a bit in our minds. And what would be the object of making our "Secret Annex" into a "Secret Annex of Gloom"? Must I keep thinking about those other people, whatever I am doing?

There is another misery, but of a purely personal kind. I am surrounded by too great a void. I either think about unhappy things, or about myself. I have made the discovery that Daddy, although he's such a darling, still cannot take the place of my entire little world of bygone days.

November 28—It was always said about Mr. Dussel that he could get on wonderfully with children and that he loved them all. Now he shows himself in his true colors: a stodgy, old-fashioned disciplinarian, and a preacher of long-drawn-out sermons on manners.

As I have the unusual good fortune (!) to share my bedroom—alas, a small one—with his lordship, and as I'm generally considered to be the most badly behaved of the three young people, I have a lot to put up with and have to pretend to be deaf in order to escape. All this wouldn't be too bad, if he wasn't such a frightful sneak and didn't pick on Mummy to sneak to every time. When I've already just had a dose from him, Mummy goes over it all again, so I get a gale aft as well as forward. Then, if I'm really lucky, I'm called to give an account of myself to Mrs. Van Daan and then I get a veritable hurricane!

Honestly, you needn't think it's easy to be the "badly brought up" central figure of a hypercritical family in hiding. When I lie in bed at night and think over the many sins and shortcomings attributed to me, I get so confused by it all that I either laugh or cry: it depends what sort of mood I am in.

DECEMBER 7—Chanukah and St. Nicholas Day came almost together this year—just one day's difference. We didn't make much fuss about Chanukah: we just gave each other a few little presents and then we had the candles. We only had them lit for ten minutes, but it is all right as long as you have the song.

Saturday, the evening of St. Nicholas Day, was much more fun. Miep and Elli had made us very inquisitive by whispering all the time

* An eighth member of the group, taken in November 17.—ED.

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with Daddy, so naturally we guessed that something was on. And so it was. At eight o'clock we all filed down the wooden staircase through the passage in pitch darkness into the little dark room. There, since there are no windows, we were able to turn on a light. When that was done, Daddy opened the big cupboard. "Oh how lovely," we all cried. A large basket decorated with St. Nicholas paper stood in the corner and on top there was a mask of Black Peter. There was a nice little present for everyone. I got a doll, whose skirt is a bag for odds and ends; Daddy got book ends, and so on. In any case it was a nice idea and as none of us had ever celebrated St. Nicholas, it was a good way of starting.

December 10—Mr. Van Daan used to be in the meat, sausage, and spice business. It was because of his knowledge of this trade that he was taken on in Daddy's business. Now he is showing the sausagy side of himself, which for us is by no means disagreeable.

We had ordered a lot of meat (under the counter, of course) for preserving in case we should come upon hard times. It was fun to watch, first the way the pieces of meat went through the grinder, two or three times, then how all the accompanying ingredients were mixed with the meat and the intestine filled to make the sausage. We fried the sausage meat and ate it with sauerkraut for supper that evening.

The room was in a glorious mess. Mr. Van Daan was wearing one of his wife's aprons swathed round his substantial person (he looked fatter than he is!) and was busy with the meat. Hands smothered in blood, red face, and the soiled apron, made him look like a butcher. Mrs. Van Daan was trying to do everything at once, learning Dutch from a book, stirring the soup, watching the meat being done, sighing and complaining about her injured rib. That's what happens to elderly ladies (!) who do such idiotic exercises to reduce their large behinds!

Dussel had inflammation in one eye and was bathing it with camomile tea by the fire. Pim, who was sitting on a chair in a beam of sunlight that shone through the window, kept being pushed from one side to the other. I think his rheumatism was bothering him, because he sat rather hunched up with a miserable look on his face. He looked exactly like some shriveled-up old man from an old people's home. Peter was doing acrobatics round the room with his cat. Mummy, Margot, and I were peeling potatoes; and, of course, all of us were doing everything wrong because we were so busy watching Mr. Van Daan.

Dussel has opened his dental practice. Mrs. Van Daan was the first to face the ordeal. She went and sat on a chair in the middle of the room. Dussel began to unpack his case in an awfully important way, asked for some eau de cologne as a disinfectant and vaseline to take the place of wax.

He looked into Mrs. Van Daan's mouth and found two teeth which, when touched, just made her crumple up as if she was going to pass out, uttering incoherent cries of pain. After a lengthy examination (lasting in actual fact not more than two minutes) Dussel began to scrape away at one of the holes. But—it was out of the question—the patient flung her arms and legs about wildly in all directions until at one point Dussel let go of the scraper—which remained stuck in Mrs. Van Daan's tooth!

Then the fat was really in the fire! She cried, tried to pull the thing out of her mouth, and only succeeded in pushing it farther in. Mr. Dussel stood with his hands against his sides calmly watching the little comedy. The rest of the audience lost all control and roared with laughter. It was rotten of us, because I for one am quite sure that I should have screamed even louder. After much turning, kicking, screaming, and calling out, she got the instrument free at last and Mr. Dussel went on with his work, as if nothing had happened!

This he did so quickly that Mrs. Van Daan didn't have time to start any fresh tricks. But he'd never had so much help in his life before. Two assistants are pretty useful, Mr. Van Daan and I performed our duties well. The whole scene looked like a picture from the Middle Ages entitled "A Quack at Work." One thing is certain, Mrs. Van Daan won't be in such a hurry to allow herself to be treated again!

December 12—I'm sitting cosily in the main office, looking outside through a slit in the curtain. It is dusk. It is a very queer sight, as I watch the people walking by, it looks as if they are all in a terrible hurry, and nearly tripping over their own toes. The people in this neighborhood don't look very attractive. The children especially are so dirty you wouldn't want to touch them with a barge pole. Real slum kids with running noses. I can hardly understand a word they say. Yesterday afternoon Margot and I were having a bath here and I said, "Supposing we were to take the children who are walking past, one by one, hoist them up with a fishing rod, give them each a bath, wash and mend their clothes, and then let them go again, then. . . ." But I'm just talking nonsense, besides there are other things to see—cars, boats, and rain. I like particularly the screech of the trams as they go by.

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There is no more variety in our thoughts than there is for ourselves. They go round and round—from Jews to food and from food to politics. I saw two Jews through the curtain yesterday. I could hardly believe my eyes; it was a horrible feeling, just as if I'd betrayed them and was now watching them in their misery. Ugh! Now it's started to rain and most of the people are hidden under umbrellas. I see nothing but raincoats and occasionally the back of someone's hat. I'm gradually getting to know all the women at a glance, blown out with eating potatoes, wearing a red or green coat, trodden-down heels, and with a bag under their arm. Their faces either look grim or kind —depending on their husband's disposition.

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FEBRUARY 5—This afternoon Mr. Van Daan was talking about Margot eating so little again. "I suppose you do it to keep slim," he added, teasing her. Mummy, who always defends Margot, said loudly: "I can't bear your stupid chatter any longer." Mr. Van Daan turned scarlet, looked straight in front of him, and said nothing. We often laugh about things; just recently Mrs. Van Daan came out with some perfect nonsense. She was recalling the past, how well she and her father got on together, and what a flirt she was. "And do you know," she went on, "if a man gets a bit aggressive, my father used to say, then you must say to him 'Mr. So and So, remember I am a lady!' and he will know what you mean." We thought that was a good joke and burst out laughing.

February 27—Pim is expecting the invasion any day. Churchill has had pneumonia, but is improving slowly. The freedom-loving Gandhi of India is holding his umpteenth fast.

Henk brought a copy of the Bishop's letter to churchgoers for us to read. It was very fine and inspiring. "Do not rest, people of the Netherlands, everyone is fighting with his own weapons to free the country, the people, and their religion." "Give help, be generous, and do not be dismayed!" It won't help the people of our religion.

You'd never guess what happened to us. The owner of this place sold the building without informing Kraler and Koophuis. One morning the new owner arrived with an architect. Luckily Mr. Koophuis was present and showed the gentlemen everything except the "Secret Annex." He professed to have forgotten the key of the communicating door. The new owner didn't question any further. It will be all right as long as he doesn't come back and want to see the "Secret Annex," because then it won't look too good for us.

MARCH 10—I still have not gotten over my fear of everything connected with shooting and planes, and I creep into Daddy's bed nearly every night for comfort. I know it's very childish but you don't know what it is like. The anti-aircraft guns roar so loudly that you can't hear yourself speak. Mrs. Van Daan, the fatalist, was nearly crying, and, "Oh, it is so unpleasant! Oh, they are shooting so hard," by which she really means "I'm so frightened."

Peter went up to the loft a couple of evenings ago to get some old newspapers. He had to hold the trap door firmly to get down the steps. He put his hand down without looking . . . and went tumbling down the ladder from the sudden shock and pain. Without knowing it he had put his hand on a large rat, and it had bitten him hard. By the time he reached us, as white as a sheet, and with his knees knocking, the blood had soaked through his pajamas.

March 12—We have been eating so many kidney beans and string beans, that I can't bear the sight of them any more. Bread is no longer served in the evenings now. Daddy has just said that he doesn't feel in a good mood. His eyes look so sad again—poor soul!

I can't get into a single pair of shoes any more, except ski boots, which are not much use about the house. Perhaps Miep will scrounge something under the counter. I must cut Daddy's hair. Pim maintains that he will never have another barber after the war, I do the job so well. If only I didn't snip his ear so often!

March 19—The *"Führer aller Germanen"* has been talking to wounded soldiers. Listening in to it was pitiful. Question and answer went something like this: "My name is Heinrich Scheppel." "Wounded where?" "Near Stalingrad." "What kind of wound?" "Two feet frozen off and a broken joint in the left arm." This is exactly what the frightful puppet show on the radio was like. The wounded seemed to be proud of their wounds.

March 25—Yesterday Mummy, Daddy, Margot, and I were sitting pleasantly together when suddenly Peter came in and whispered something in Daddy's ear. I heard something about "a barrel fallen over in the warehouse" and "someone fumbling about at the door." Margot heard it too; but when Daddy and Peter went off immediately, she tried to calm me down a bit, because I was as white as a sheet and very jittery.

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The three of us waited in suspense. A minute or two later Mrs. Van Daan came upstairs; she'd been listening to the radio in the private office. She told us that Pim had asked her to turn off the radio and go softly upstairs. Five minutes later Pim and Peter appeared again, white to the roots of their hair, and told us their experience.

They had hidden themselves under the stairs and waited. Suddenly they heard two loud bangs, like two doors banging here in the house. Pim was upstairs in one leap. Peter warned Dussel first, who finally landed upstairs with a lot of fuss and noise. Then we all went up in stocking feet to the Van Daans on the next floor. Mr. Van Daan had got a bad cold and was already in bed, so we all drew up closely round his bed and whispered our suspicions to him. Each time Mr. Van Daan coughed loudly, Mrs. Van Daan and I were so scared we thought we were going to have a fit. That went on until one of us got the bright idea of giving him some codeine. Again we waited and waited, but we heard no more and finally we all came to the conclusion that the thieves had taken to their heels when they heard footsteps in the house.

Unfortunately, the radio downstairs was still tuned to England and the chairs were neatly arranged around it. If the door had been forced, and the air-raid wardens had noticed it and warned the police, then the results could be very unpleasant. So Mr. Van Daan got up and put on his coat and a hat and followed Daddy cautiously downstairs; Peter took up the rear, armed with a large hammer in case of emergencies. The gentlemen reappeared five minutes later and told us that all was quiet in the house. We arranged that we would not draw any water or pull the plug in the toilet. But as the excitement had affected most of our tummies, you can imagine what the atmosphere was like after we had each in succession paid a visit.

APRIL 2—Oh, dear: I've got another terrible black mark against my name. I was lying in bed yesterday evening waiting for Daddy to come and say my prayers with me, when Mummy came into my room, sat on my bed, and asked very nicely, "Anne, Daddy can't come yet, shall I say your prayers with you tonight?" "No, Mummy," I answered.

Mummy got up, paused by my bed for a moment, and walked slowly towards the door. Suddenly she turned round, and with a distorted look on her face said, "I don't want to be cross, love cannot be forced." There were tears in her eyes.

I lay still in bed, feeling at once that I had been horrible to push her away so rudely. But I know too that I couldn't have answered differently. I felt sorry for Mummy; very, very sorry, because I had seen for the first time in my life that she minds my coldness. It is hard to speak the truth, and yet it is the truth; she herself has pushed me away, her tactless remarks and her crude jokes, which I don't find at all funny, have now made me insensitive to any love from her side. She cried half the night and hardly slept at all. Daddy doesn't look at me and if he does for a second, then I read in his eyes the words: "How can you be so unkind, how can you bring yourself to cause your mother such sorrow?"

I seem, and indeed am, indifferent both to Mummy's tears and Daddy's looks, because for the first time they are both aware of something which I have always felt. I can only feel sorry for Mummy, who has now had to discover that I have adopted her own attitude.

MAY 1—Today I have packed a suitcase with the most necessary things for an escape. But Mummy quite rightly says: "Where will you escape to?" The whole of Holland is being punished for the strikes which have been going on in many parts of the country. Therefore a state of siege has been declared and everyone gets one butter coupon less. What naughty little children!

JUNE 13—My [fourteenth] birthday poem from Daddy is too good to keep from you. As Pim usually writes verses in German, Margot volunteered to translate it. After the usual summary of the events of the year, this is how it ran:

Though youngest here, you are no longer small,
But life is very hard, since one and all
Aspire to be your teacher, thus and thus:
"We have experience, take a tip from us."
"We know because we did it long ago."
"Elders are always betters, you must know."
At least that's been the rule since life began!
Our personal faults are much too small to scan,
This makes it easier to criticize
The faults of others which seem double-size.
Please bear with us, your parents, for we try
To judge you fairly and with sympathy,
Correction sometimes take against your will,
Though it's like swallowing a bitter pill,
Which must be done if we're to keep the peace,
While time goes by till all this suffering cease.
You read and study nearly all the day,
Who might have lived in such a different way.
You're never bored and bring us all fresh air.
Your only moan is this: "What can I wear?
I have no pants, all my clothes are small,

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My shirt might be a loincloth, that is all!
To put on shoes would mean to cut off toes,
Oh dear, I'm worried by so many woes!"

Don't you think my birthday poem is good? I was pampered in other ways and received a lot of lovely things. Among other things a fat book on my pet subject—the mythology of Greece and Rome. I can't complain of a shortage of candy either—everyone broke into his last reserves. As the Benjamin of the family in hiding, I am really more honored than I deserve.

JULY 13—Yesterday afternoon, with Daddy's permission, I asked Dussel whether he would please be so good (being really very polite) as to allow me to use the little table in our room twice a week in the afternoons, from four o'clock till half past five. Now honestly, what do you think the very learned Dussel replied: "No!" I was indignant and refused to be put off like that, so I asked him the reason for his "No." This was the barrage which followed:

"If I can't work in the afternoons, then there is no time left for me at all. I must finish my task, otherwise I've started it all for nothing. Anyhow, you don't work seriously. Your mythology, now just what kind of work is that? Knitting and reading are not work either. I am at the table and shall stay there." My reply was: "Mr. Dussel, I do work seriously and there is nowhere else for me to work in the afternoons. I beg of you to kindly reconsider my request!"

With these words the offended Anne turned her back on the very learned doctor. In the evening when I could get hold of Pim, I told him how it had gone off and discussed what I should do next. Pim told me how I ought to tackle the problem, but warned me that it would be better to leave it till the next day, as I was so het up. I let this advice go to the winds, and waited for Dussel. Pim sat in the room next to us, which had a calming influence on me. I began: "Mr. Dussel, I don't suppose you see any point in discussing the matter any more, but I must ask you to do so." Dussel then remarked with his sweetest smile: "I'm always, and at all times, prepared to discuss this matter, but it has already been settled."

I went on talking, though continually interrupted by Dussel. "When you first came here we arranged that this room should be for both of us; if we were to divide it fairly, you would have the morning and I all the afternoon! But I don't even ask that much, and I think that my two afternoons are really perfectly reasonable." At this Dussel jumped up as if someone had stuck a needle into him. "And where am I to go, then? I shall ask Mr. Van Daan whether he will build a little compartment in the attic, then I can go and sit there. With you one always has trouble. If your sister Margot, who after all has more reason to ask such a thing, would have come to me with the same request, I should not think of refusing, but you, one simply can't talk to you. As long as you can get what you want, you don't mind pushing everyone else to one side, I've never seen such a child. But after all, I suppose I shall be obliged to give you your own way, because otherwise I shall be told later on that Anne Frank failed her exams because Mr. Dussel would not give up the table to her." At one moment I thought, "In a minute I'll give him such a smack in the face that he'll fly up to the ceiling together with his lies," but the next moment I said to myself, "Keep calm! Such a fellow isn't worth getting worked up about."

After giving final vent to his fury, Master Dussel left the room with an expression of mixed wrath and triumph, his coat stuffed with food. I dashed to Daddy and told him all that he had not already heard of the story. Pim decided to talk to Dussel the same evening, which he did. Back and forth it went, Daddy defending my selfishness and my "trifling" work, Dussel grumbling continually. Finally, Dussel had to give in after all, and I had the opportunity of working undisturbed until five o'clock for two afternoons a week. Dussel didn't speak to me for two days, and went to sit at the table from five till half past—frightfully childish. A person of fifty-four who is still so pedantic and small-minded must be so by nature, and will never improve.

AUGUST 4—To give you a closer look into our lives, now and again I intend to give you a description of an ordinary day. Today I'm beginning with the evening and night.

Toward nine in the evening: The bustle of going to bed in the "Secret Annex" begins. Chairs are shoved about, beds pulled out, blankets unfolded, nothing remains where it is during the day. I sleep on the little divan, which is not more than five feet long. So chairs have to be used to lengthen it. A quilt, sheets, pillows, blankets, are all brought from Dussel's bed where they are put during the day. A terrible creaking comes from the next room, Margot's concertina-bed being pulled out. It sounds like thunder above, but it's only Mrs. Van Daan's bed. This is shifted to the window, you see, in order to give her majesty in the pink bedjacket fresh air to tickle her dainty nostrils!

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Nine o'clock: I step into the washroom after Peter, where I give myself a thorough washing. Then tooth brushing, hair curling, manicure, and my pads with peroxide (to bleach the black mustache hairs)—all this in under half an hour.

Half past nine: Quickly into dressing gown, I hurry out of the bathroom; but usually I'm called back once for the various hairs which decorate the wash basin in graceful curves, but which are not approved of by the next person.

Ten o'clock: Put up the black-out. Good night! For at least a quarter of an hour there is creaking of beds and broken springs, then all is quiet, that is if our neighbors upstairs don't quarrel in bed.

Half past eleven: The washroom door creaks. A narrow strip of light falls into the room. A squeak of shoes, a large coat, even larger than the man inside it—Dussel returns from his night work in Kraler's office. Shuffling on the floor for ten minutes, crackle of paper (the food which has to be stowed away), and a bed is made. Then the form disappears again and one only hears suspicious noises from the toilet from time to time.

Three o'clock: I have to get up for a little job in the pot under my bed, which stands on a rubber mat in case of leakage. I always hold my breath, as it clatters into the tin like a brook down a mountain. Then the pot is returned to its place and the figure in the white nightgown which evokes the same cry from Margot every evening: "Oh, that indecent nightdress!" gets back into bed.

Then a certain person lies awake for about a quarter of an hour, listening to the sounds of the night. Firstly, whether there might not be a burglar downstairs, then the various beds, above, next door, and in my room, from which one is usually able to make out how the various members of the household are sleeping, or how they pass the night in wakefulness.

The latter is certainly not pleasant, especially when it concerns a member of the family by the name of Dussel. First, I hear a sound like a fish gasping for breath, this is repeated nine or ten times, then with little smacking sounds the lips are moistened, followed by a lengthy twisting and turning in bed and rearranging of pillows. Five minutes of absolute peace and then the same sequence of events at least three times more. It can also happen that we get a bit of shooting in the night, varying between one o'clock and four. I quickly grab a pillow and handkerchief, put on my dressing gown and slippers and scamper to Daddy.

Quarter to seven: Trrrrr—the alarm clock that raises its voice at any hour of day. Crack—ping—Mrs. Van Daan has turned it off. Creak—Mr. Van Daan gets up. Puts on water and then full speed to the washroom.

Quarter past seven: The door creaks again. Dussel's turn to go to the washroom. Left alone, I take down the black-out—and a new day in the "Secret Annex" has begun.

August 18—The title for this piece is: "The communal task of the day: potato peeling!" One person brings the newspapers, another the knives (keeping the best for himself, of course), a third the potatoes, and the fourth a pan of water.

Mr. Dussel begins, does not always scrape well, but scrapes incessantly, glancing from right to left. Does everyone do it the way he does? No! "Anne, look here; I take the knife in my hand like this, scrape from the top downwards! No, not like that—like this!" "I get on better like *this,* Mr. Dussel," I remark timidly. He: "But still this is the best way. *Du kannst* take *dies* from me. Naturally I don't care a bit, *aber du musst* know for yourself." We scrape on. I look slyly once in my neighbor's direction. He shakes his head (over me, I suppose) but is silent.

Now I look to the other side, where Daddy is sitting. He has on his "potato face," and he would never hand over an imperfectly scraped potato.

I work on again and then just look up for a second; I knew it. Mrs. Van Daan is trying to attract Dussel's attention. First she looks in his direction and Dussel appears not to notice anything. Then she winks an eye; Dussel works on. Then she laughs, Dussel doesn't look up. Mrs. Van Daan has to think of something else. A pause and then: "Putti, do put on an apron! Tomorrow I shall have to get all the spots out of your suit!"

"I'm not getting myself dirty!"

Another moment's silence. "Putti, why don't you sit down?"

"I'm comfortable standing up." Pause.

"Putti, be careful, *du spatst schon!*" ("You are making a mess!")

"Yes, Mammi, I'm being careful."

Mrs. Van Daan searches for another subject. "I say, Putti, why aren't the British doing any more bombing?"

"Because the weather is bad, Kerli."

"But it was lovely yesterday, and they didn't fly then either."

"Let's not talk about it."

"Why, surely one can talk about it?"

"No."

"Why ever not?"

"Do be quiet, Mammi'chen."

"Mr. Frank always answers his wife, doesn't he?"

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This is Mr. Van Daan's tender spot, it's something he can't take and Mrs. Van Daan begins again: "The invasion seems as if it will never come!"

Mr. Van Daan goes white; seeing which, Mrs. Van Daan turns red, but goes on again: "The British do nothing!" The bomb explodes!

"And now hold your tongue, *donnerwetternocheinmal!*"

Mummy can hardly hold back her laughter. I look straight in front of me.

I have to go up to the attic to get some potatoes. Peter is busy there delousing the cat. He looks up, the cat notices—pop—he has disappeared through the open window into the gutter. Peter swears. I laugh and disappear.

OCTOBER 17—Koophuis is back again, thank goodness! He still looks rather pale, but in spite of this sets out cheerfully to sell clothes for Van Daan. It is an unpleasant fact that the Van Daans have run all out of money. Mrs. Van Daan won't part with a thing from her pile of coats, dresses, and shoes. Mr. Van Daan's suit isn't easily disposed of, because he wants too much for it. Mrs. Van Daan will certainly have to part with her fur coat. They've had a terrific row upstairs about it, and now the reconciliation period of "oh, darling Putti" and "precious Kerli" has set in. I am dazed by all the abusive exchanges that have taken place in this virtuous house during the past month. Daddy goes about with his lips tightly pursed; when anyone speaks to him, he looks up startled, as if he is afraid he will have to patch up some touchy relationship again. Mummy has red patches on her cheeks. Margot complains of headaches. Dussel can't sleep. Mrs. Van Daan grouches the whole day, and I'm going completely batty! The only way to take one's mind off it all is to study, and I do a lot of that.

NOVEMBER 3—Daddy sent for a catalogue from the Teachers' Institute in Leyden. Margot nosed through the thick book at least three times, without finding anything to her liking or to suit her purse. Daddy wants a letter written to the Institute, asking for a trial lesson in "Elementary Latin."

To give me something new to do as well, Daddy asked Koophuis for a children's Bible so that I could find out something about the New Testament at last. "Do you want to give Anne a Bible for Chanukah?" asked Margot, somewhat perturbed. "Yes—er, I think St. Nicholas Day is a better occasion," answered Daddy. "Jesus just doesn't go with Chanukah."

November 8—I see the eight of us with our "Secret Annex" as if we were a little piece of blue heaven, surrounded by heavy black rain clouds. The round, clearly defined spot where we stand is still safe, but the clouds gather more closely about us and the circle which separates us from the approaching danger closes more and more tightly. Now we are so surrounded by danger and darkness that we bump against each other, as we search desperately for a means of escape. We all look down below, where people are fighting each other, we look above, where it is quiet and beautiful, and meanwhile we are cut off by the great dark mass, which will not let us go upwards but stands before us like an impenetrable wall. It tries to crush us, but cannot yet. I can only cry and implore: "Oh, if only the black circle could recede and open the way for us!"

DECEMBER 24—*"Himmelhoch jauchzend und zum Tode betrübt"** certainly fits here. I am *"Himmelhoch jauchzend"* if I only think how lucky we are here compared with other Jewish children, and *"zum Tode betrübt"* comes over me when, as today for example, Mrs. Koophuis comes and tells us about her daughter Corry's hockey club, canoe trips, theatrical performances, and friends. I don't think I'm jealous of Corry, but I couldn't help feeling a great longing to have lots of fun myself for once, and to laugh until my tummy ached. Especially at this time of the year with all the holidays, St. Nicholas Day and the New Year, and we stuck here like outcasts. Still, I really ought not to write this, because it seems ungrateful and I've certainly been exaggerating.

When someone comes in from outside, with the wind in their clothes and the cold on their faces, then I could bury my head in the blankets to stop myself from thinking: "When will we be granted the privilege of smelling fresh air?" And because I must not bury my head in the blankets, but the reverse—I must keep my head high and be brave—the thoughts will come, not once, but oh, countless times. Believe me, if you have been shut up for a year and a half, it can get too much for you some days. In spite of all justice and thankfulness, you can't crush your feelings. Cycling, dancing, whistling, looking out into the world, feeling young, to know that I'm free—that's what I long for; still I mustn't show it, because I sometimes think if all eight of us began to pity ourselves, or went about with discontented faces, where would it lead? I sometimes ask myself, "Would anyone, either Jew or non-Jew, understand this about me, that I am simply a young girl badly

* A famous quotation from Goethe: "On top of the world or in the depths of despair."—ED.

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in need of some rollicking fun?" I don't know, and I couldn't talk about it to anyone, because then I know I should cry. Crying can bring such relief.

In spite of all my theories, and however much trouble I take, each day I miss having a real mother who understands me. That is why with everything I do and write I think of the "Mumsie" that I want to be for my children later on. The "Mumsie" who doesn't take everything that is said in general conversation so seriously, but who does take what *I* say seriously. I have noticed, though I can't explain how, that the word "Mumsie" tells everything. Do you know what I've found? To give me the feeling of calling Mummy something which sounds like "Mums" I often call her "Mum"; then from that comes "Mums." The incomplete "Mumsie," as it were, whom I would so love to honor with the extra "ie," and yet who does not realize it. It's a good thing, because it would only make her unhappy.

That's enough about that, writing has made my *"zum Tode betrübt"* go off a bit.

December 29—I was very unhappy again last evening. Granny and Lies [Anne's friend] came into my mind. Darling Granny, how little we understood what she suffered, or how sweet she was. And besides all this, she knew a terrible secret which she carefully kept to herself the whole time [she had a serious internal disease]. Whatever it was, or however naughty I had been, Granny always stuck up for me. Granny, did you love me or didn't you understand me either? I don't know. How lonely Granny must have been, how lonely in spite of us! A person can be lonely, even if he is loved by many people, because he is still not the "one and only."

And Lies, is she still alive? What is she doing? O God, protect her and bring her back to us. Lies, I see in you all the time what my lot might have been, I keep seeing myself in your place. Why, then, should I often be unhappy over what happens here? Shouldn't I always be glad, contented, and happy, except when I think about her and her companions in distress? I am selfish and cowardly. Why do I always dream and think of the most terrible things—my fear makes me want to scream out loud sometimes. Because still, in spite of everything, I have not enough faith in God. He has given me so much—which I certainly do not deserve—and I still do so much that is wrong every day. If you think of your fellow creatures, then you only want to cry, you could really cry the whole day long. The only thing to do is to pray that God will perform a miracle and save some of them. And I hope I am doing enough of that!

[*To be concluded in the next issue.*]

POWER IN AMERICA

HARVEY SHAPIRO

The struck animal, blurred
By subsequent hours, lies
Upon the road, hunched fur
and spirit.
At night, drawn by the hum of power,
Then doubled into pain, sight smashed,
It caught the radicals of
Descending speed, their brilliance.

Or the boy in Dreiser's novel,
That blind head, felled
By the big city hotel,
Its monolithic shine and scramble.
Even Crane, who tried to make
A shining steel structure of a bridge
Lead him out, caught by the brilliance
That kills, in America.

As at the movie's close,
Man alone, against the wall,
Watches the lights move in,
The fugitive, hatless there.
And we, thrilled into our fear,
See the enormously wheeled clatter,
Glistening, never in error,
Rise to break his back.

HARVEY SHAPIRO's poetry has appeared in *Poetry,* the *Quarterly Review of Literature,* and many other periodicals. He was born in Chicago in 1924, attended Yale and Columbia, and is now an instructor in the English department at Cornell University.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SENATOR

The Congressional Office: 1952

STEPHEN KEMP BAILEY and HOWARD D. SAMUEL

IT WAS a morning in mid-August 1951, and Washington had been enjoying surprisingly cool weather. Senator Lehman had been driven from his home to the Senate Office Building in a Cadillac sedan with a New York license plate, "USS 2," which stood for United States Senator, the number denoting the fact that he was New York's junior Senator. Arriving at his office at 9:20, he let himself into his own room, off the fourth-floor corridor, with a key, avoiding the reception room where two visitors were already waiting. (This latter room was dominated by a ten-foot vertical white pennant, with large black letters reading "United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration"; at its foot a brass plaque announced that this was the "pennant flown on first UNRRA ship carrying relief supplies to Europe." On the walls were two dozen framed photographs and cartoons having to do with Lehman's days as governor and lieutenant governor of New York. Several of the photographs showed him with Franklin D. Roosevelt. On one wall were eight framed certificates of election: two for lieutenant governor of New York; four for governor; and two for United States Senator.)

To the left of the reception room was the "working room," with desks for six secretaries and stenographers, and also serving as the office of Thomas Brunkard, Lehman's executive secretary, and Julius Edelstein, his administrative assistant. Brunkard had served Lehman in the same capacity since 1933, when the latter began his first term as governor of New York, and most of his work concerned matters local to New York State—patronage, requests for aid by constituents, speaking invitations, etc.

About a third of the room, partly closed off by a flimsy screen, served as the domain of Lehman's assistant, Julius Edelstein. He sat behind a desk loaded with documents, letters, newspapers, copies of hearing reports and the *Congressional Record*. The bookshelves at his right were similarly overflowing.

The Senator's personal office, separated from the working room by a short corridor, was neat and orderly. With its high ceiling and marble fireplace, it looked like an old-fashioned parlor. Although containing a huge desk, seven chairs, and a large leather couch, the office seemed restful and empty compared to the physical chaos of the one next door. On his desk, when the Senator sat down, was a pile of letters and reports totaling perhaps fifty pieces, which the Senator immediately attacked. For the next twenty minutes he worked in silence.

A UNITED STATES Senator today is not only a person: he is also an institution. (There may be some truth in the recent re-

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WHAT our legislators actually do, and how they do it, most of us have only the haziest notion. Believing that a complete description of a typical day in the life of a legislator might create a clearer concept of the processes of government, STEPHEN KEMP BAILEY and HOWARD D. SAMUEL spent some time with the junior Senator from New York, Herbert H. Lehman, and supplemented this by a number of interviews with two members of his staff, Julius Edelstein and Thomas Brunkard. Much of the material published here will be found in one of the chapters of their book, *Congress at Work*, soon to be published by Henry Holt and Company, which aims to give a concrete picture of our Congress today. Mr. Samuel, who was born in New York City in 1924 and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1948, is director of the Sidney Hillman Foundation of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Mr. Bailey is associate professor of government at Wesleyan University; he received his education at Hiram College in Ohio, at Oxford, and at Harvard. In 1950 he was administrative assistant, in Washington, to Senator William Benton of Missouri. He is the author of *Roosevelt and His New Deal* (1938), *Congress Makes a Law* (1950), and *A Guide to the Study of Public Affairs* (1952), in collaboration with Victor Jones and E. E. Schattschneider.

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mark of an elder statesman that every legislator discovers that his career has three stages: he runs for office; he runs an office; his office runs him.)

The offices of Senator Herbert H. Lehman of New York are located in seven rooms, in four buildings, in two cities. In New York City, at 41 East 57th Street, three people work for him full time, handling his relations with individual constituents. In Washington, D.C., a woman works for the Senator in an office in the Library of Congress, devoting most of her time to requests for private bills. In the Capitol, in a tiny, narrow room formed by a partition cutting off the end of a corridor, three research assistants prepare data, speeches, and testimony for him. Eleven people in the basement of the Senate Office Building process the Senator's mail and expedite requests from his constituents. And, on the fourth floor of the Senate Office Building, in a suite of three rooms, ten more staff assistants work for Mr. Lehman, including the executive secretary and administrative assistant—and the Senator himself.

To pay his staff assistants, Senator Lehman, whose own official salary is $12,500 annually plus a $2,500 tax-free, non-accountable expense fund, was allowed approximately $65,000 a year of federal funds. This amount, which includes the salaries of more than $10,000 each received by his two top assistants, Edelstein and Brunkard, is sufficient to pay for the services of about twelve assistants and secretaries, which is about the size of the staffs of most Senators. Senator Lehman, however, has found it necessary to hire sixteen more assistants and secretaries, whom he pays out of his own pocket, so that his total staff numbers twenty-eight people.

SENATOR LEHMAN receives more mail than any other member of the United States Senate. The principal—probably the only—reason is that New York has more people, and a wider range of interest groups (as well as a greater ethnic diversity) than any other state. One-tenth of America lives there. And if Lehman receives more mail than Senator Irving Ives, his senior colleague from the Empire State, it is because he is a resident of New York City and, to judge from the election returns, gets most of his support from that place. Most New York State mail to the Senate comes from New York City, and most of that goes to Senator Lehman.

While the Senator was sitting at his desk reading his mail, eleven staff assistants in Room 5-B, in the basement, were already sorting this day's first load, which had been brought in on a wooden tray before 9 A.M. (There are four deliveries daily.) Among the two hundred letters and postcards, Lehman's experienced staff immediately noted two or three piles that were alike in size and form—an almost certain sign of organized pressure mail. All of the mail, however, even that marked "personal," went through the same efficient processing. (It is impossible to expect Senator Lehman to receive a letter unopened.) Once opened, the letters were read and distributed among various cubbyholes in a large shelf running along one wall.

One cubbyhole was for "departmental and service" mail, and contained requests for special assistance in dealings with government agencies. Some letters came from businessmen in need of restricted materials or seeking government contracts; their mail was directed to one or another of the special defense agencies. Other correspondence asked about such things as eligibility under the Selective Service Act, the status of reserve personnel, or contained special requests by people already in the armed services. Still others wrote for information about pensions and similar matters, most of which concerned the Veterans Administration. All these letters were forwarded by the Senator's staff assistants through regular departmental and agency channels.

Letters from friends of the Senator, or from Democratic party officials, were stowed into another cubbyhole for special attention. Most of these would receive personal replies, seen and signed by the Senator himself. Some of the items in this category, such as requests for the Senator's presence as a speaker, or for patronage, would go directly to Thomas Brunkard, who would draft replies for the Senator's signature. Each week Lehman receives an average of eight applications from young men seeking appointment to West Point or Annapolis, and an average of fifteen invitations to address meetings or dinners. (Among his many extracurricular activities are those as a leader of the community, Jewish and otherwise; he is a vice president of the American Jewish Com-

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mittee; honorary chairman of the Joint Distribution Committee and the United Jewish Appeal of Greater New York, as well as of the Jewish Child Care Association; a trustee of the Jewish Theological Seminary; and a director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, as well as of the National Association for Advancement of Colored People; this list is by no means exhaustive. He is, moreover, a frequent speaker at the functions of these and many other organizations. The example of Senator Lehman's active identification with his community has undoubtedly done much to lay to rest anxiety about the risks of the public light of office to "minority" security; for even in the charged climate of political conflict, this openly Jewish financier has been left almost untouched by bigotry.)

Another cubbyhole received requests for hearings, documents, copies of the *Congressional Record,* and gallery passes to the House and Senate. One staff member spent his full time dealing with these.

Most of the cubbyholes, however, were reserved for letters affecting current issues and legislation, for these made up the bulk of the Senator's incoming mail. The volume of correspondence received advising and urging some course of action, giving information about some aspect of legislation, pleading for intercession on some current issue, is so tremendous that, long ago, Senator Lehman and his staff had to resort to form letters instead of individual replies in dealing with such mail. "Dear Friend," read the typical form reply: "This will acknowledge receipt of your letter of recent date. . . ." Succeeding paragraphs describe the status of, as well as Senator Lehman's own views on, the legislation in question. Some of these form letters are two pages long. A form letter on a particular legislative issue is decided on once the Senator begins receiving as many as half a dozen letters a day on it. Ruth Cohen, who heads the staff in the basement office, then draws up a reply in accordance with the Senator's views. Usually she receives research help from the Senator's staff assistants, and Edelstein and Senator Lehman himself go over the draft. In the 2nd session of the 81st Congress (1950), Miss Cohen prepared form replies on 157 separate issues. In the first seven months of 1951, she prepared them on 80 issues. On each of a few of the more important issues, several different form letters were prepared, to keep abreast with the progress of the legislation. On the economic controls battle, for example, Miss Cohen prepared a first form reply in January, at the beginning of the first session of the 82nd Congress. As the controls bill passed through its successive legislative stages—through Senate conference and final passage—successive letters were prepared, until by June Miss Cohen had drafted five form letters on this single issue.

Every month of the legislative session between 4,000 and 5,000 form replies went out to Senator Lehman's correspondents. Some of these latter were far from content with the form letters they had received in answer to their queries; and as a matter of fact neither Senator Lehman nor his staff were particularly satisfied themselves with the system. But so far no better means has been discovered of handling this flood of mail.

DURING the first six months of 1951 the four issues attracting Lehman's heaviest mail were: increases in postal employees' salaries; price controls; civil service pay rates; the draft. But a fifth issue, which involved no pending bill, drew the largest correspondence of all—the dismissal of General MacArthur. During the first six months of 1951, Senator Lehman received 98,000 pieces of mail on other national issues; 24,000 on MacArthur; and approximately 5,000 requests for assistance, invitations, etc. This made a total of 127,000 pieces of mail.

What effect did this daily avalanche of written opinion have? On issues of national importance, such as MacArthur, Senator Lehman's stand was hardly affected. His views on foreign policy, and on most domestic problems as well, had been formed over long years of public service, and were known to his constituents. The assumptions and ideals that had guided him since first entering upon public office in 1928 continued to guide him in the Senate. If he were to be influenced by mail from home, it would be by the particular impact of a single letter rather than by opinions reiterated in thousands of them. Occasionally, on a comparatively restricted or local issue, one thoughtful and informed communication could persuade the Senator to delve into it more deeply. An example came up on this cool summer day.

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One section of a pending bill would have changed the rates and procedures for parcel post packages. Indirectly, this section affected the Railway Express Company, which had requested its employees to write to their Senators on the matter. That morning Senator Lehman received eleven letters, all in Railway Express envelopes. Although obviously the result of organized pressure, they constituted the first evidence that the proposed change in parcel post rates would arouse much interest.

Later that morning, Ruth Cohen telephoned one of Mr. Lehman's staff assistants in the little room in the Capitol for more information on the bill and for an indication of the Senator's own views. The researcher she called had already spoken to some people about the subject and had read the bill carefully. During the next two or three days the matter would be discussed with Edelstein, and Miss Cohen might frame a form reply. Before it was finished, however, Senator Lehman would have to give his approval, and both he and his staff, as a result of the eleven letters from the Railway Express employees, would have clarified their views on one more issue before Congress.

Julius Edelstein entered Lehman's office at about 9:40 that morning, bringing with him a folder of mimeographed material. At 10 A.M., Senator Lehman was expected to testify before a subcommittee of the Public Works Committee on a giant power project on New York's Niagara River. For twenty minutes before the hearing began, the conversation between the Senator and his administrative assistant abounded in such esoteric terms as "grids," "transmission systems," and "wheeling." Senator Lehman had begun to acquire familiarity with the technical problems of hydro-electric power during his terms as lieutenant governor and governor of New York, while Edelstein had immersed himself in the subject ever since he had become Lehman's assistant, two years before.

Besides the Niagara River project, however, Senator Lehman, in the first seven months of the 1st session of the 82nd Congress, had been a sponsor of 75 other bills or resolutions. Twenty of these had been private bills. In a majority of the public bills and resolutions, Lehman had been a co-sponsor, once with as many as 43 other members of the Senate. Seventeen of the bills he had sponsored, including six private bills, had become law. The 55 public bills and resolutions covered a wide variety of subjects, including the St. Lawrence Seaway project, the District of Columbia, labor relations, the Senate cloture rule, handicapped children, the disabled, small businesses, India, Israel, and defense housing. Eight bills dealt with civil rights.

There was a different story behind the introduction of each bill and resolution. Some of them were old-timers, introduced at every session of Congress for many years, like the St. Lawrence Seaway project and the civil rights bills. There may have been a few changes in wording, or some new efforts made to enlist outside support, but usually the only problem remaining so far as these bills were concerned was timing. The civil rights bills, for example, which had been introduced that spring, had been prepared by Senator Humphrey's office, along the lines of legislation introduced at previous sessions, and he, Lehman, and a few other interested Senators had consulted with organizations like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

The fact that Lehman was only a co-sponsor of a measure did not mean that he did not take an active part—or even a leading one—in promoting its passage. The principal sponsor of the bill providing food for India had been Senator Smith of New Jersey, a Republican; Lehman, with Edelstein, had however thrown himself heart and soul behind the effort to push it through the Senate, conferring with church groups, with a private *ad hoc* committee formed to enlist outside support, and with government agencies that had provided information for use in floor debate. Neither the State Department nor the President were willing at first to support the bill, largely out of fear of the possible consequences of failure, but Lehman nevertheless succeeded in getting their help.

Many of the measures sponsored by Senator Lehman amended existing or pending legislation. Earlier in the year, some friends in the American Federation of Labor had called the Senator's attention to a bill affecting veterans' life insurance that had been introduced in the House of Representatives. He agreed that the House bill needed certain changes. Two amendments were pre-

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pared, and Lehman attempted, without signal success, to gain the support of the veterans' organizations. But with the help of friendly Senators, enough strength was brought to bear behind the amendments to persuade the chairman of the Senate committee handling the bill to accept them.

Several bills had been introduced by Senator Lehman, not with any hope of passage, but only for the sake of the record. He was aware, for example, that the size of the opposition to the civil rights measures would probably prevent them from reaching the stage of committee consideration, let alone floor debate and passage. Nevertheless, because civil rights legislation was an intrinsic part of his public platform, he felt obliged to share the responsibility with like-minded senators in introducing these bills.

Almost every mail from New York brought the Senator one or more requests for the introduction of a bill or resolution. A few of these requests, usually from friendly organizations, were followed up; most, however, were impractical, legally or politically, or else undesirable—in some cases downright absurd, as when the Senator was asked to sponsor a measure offering "bounties" for the apprehension of certain kinds of criminals.

THE Niagara River project had a fairly brief background. A year before, Lehman and Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., of New York had introduced companion bills in both houses for a power development on the Niagara. When the House bill came up before the House Public Works Committee for consideration, the New York Power Authority, a state body whose chief function is to promote the St. Lawrence Seaway proposal, approached Lehman with some suggested amendments. They also submitted these to the House Committee. The latter took no action on them and when Lehman reintroduced his bill at the beginning of the 82nd Congress, it did not contain the Power Authority's amendments; he had rejected them, both because he felt they were impractical, and because they were at variance with his own beliefs on public power. The Senate Public Works Committee scheduled the project for consideration in mid-August. About ten days before the hearing, Senator Irving Ives, Lehman's Republican colleague from New York, introduced a new bill, at the behest of the New York Power Authority, containing the amendments it wanted. Lehman had had no warning of the Ives bill, which was expected in any case to complicate the problem of obtaining Congressional approval for the Niagara project.

Even without the added complication of the Ives bill, Lehman did not expect Congress to give immediate approval to the costly Niagara project. It involved some legislative precedents, and these might cause several years' delay while the Senator did extensive "missionary work" among the members of the Public Works Committee. Nevertheless, the testimony he had prepared presented a forthright defense of his bill, and he had also rounded up some influential witnesses to support his views. Edelstein, who prepared the statement, had worked well into the night and over the previous weekend, and the Senator had reviewed it and given it a final polish the day before. It had required several days, in addition, to arrange for the appearance of the supporting witnesses. At 9:55 A.M., Lehman and Edelstein, having finished their preparations, walked down the corridor to the Public Works hearing room.

WHEN Senator Lehman entered the room, it already contained forty or fifty people, including Senators, witnesses, spectators, newspaper reporters, and staff assistants. A news photographer immediately posed Lehman with a few visiting officials and dignitaries from New York. Seated in the front row of the spectators' section were executives of some of New York State's public utility companies. Behind them sat several state and federal officials. Five newspapermen were seated at a table to one side. As the crowd settled down, Senator Ives, who was to follow Lehman's with his own statement, joshed his colleague about the length of his testimony. (Lehman's 16-page talk had been mimeographed, and copies handed to committee members, correspondents, and interested spectators.) Senator McClellan of Arkansas, chairman of the subcommittee conducting the hearing, asked Lehman if he would read his statement or merely insert it in the hearing record and summarize it for the committee. Lehman said he would read it; McClellan looked disappointed, but waved him on. Lehman read aloud for thirty-

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five minutes, and then answered a few desultory questions from committee members.

At 11 A.M. Chairman McClellan called on a colonel in the Engineers, who stood up before a large map of the Niagara project and began to describe, in considerable detail, the history and geography of the area and the background of the complex project. Three-quarters of an hour later McClellan asked him to suspend his discussion so that Senator Ives would have time to testify before the Senate session began at noon. The colonel took his seat and Ives began to read a brief statement supporting the project but differing with the method suggested by Lehman for its accomplishment. He was still reading when a buzzer sounded in the back of the room, indicating that the Senate was in session. Three of the committee members quietly got up and left the room, leaving McClellan and one other member at the table. Lehman remained in his chair.

Like all the committee members who had listened to him, Senator Lehman belonged to at least two Senate committees, and had discovered early that committee meetings took almost as much of a Senator's time as Senate sessions themselves. He was a member of the Senate's committees on Labor and Public Welfare, and on Interior and Insular Affairs. In addition, he was chairman of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee's standing subcommittee on health. He would have preferred a seat on the Foreign Relations Committee, but freshman Senators were not likely to win an assignment to this much sought-after group. He had had to settle instead for the Labor and Interior Affairs committees, both of which held jurisdiction in fields of legislation in which he had long experience. (One of the functions of the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee was to handle the public power projects of the Bureau of Reclamation.)

Lehman had become chairman of the subcommittee on health when the previous chairman, James Murray of Montana, had moved up to take the chairmanship of the parent Labor and Public Welfare Committee. The three other Democrats on the seven-member subcommittee, all of whom had seniority over Lehman, were already burdened with chairmanships in other committees or subcommittees. Senator Lehman had found that the three professional staff members of this subcommittee could be depended on to keep it operating on a day-to-day basis. Its two principal tasks were to consider Senate bills dealing with aspects of the nation's health, and to undertake such investigations as its members felt to be necessary. In the first seven months of 1951, twenty bills had been referred to the subcommittee, of which only seven or eight had been given serious consideration. About once every two months Senator Lehman presided at an executive meeting to discuss new bills and decide whether to amend them, hold hearings on them, report them out to the full committee, or pigeonhole them. The Senator might have preferred to hold these executive sessions more often, but it was not easy to get a quorum together. At the most recent meeting, on July 30, five members of the subcommittee had appeared, and in one hour of discussion disposed of eight or nine items. Between meetings, the professional staff assistants, headed by Kenneth Meiklejohn, analyzed the views of the federal executive departments concerned on pending health bills, summarized the pros and cons, prepared the agenda for meetings, investigated current health problems (in 1951 the principal one was health facilities at defense installations), and served as a sort of a general clearing house for the dozens of official and private bodies interested in public health. On this particular day in August, Meiklejohn and his assistants were finishing the arrangements for the subcommittee's first public hearings of the current session of Congress.

When Senator Ives had finished his testimony, both he and Senator Lehman answered some questions from Chairman McClellan seeking clarification on the differences between their two Niagara bills. At 12:20, McClellan recessed the hearing until 2 P.M., and Lehman hurried over to the Senate chamber to answer the first roll call. When it was over Senator McClellan arose to request unanimous consent for another meeting of his subcommittee during the afternoon while the chamber was in session. This was granted without comment. Lehman remained on the floor as Majority Leader McFarland described the Senate's agenda for the next few weeks.

He did not speak up on this occasion, but during the previous months of the session he

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had entered Senate debate on a number of topics. Unlike other Senators who made themselves heard emphatically only on issues of particular interest to their home states, Lehman had given his views on a wide variety of subjects, including Selective Service, food for India, the assignment of troops to Europe, subversive activities, the District of Columbia, health, economic controls, and public housing. It is unlikely that many other members of the Senate had entered debate on such a wide range of controversial topics. This catholicity of interest was due both to Lehman's own long experience in public life and to the multifarious interests of his constituency; but it had led one of his sympathetic critics, the columnist Marquis Childs, to write that he "spread himself too thin."

At recess Senator Lehman ate lunch in the Democratic cloakroom, and then returned at 2 P.M. to the Public Works Committee hearing room instead of the Senate floor. In the first half hour of the hearing the colonel finished his description of the Niagara project. While he was answering questions he was again interrupted by the Senate buzzer. This time it was a roll-call vote, and Chairman McClellan hastily adjourned the hearing for twenty minutes. Lehman, with his fellow committee members, descended in an elevator to the single-track subway of the Senate Office Building, rode on one of its cars to the Capitol, and reached the Senate in time to cast his vote.

The issue on which he voted was a motion to recommit a shipping bill that, in part, affected New York State. He had received several letters and telegrams about it from upstate labor union groups. Though the Democrats had not made it a party issue, Lehman had already decided to vote against the Republican motion to recommit.

THE fact that Lehman's voting record almost invariably followed known administration views had led some of the Senator's critics to dismiss him as subservient to the administration. Actually, he led just as much as he was led. The aims and principles followed by the administration had been Senator Lehman's own for many years. This was why he had a more consistent voting record as an administration supporter than some of the party's titular leaders in the Senate.

None of Lehman's votes, of course, were cast in a vacuum. In almost every case he was exposed to the conflicting viewpoints of a host of public and private interests. These could be divided into three broad groups: the administration, with its leaders in the Senate; other Senators; outside groups, including private-interest organizations, personalities in the New York State Democratic party organization, and constituents.

During his comparatively short tenure, Lehman and his staff had developed some sort of contact with most of the departments and agencies in the government. With some organizations—the State, Agriculture, and Interior Departments, the White House, the Federal Security Administration, to mention a few—his relations had been particularly close. In the Department of Defense, Lehman had had some contact with Secretary of the Army Frank Pace, and with Anna Rosenberg, Assistant Secretary of Defense, consulting with them about civil rights and segregation problems in the armed services. The Interior Department had cooperated in laying the groundwork for the Niagara power project bill. Many of these contacts were on the staff level, with Julius Edelstein assuming the burden of gathering data and mapping strategy with agency officials.

Administration leaders in the Senate, headed by Majority Leader McFarland, had maintained fairly close contact with Lehman, but neither McFarland nor Majority Whip Lyndon Johnson had ever attempted to crack the whip of party discipline over him. For one thing, Lehman was known to side with the administration more regularly than McFarland himself. The closest approaches to an attempt to invoke party solidarity had been on a few minor issues, when McFarland had expressed the "hope" that Lehman would go along.

Like most members of the Senate, Lehman had drifted into a half-stable alliance with a number of like-minded senators that gained or lost members as different issues came up. The core of the "alliance"—it was occasionally, and irreverently, called "the sons of the wild jackasses"—consisted of Senators Lehman, McMahon and Benton, both from Connecticut, Douglas of Illinois, Humphrey of Minnesota, Magnuson of Washington, and Green and Pastore from Rhode Island. Senators Hill and Sparkman, both

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of Alabama, also worked with these Senators on many issues, though differing sharply on civil rights. Occasionally, one or more members of the group left the camp on a specific issue. When Lehman had sought Senate approval of a costly public works project for New York, Senator Douglas, an economy-minded foe of new projects, quietly absented himself from the Senate chamber. Senator Hill, on the other hand, moved by personal friendship, helped Lehman round up support for the measure, though it had no direct interest for the Alabaman. (Lehman's father, incidentally, had settled first in Alabama when he arrived from Bavaria in 1848, and had moved to New York City only after the Civil War; he thus is another product of that pattern of peddler to storekeeper to —sometimes—financier to philanthropist to public servant that seems to flourish especially in the South—Brandeis, Proskauer, the Strauses, the Lazaruses, etc.—and which gave us in his own family not only "the Governor" but also two brothers, Justice Irving Lehman and the philanthropic leader Arthur Lehman.)

This group of about six to ten like-minded Senators met on an informal basis about once a month. Much of their cooperation was on a staff level, between Edelstein and the administrative assistants of the other Senators. And it was only on this staff level that the "sons of the wild jackasses" cooperated with Senators Smith of New Jersey, Ives of New York, and other liberal Republicans on a few issues.

For the simple reason that virtually every large institution had an office in New York City, the junior Senator from New York was constantly besieged by representatives of private-interest groups. They made their opinions known through the mail, through individual lobbyists, and through sizable delegations sent down from their New York quarters. They included labor unions, dairy groups, large and small business associations, veterans' organizations, housing groups, and social welfare agencies. Lehman, and Edelstein too, had close and cordial relations with many of these groups. Quite a few labor unions, housing groups, and social welfare agencies, for example, adhered to the same ideals as the Senator, and operated in fields in which he had long been interested. The relations of such private groups to the Senator were not those of petitioner to judge, but rather of two parties cooperating to achieve a mutual goal. Lehman would call on them for help—in gathering information and arousing support—as much as they on him.

Similarly, his relations with New York State Democratic leaders were reciprocal ones. On controversial national issues, the New York party chieftains never presumed to tell Lehman how to vote. On the contrary, he would occasionally get in touch with them, tell them his stand on a particular issue, and ask their help in mobilizing public support. During the battle over economic controls earlier in the session, New York State party officials, in response to his request, had arranged rallies and meetings throughout the state to demonstrate popular support for the Senator's position. On the other hand, when the issue was primarily of local importance the first approach would often come from the state leaders. A few weeks earlier, for example, the Veterans Administration had announced plans to transfer part of its district office from New York to Philadelphia, a move that would have affected several hundred employees. The employees had got in touch with Democratic party officials in New York, who had in turn sent a delegation of them to see the Senator. As a result, Thomas Brunkard had spent many hours marshaling facts and figures and lining up Congressional and administration support against the move.

After casting their votes—the result was a defeat for the Republican motion to recommit the shipping bill—Lehman, McClellan, and one other committee member returned to the hearing room in the Senate Office Building. The chief of the Rural Electrification Administration had completed his testimony and answered a few questions, when, half an hour later, the buzzer sounded again, indicating another record vote. It was almost 4 P.M., too late to continue the hearings after another recess, so McClellan adjourned the meeting until the following morning and the Senators once again dashed over to the Senate chamber. This time the vote was on an amendment offered from the floor, a measure presenting some difficulties to busy legislators since most of them had had little time to appraise it or discuss it with other members. Lehman stayed on

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after the vote, listening to debate, until Julius Edelstein walked in and whispered to him that he had appointments at his office with visitors from New York.

Since 9:30 that morning, about twenty-five people, including several family groups —all of them tourists, as their informal clothes showed—had dropped into Suite 455. They had been content to gaze at the reception room, pick up passes for the House and Senate galleries, and depart. The subway cars that had brought them over from the Capitol usually provided the chief amusement. Starting at 9:30, however, Lehman's office had also been visited by a dozen out-of-towners, most of them from New York, who really wanted to see him—whether about legislative matters, or personal problems with government agencies. Lehman's secretary had asked most of them to put their requests in writing. Brunkard had talked to a few others. Two people were given appointments to see Edelstein the following week.

None of these visitors, however, got to see the Senator, who had been away from his office since 10 A.M. On easier days, however, perhaps when there were no committee meetings in the morning, or when the Senate session ended earlier, Lehman would see as many visitors as his schedule allowed. All of them came by appointment only, and often they included delegations of twenty-five people or more. During school vacation periods he was inundated with visits from high school classes, whose members would shower him with questions. There are no statistics, but it is probable that more visitors come to Suite 455 than to any other office in the Senate Building.

LEHMAN got back to his office at 5:30 P.M. and required only a half hour to dispose of his two appointments that afternoon. One was with three representatives of a New York City social welfare agency who were spending some time in Washington promoting a minor health bill. The other visitor was a Democratic party county leader from upstate New York who talked about patronage matters. Usually, Lehman steered clear of patronage struggles, being guided by an old adage that with each appointment, a Senator "makes ninety-nine enemies and one ingrate." When jobs were open, whether for federal judge, United States attorney, marshal, or collector of internal revenue, he would seek recommendations from the Democratic State Committee and often would pass them on without comment to the appropriate executive department. Postmasterships—there had been 200 appointments in New York State during his year and a half as Senator—were sometimes more complicated. The initiative in picking a nominee for a local position like postmaster rested with the appropriate county committee, which in turn sent its recommendation to the state body. From the state committee the nomination went to the Post Office Department, which sent it to Lehman for approval. (Senator Ives, being a member of the minority party, had no voice in patronage.) Usually Lehman approved it, but occasionally the first announcement of a nomination would be the signal for an intra-party battle in the county concerned, and then Lehman would delay his approval until the dust had settled. A cardboard box of small library cards in his office contained information on all past, current, and future postmaster appointees. A typical card showed the name of the applicant, his county, and his references. Less typical was the card that bore a note at the bottom: "Watch this one."

At about 6 P.M. Lehman called in Julius Edelstein and discussed the day's activities with him. Both were satisfied with the progress of the hearings. Edelstein informed the Senator of some recent developments that he had heard about from the administrative assistant of another Senator, and Lehman checked his plans for the following day. As he talked, he idly glanced through the stack of mail and documents on his desk. To each letter was attached a slip filling in the necessary background; most were accompanied by draft replies. When Edelstein returned to his own desk at 6:15, he left Senator Lehman sitting alone in his office, rapidly reading through the mail, making notations on memo slips for some, signing his name to others. He did not finish until a few minutes before 7 P.M., when he stuffed some papers into his briefcase, let himself out the side door, and went downstairs to his car, which was waiting at a side entrance. Julius Edelstein and two secretaries were still working; when Edelstein at last left the office, switching off the lights and locking the door behind him, it was 8:10 P.M.

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THE FIRST FRUITS AND THE GIVING OF THE LAW

The Meaning of Shavuoth

THEODOR H. GASTER

JUDAISM has always insisted that its God is a God of history as well as of nature. Where other peoples, ancient and primitive alike, have usually drawn a distinction between the Supreme Being who is the almighty lord of the universe and the *genius loci* who is the patron spirit of their own community, Israel has protested from the start that its God is revealed not only in the wonders of creation but also in the fate and fortune of His peculiar people. If He "causes the wind to blow and the rain to descend," He also "goes forth for the salvation of His anointed."

Nowhere has this concept found more eloquent expression than in the three great seasonal festivals of the Jewish year. Each of them started out as a simple agricultural celebration, current in the Holy Land from time immemorial and of a type such as one might find among rustic populations anywhere. Yet before they could become fully acceptable to Judaism, they had perforce to be invested with an additional historical significance, so that at one and the same time they would celebrate the presence and operation of God, not only in the phenomena of nature, but also in the destinies of men. Each of them came therefore to be associated, sooner or later, with some crucial event in the career of Israel.

Nor was this merely another instance of pouring old wine into new bottles—that is, of accommodating to more advanced ideas time-honored and traditional institutions which were too firmly rooted to be dislodged. By a rare stroke of genius, the historical interpretation of the festivals was made to run parallel, in every case, with their "natural," seasonal significance, as if the same basic meaning was being expressed concurrently on two planes. The spring festival of Passover, which had originally been no more than the beginning of the first grain harvest —an operation completed only after seven weeks of hard and back-breaking labor—was now taken, at the same time, to commemorate the exodus from Egypt: that initial phase of Israel's own national fruition which likewise reached its climax only after seven weeks of toilsome wandering to the foot of the Mount. Similarly, if Succoth, or the Feast of Booths, had originally marked the season when men dwelt in booths at the autumnal ingathering of fruits, it now became, by a happy flight of fancy, a memorial of the (imaginary) booths in which the ancestors of Israel had dwelt in the wilderness, and—more significantly—the anniversary of the date whereon God Himself had first taken up His dwelling in the holy tabernacle of the Temple.

But the most inspired of all transforma-

CONTINUING his series of articles on the Jewish holidays, THEODOR H. GASTER here describes the daring transformation of Shavuoth or the "Feast of Weeks" (which falls this year on May 30) from a primitive bucolic festival to a joyous yet solemn celebration of the giving of the Law. He sees in this development a striking illustration of the creative spirituality of Jewish tradition. Mr. Gaster is at present visiting professor in the history of religions at the University of Rome. He was born in London in 1906, and studied at the University of London and Columbia University in this country. He has been chief of the Semitic section of the Library of Congress and professor of comparative religion at Dropsie College. Among Mr. Gaster's publications are: *Passover: Its History and Traditions* (1949), *Thespis: Ritual, Myth and Drama in the Ancient Near East* (1950), and *Purim and Hanukkah in Custom and Tradition* (1950).

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tions was reserved for Shavuoth, or Pentecost, the Feast of Weeks.

IN THE Bible, Pentecost plays a somewhat minor role beside the major seasonal festivals of Passover on the one hand and Booths (or Ingathering) on the other. It is simply the end of the grain and barley harvest, and its characteristic feature is the presentation to Jehovah (apart from special sacrifices) of an offering of first fruits consisting—according to one version of the Law—of whatever one feels prompted to give, or—according to another—of two loaves made out of the new corn. The festival, we are told, is to take place a full seven weeks after the sickle has been first applied to the standing corn.

It is easy to dismiss this early phase of the festival as nothing but the product of a crude, unsophisticated age, and to think one has explained the presentation of first fruits by collecting parallels from other parts of the world, without stopping to penetrate to their significance. The truth is, however, that even at this primary stage, though the form of expression may be primitive, the underlying meaning of the festival is at once subtle and profound. Two ideas are combined, and each is capable of an extension and development of far-reaching import.

The first is based on the common Oriental principle that land belongs to him who "quickens" it, or brings it under cultivation. Since, it is here affirmed, the earth obviously depends for its fertility not only on the labors of men but also on the cooperation of the God who furnishes it with rain, wind, and sunlight, He is necessarily a part owner of it. The presentation of first fruits is thus no mere token of thanksgiving or mere submissive rendering of tribute—although, to be sure, by a blunting of religious sensitivity, it may (and often does) degenerate into this. It is the payment to God of the dividend on His investment. To withhold that payment is an act, not of impiety, but of embezzlement.

Translated into broader terms, what is here proclaimed is that the relation between God and man is not that of master and servant but of mutually dependent partners in a joint enterprise of continuous creation. This idea gives new validity to human existence and at the same time provides a signal and momentous alternative to that more common conception which, projecting the image of God from the model of kings and magicians, regards Him merely as a supernal lord and benefactor of mankind. For the conventional attitude of subservience, worship, and adoration there is substituted a concept of God which is at once more robust and more mystical and which, indeed, modern religion might do well to recapture.

The second idea which underlies the primitive form of the festival is that the natural vicissitudes in the life of a community—the alternation of the seasons and of the periods of rain and drought, sowing and reaping—affect and involve, not only its present generation, but also its past and its future, that is, the whole of its ideal, continuous existence, of which the present is but the immediate phase. For this reason, it is commonly believed in primitive societies that both the gods and the spirits of the ancestral dead attend the seasonal celebrations and receive, like everyone else, their due share of the yield. In attenuated form this idea survives even in our own day, for a reflection of it may be seen in the custom of leaving a "vacant chair" at class reunions or of referring, in commencement addresses, to "our founders who are here with us in spirit."

Here again, it is only the form of expression that is primitive, for the content is capable of a reformulation which has permanent significance and value. What is offered in this ancient rite is an eloquent, periodic protest against the easy view that the present is culturally or spiritually autonomous, a timely reminder of the fact that we live not only in our own age but also in time, and that today is responsible both to yesterday and to tomorrow.

To these two interpretations of the ritual of first fruits modern anthropologists have added a third. Primitive man, they tell us, regards anything new and unused as being fraught with potential peril—much as an in-

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fant might regard a new toy. The first fruits of the harvest (and likewise the first-born both of men and of beasts) are therefore consigned to the gods or spirits so that the newness may be taken away and the rest thereby rendered "safe." The present writer has never been able to accept this view and believes that the evidence on which it relies can be better explained on a different basis. But if it is indeed correct, it possesses a deeper implication than the anthropologists themselves would appear to have seen. For, in that case, the important thing is not so much the *why* as the *how* of the ritual: the danger of a new thing is removed by bringing it into contact with some eternal being to whom it is *not* new, inasmuch as he transcends the limitations of our own temporal experience. Thus behind the symbolism of the primitive procedure lies the permanent, universal message that the only immunity against the terror of new things is to try to see them *sub specie aeternitatis*, and the only protection against the perils of human existence is to dedicate the prime portion of it to God.

THUS, even in its rudimentary agricultural phase, the festival of Pentecost possessed its own spiritual values. For Judaism, however—especially after it had outgrown its Palestinian origins—these alone were not sufficient. The presence and operation of God had to be recognized at this season not only in the phenomena of nature, but also—and on parallel lines—in some crucial event of history. Accordingly, in the first centuries of the Common Era, inspiration and ingenuity produced the necessary development.

The Scriptural narrative states clearly (Exodus 19:1) that the children of Israel reached Mount Sinai in the third month after their departure from Egypt. This, it was now argued, does not mean that a full three months elapsed, but only that the event took place *in the third month of the year*, and in that case the giving of the Ten Commandments might (with a little latitude and fancy) be made to coincide with the Feast of Weeks. Pentecost thus became the birthday of Israel—the anniversary of the date on which the Covenant had been concluded between God and His people, and the Law revealed. Such, ever since, has been its primary significance; the festival is known, in fact, as "the season of the giving of our Law." The portion of the Pentateuch read on this occasion deals with the promulgation of the Ten Commandments; the liturgical poems (*piyyutim*) interspersed in the traditional morning service are elaborate (and seemingly interminable) variations on this theme; while the latter-day custom of collectively "confirming" adolescents at Pentecost is based on the same association. In the Sephardic (Spanish and Portuguese) ritual, rhymed versions of the 613 commandments contained in the Torah are chanted as a prelude to the afternoon devotions.

All of this is but a translation to the plane of history of the same message that is conveyed in the agricultural aspect of the festival. For, according to Jewish teaching, the important thing about the session at Sinai was the receiving of the Law, as well as its giving, the two acts of offer and acceptance constituting a Covenant (or contract) between God and Israel. Under the terms of that contract—freely offered and freely accepted—God and Israel are partners in a mutual obligation, entailing protective Providence on the one side and the realization of the Torah on the other. If the Law issues from God, its fulfillment lies with Israel. Inspiration and aspiration, revelation and perception, are the two sides of a single coin: on the one side is the face of God; on the other, that of man. What Saint Theresa said of the relation of the Christian to Jesus was expressed by Judaism, many centuries earlier, in its conception of the mission of Israel: in the world of men, we are God's hands and feet and eyes.

Nor is it only in this major respect that the natural and historical aspects of the festival run parallel to each other. For if the former marks the end of seven weeks' collaboration between God and man in reaping the material harvest, what the latter celebrates is the end of a corresponding spiritual

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harvest, which began with the deliverance from Egypt and reached its climax with the conclusion of the Covenant. And just as the ingathering of the harvest is the necessary condition of life and prosperity during the coming year, so the event at Sinai is the necessary condition of Israel's continuing existence and good fortune. Moreover if, in the primitive agricultural rite, man offers to God, as a symbol of cooperation, two loaves of the new bread, in the historical counterpart—by a fine and inspired inversion—God offers to man the two tablets of the Law.

Lastly, as the harvest is renewed from year to year, so too is the historical experience of Sinai. Jewish teaching is insistent on the point that the festivals are not mere commemorations. All the generations of Israel, say the rabbis, were released from Egypt, and all were present at the mountain. By this they did not mean—as is so often supposed—that all of time was telescoped into a single moment, but rather that a single moment was projected into all of time.

IN THE early centuries of the Common Era, a further element, scarcely less interesting, was injected into the celebration of the Feast of Weeks: it became, to a certain extent, a conscious counter-balance to the Christian festival of Whitsun, with which it approximately coincides.

In Christian tradition, Whitsun is the birthday of the Church, the anniversary of the date on which the Holy Spirit was miraculously poured forth upon the original disciples of Jesus. The event is narrated in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, in the New Testament. At Pentecost, we read, "they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them: And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

To this Christian version of Pentecost, Judaism now opposed its own. Not the Church, but the community of Israel had been founded on that day. Not to a select few, but to a whole people had come the revelation of God. Not over the heads of favored disciples had the tongues of fire appeared: ". . . *all the people* saw the thunders and the flames" (Exodus 20:15). Not the astonished onlookers, but God Himself had spoken in a multitude of tongues; for, so the rabbis asserted, every word uttered from the mountain had been pronounced in seventy-two languages at the same time! Moreover, if Christianity emphasized at this time the figure of its resurrected savior, Judaism replied by giving special prominence to that of David, the Messianic king. Pentecost, it was maintained, was the anniversary of David's death. The Book of Ruth, which is not only an idyl of the harvest-tide but also ends with the genealogy of that monarch (Ruth 4:13 ff.), became prescribed reading for the festival; and on the second evening the pious would stay up late into the night reading the Psalms of David.

Nor this alone. If, according to the dominant faith, Jesus would return at the end of days and fight the great Dragon of the Deep and bring renewed salvation to men, so too, in the equally fervent conviction of the Jews, would David or his scion appear to usher in the Messianic Age. In the 12th century this belief found eloquent expression in the liturgy of the festival, for into the morning service of the second day there was introduced the famous Aramaic poem, *Akdamuth*. Written by a certain Meir ben Isaac Nehorai (possibly of Worms), this poem described, in highly fanciful terms, the ultimate victory of God over the monsters, Leviathan and Behemoth, and the lavish banquet at which He would regale the faithful in heaven:

As maidens to the dance are led
God will lead us, and outspread,
As viands at a royal feast,
Shall be the flesh of that fell Beast,
That raging monster of the sea
Who dared assail His sovereignty.
For when that monster coils and curls
And beats the angry sea and hurls

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Defiance at his sovran Lord,
*Unsheathèd then shall be the Sword,**
And He that made him shall arise
And smite him, till that dead he lies.
The oxen on a thousand hills†
Shall be our meat, the while He fills
Gleaming goblets crystalline
With that most rare and perfect wine
Which in His cellar He hath stored
Since first creation knew its Lord.

But it was not only in the loftier realm of doctrine that Pentecost was influenced by contemporary Christian lore. The usages of the Church (themselves borrowed from earlier pagan custom) seem likewise to have been imitated by the synagogue. In many parts of Europe, for instance, it is customary to deck the churches at Whitsun with wreaths and bunches of flowers; while in Catholic districts of Germany, even private dwellings are adorned with green twigs on this occasion. Similarly, in Jewish practice it is customary to adorn the synagogue with flowers, and the lilies which are used for this purpose are sometimes taken to symbolize that "lily of the valley" which, in the allegorical interpretation of the Song of Songs, is none other than Israel itself.

Another Pentecost custom which has its counterpart in Gentile usage is that of eating dairy dishes, especially those made with cheese. The usual explanation of this custom is fanciful enough. In Psalm 68—a psalm anciently reserved for the festival and still chanted on the eve of it in the Sephardic liturgy—the mountain on which the Law was given is described (verse 16) as "a mountain divine, a Bashan-like mount, a mount of *gabnunim,* a Bashan-like mount." The word *gabnunim* (which does not recur in this form elsewhere in Scripture) really means "gibbous, many-peaked," but it was fancifully connected with the Hebrew *gebinah,* "cheese," and it was therefore maintained that the eating of cheese was a reminder of the giving of the Law at this season! In reality, cheese and dairy dishes are eaten at this time because the festival has a pastoral as well as an agricultural significance. Thus, at the analogous Scottish celebration of Beltane, on May 1, dairy dishes are customarily consumed, and churning and cheese-making are a common feature of spring harvest festivals in many parts of the world. In Macedonia, the Sunday before Lent is known as "Cheese Sunday"; while in several districts of Germany cheese and dairy dishes are (or were) standard fare at Whitsun.

That such usages are extremely ancient is shown by the fact that at the Roman rustic festival of Parilia (April 21), which took place at the same time of year as marks the beginning of the barley harvest in Palestine, milk and must were drunk, and the image of the pastoral god Pales was sprinkled with the former. Moreover, that a rite involving the seething of a kid in milk was part of the Canaanite celebration of Pentecost is strongly suggested by the fact—noted already by Maimonides—that in two passages of the Pentateuch (Exodus 23:10; 34:26) where this practice is prohibited to the Israelites, it is somehow connected with the offering of first fruits; while the rite of seething a kid in milk seems actually to be mentioned in a recently discovered Canaanite text possibly designed for a spring harvest festival.

In the same way, too, the custom of observing the first five weeks, or thereabouts, of the Omer period—that is, the period between Passover and Pentecost—as a time of lenten austerity and abstinence, may be readily illustrated from parallel usages in several parts of the world. Although, to be sure, Jewish tradition has supplied the custom with a distinctive, quasi-historical explanation, its real origin lies in the widespread primitive idea that life comes in a series of annual or periodic leases. Accordingly, towards the end of the agricultural year, or of a particular agricultural cycle, when one lease of life is drawing to a close and the next is not yet assured, everything is, so to speak, in a state of suspended animation, and this is symbolized by an official curtailment of normal activities, a prohibition of marriage and sexual relations, and the observance of fasts

* Compare Job 40:14 (Heb. 40:19).
† Compare Psalm 50:10.

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and other forms of mortification. In the Malay Peninsula, for example, special taboos are imposed for three days before the reaping of the rice harvest; rice, salt, oil, and money may not leave the house, hair must be cut, and perfect quiet observed. In ancient Greece the agricultural festival of Thesmophoria, in the latter part of October, was characterized by fasting, while the Feast of the "Yellow Grain-Mother" (Demeter Chloe), held in mid-May, when the corn was ripe, was marked by rites of mortification.*

IF, HOWEVER, anthropology and comparative religion throw light on many features of the festival, there is one which still remains a puzzle, namely, its precise date. In the earlier code of the Pentateuch, it is said, quite vaguely, that it is to take place seven full weeks after the beginning of the harvest. This is the kind of vague and general dating which one would naturally expect in a primitive agricultural society unconscious of a fixed and stable calendar. Later, however, the date is given more precisely; the festival is to be celebrated seven full weeks "after the morrow of the sabbath" (Leviticus 23:15). Scholars have long disputed the meaning of this term. According to the Sadducees and the Samaritans, the word "sabbath" is here to be taken literally and refers to the first Sabbath in Passover. Pentecost would therefore always fall on a Sunday. The Pharisees, on the other hand, contended that "sabbath" was but a loose term for "festival," and this interpretation has prevailed in Jewish usage. The counting of the fifty days therefore begins with the second day of Passover.

A novel view was put forward, some fifty-five years ago, by the distinguished Jewish Assyriologist, the late Morris Jastrow. According to this scholar (later followed by many others), the original meaning of the word "sabbath" was full moon, i.e., the moment when the moon comes, as it were, to a stop, its waxing changing to waning. Jastrow supported this view by reference to an Assyrian calendar now in the British Museum, where the term was applied to the fifteenth day of a lunar month. Since Passover in fact begins at full moon, "the morrow of the sabbath" would denote, quite simply, the second day of the festival. The objection to this is, however, that there is no evidence to prove that the term "sabbath" regularly bore this meaning. All that is really implied by the statement in the Assyrian calendar is that in a given month, on a particular occasion, the sabbath (in whatever sense we take it) happened to coincide with the full moon, not that this was the standard term for that event.

Lastly, an ingenious theory has recently been propounded by Professors Julius and Hildegarde Lewy, the distinguished Semitists, the former of whom is now associated with Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. According to these scholars, the ancient Semites used more than one calendar, and for practical purposes these had often to be accommodated to one another. One of the prevalent systems was to reckon time by pentecontads, that is, in stretches of fifty days, while another was to reckon by lunar months. The two methods were reconciled by regarding the interval between the end of a pentacontad and the next new moon as a "vacant" period, outside the ordinary calendar. Such a period would have been called "sabbath" or standstill, and the reference to "the morrow of the sabbath" would thus be a relic of this archaic computation. (Later, it is supposed, the "vacant period" was distributed over the dates in the pentecontad divisible by seven, and so arose the weekly Sabbath.)

Whether this theory is right or wrong, further discoveries alone will tell. In the long run, except to professional students of antiquity, this is not particularly important. What matters is not the origin of the festival but the meaning and value which it has acquired in the course of its history. And these are values which transcend any single date or, for that matter, any single epoch.

* This subject is discussed at length in the present writer's *Thespis* (New York, 1950).

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BRITAIN'S JEWISH INTELLECTUALS LOOK AHEAD

Israel Grants a New Lease on Life

BARNET LITVINOFF

LONDON

TOGETHER with the cruel recognition of Britain's lost political and economic ascendancy, there has been in the past year or so a growing compensating awareness of what the nation still possesses and still might produce. Somewhat reluctantly, for this is not an introspective people, comfort has been drawn from a sense of our cultural and spiritual resources; without the self-consciousness of Germany and France in these matters, Britain is becoming aware nevertheless that in the arts and in the philosophy of living at least, the nation is still a great power. This is to many at best a bitter-sweet reward for having led the world for two hundred years in scientific research, in the development of political institutions, and in the spread of liberalism, and for having successfully defied Hitler. The British have always taken it for granted that they are strong, not that they are poets. Yet the poets have always been with us, and without them the significance of England might perhaps never have endured.

Any appraisal of the present state of the Anglo-Jewish community, and especially of its intellectually articulate sector, would be inaccurate outside this broader context of the changes that have overtaken Britain as a whole; I must therefore describe briefly the general climate in which the young Jew of Britain breathes. And there can be no better starting point than the 1951 Festival of Britain.

THE Festival was an idea born during a period of despondency and disillusionment as a rebellion against self-pity. This was in 1946, when rations were low, winter days were especially cold, and other nations seemed especially prosperous. In its way it was an attempt to discover whether this highly but badly industrialized, over-populated, insular nation still had any wealth. What was found instead was that Britain has a soul.

A site was cleared along the south bank of the Thames, at a point where breweries and stockhouses had been pounded by bombs and strewn in among a crowd of insanitary dwellings staring gloomily at a railway station; and out of the earth rose new edifices in glass and steel and concrete, all gleaming fresh and cheeky like a revolutionary Paris fashion. The project escaped hardly any of the minor nuisances designed by man or nature to frustrate the creative urge. The government was subjected to ridicule and complaint for spending millions of badly needed pounds on a project quite out of harmony with the country's mood; a bitterly critical press lampooned John Bull's unhappy aspirations to showmanship; continual strikes delayed the building; there were some wild miscalculations of costs, forcing an uncomfortable Treasury to request extra appropriations from the hostile taxpayer; the weather was bad even for England, with torrential rain soaking through

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AMERICAN Jews will find much that is familiar in this description of the inner stresses of England's changing postwar Jewish community. But there is much also that is uniquely British, and at bottom the differences from America may be more significant than the similarities. BARNET LITVINOFF has written for periodicals in England, France, and the United States, and has served on the editorial staff of the London Zionist Review and in the London press office of the Jewish Agency. He was born in London in 1917 and attended the Sorbonne in Paris; he is a veteran of the Dunkirk evacuation and of three years in German and Italian prisoner of war camps. Readers may recall Mr. Litvinoff's evocative essay on the Whitechapel section of London, "Zangwill's Ghetto Is No More," published in our October 1950 issue.

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the ex-service duffel-coats of the long-haired artists and designers at work on the set; and when the curtain was at last ready to go up, Britain's leading musical conductor, and the one responsible for providing more amusing copy to the newspapers than any single British artist, was somehow left out of the musical program. It was the last straw when the King and Queen, come to open the Festival, dragged for two hours through six acres of the muckiest soil in all the country's hundred thousand square miles.

But out of these unpromising auguries grew the realization that Britain was still a pioneer. The architecture was superb, with nothing complacent like the Trocadero in Paris or vulgar like the Prince Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. If there was a nostalgic glance at the past, it was to the general European past, not the insular past of Britain. Strewn around the gardens were the questioning sculptured silhouettes of Henry Moore, to make us all uncomfortable and, refreshingly enough, to remind Britain of that quality called sex; new music was communicated by young conductors, experimental films were exhibited in a remarkably unstereotyped cinema theater. Publishers followed suit, squeezing their meager paper supplies to give fledgling writers the chance to say something without thought to a possible American book-of-the-month choice. The general feeling was: "Well, even if we are poor, and Egypt keeps twisting the Lion's tail, and American efficiency experts are poking their noses into our coal mines and arms factories, we haven't forgotten the art of enjoying our own eccentricity." Characteristically enough, this was said not with pride but with resignation. The British took their holiday as they make love—with determination, if not with gaiety.

BRITAIN'S Festival was a national affair, with the South Bank the epicenter of a widespread re-evaluation of the national heritage. Wales and Scotland, villages and towns, transportation systems and trade unions, all joined in the fun. So did the Anglo-Jewish community, though Jewish architects and musicians, preoccupied with the national effort, were absent from the Jewish Festival of Britain, which became the charge of the same few people whom the community always turns to for the performance of its chores and who, fortunately for the community, are always ready.

Anglo-Jewry had its own reasons for celebrating 1951; it was the culminating year of a century of religious and political freedom. In 1851 David Salomons, elected to the House of Commons as representative for Greenwich, insisted upon assuming his seat without taking the required oath "on the faith of a Christian." Another Jew, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, had been elected four years earlier for the City of London, but had not challenged the tradition directly, choosing to keep away from Westminster in silent, though by no means ineffectual, protest. Salomons actually voted, got involved in a skirmish with the ushers, and was eventually ejected from the House by force; this had the effect of bringing the subject before the urgent attention of the government, and within seven years—a good 19th-century pace—Jews could become members of Parliament without apostasy.

At the Anglo-Jewish Festival Exhibition, there was much stress on such Jewish champions as Salomons. For Jewish energies in Britain since 1851 had concentrated largely on the consolidation and extension of civil rights, and then on gradually possessing and filling the space that complete equality gave them. Critics of the Exhibition remarked upon its staidness, its preoccupation with the past, its apologetic approach of proving that the civil equality accorded by Britain had been repaid in a Jewish "contribution" to British life. The heroes selected for commemoration looked on the whole like highly respectable, nonconformist kings of industry thrown up by the epoch of the spinning jenny. The literary exhibits, apart from the handwritten manuscript of Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street,* consisted largely of books by middle-aged scholars or from the bygone era of Israel Zangwill, giving the impression that the culture of British Jewry, like Rose

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of Washington Square, had "no future, but oh! what a past!"

This is by no means a criticism of those who planned the exhibit. As said, all the young Jewish artists of national reputation were at work elsewhere, employed on the national exhibit. But if the creative artists in Jewry are today apathetic about the community, who would dare to prophesy the shape of things to come?

THE truth is that while the Anglo-Jewish community has a history, it is still without a tradition. The community as such was at its greatest in the days when Britain's economy was expanding, and the influence of money combined with the doctrines of Thomas Henry Huxley to make England materialist and complacent; in many respects the Jews in England have not yet shaken free from that materialism and complacency, especially since their community itself is now undergoing a kind of internal bourgeois revolution of its own, following the pattern of Jewish development throughout the Western world. Simply stated, that revolution consists in the transformation of the Jews from a working-class group to an upper-middle-class one—a development not yet complete, of course, but already of great significance for the community. Its first immediate consequence is that the community of 450,000, while perhaps not actually in the process of fragmentation, is dividing into a number of rather clearly delineated sectors. Its central structure is composed of old-established and surprisingly flexible institutions, of which the 200-years-old Board of Deputies, a Jewish parliament unparalleled in Western Jewry, assumes acknowledged paramountcy. Despite certain not altogether unfounded charges of "rotten boroughs," the Board draws its membership for the most part from efficiently elected synagogue representatives, and it is here that we encounter the second pillar of the central structure, the United Synagogue, surmounted by the Chief Rabbinate. Add to these the influence, prestige, and conservatism of the London *Jewish Chronicle,* which since 1841 has understood the formula for continuity, readership, parochial interest, pontifical authority, and solvency, and you have the triangular foundation, of a solidity almost to rival the monarchy itself. Most British Jews belong to Orthodox synagogues, whose position today remains unassailed by reformist movements. Likewise, the system of communal administration based upon the congregations has so far resisted the onslaught of many disintegrating influences, the Anglo-Jewish Association and the World Jewish Congress on the one hand, Liberal Judaism and agnosticism on the other.

But it has proved powerless against the march of time, and time has added two important new groups to the community, detached from the central structure and its unimaginative and middle-aged, if well-meaning, adherents. The first of these groups is concentrated in the lower echelons of the textile and furniture trades, and in retail business, exhibiting pronounced "Jewish characteristics"—gregariousness, temperance, reverence for education, a propensity towards labor and leftist tendencies in politics, etc.—but disclaiming specific Jewish loyalties. A similar group is clearly discernible in New York, Philadelphia, and other large American metropolises. Intent upon the prime necessity of bettering its economic position, this sector spares little thought for religion (except on the High Holidays) or for the problems of Jewish survival. To date, the members of this group pay neither heed nor money to Zionist activities, though they have been quick to react instinctively against anti-Semitic manifestations, as Sir Oswald Mosley discovered to his cost in the 30's. In the minds of these people, by and large, Jewish communal affairs are the domain and prerogative of the well-to-do and the social snob; and they are happy to keep it that way, at least for the present.

THE third sector, the small and more complex group of Anglo-Jewish intellectuals, is rooted by family ties in each of the two just described. The term "intellectual" is of course very vague (it is, incidentally, an ex-

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pression much discredited in England); let us say that for the purposes of this article it refers to thoughtful, articulate, and inquiring men and women, not necessarily university-educated, but engaged in creative work in the widest sense. This group does not behave as a body, of course. If it did, it might be strong enough to assume leadership of the institutional life of the community, or deliberately destroy it. Within it are many already completely lost to Jewry. Others we still flatter ourselves that we possess, although perhaps only their names indicate any connection. Such a one is the novelist Marghanita Laski, daughter of a former president of the Board of Deputies and niece of the late Harold Laski. Marghanita stems from a prominent Manchester Sephardic family; her grandfather was the noted scholar Moses Gaster. It is not her marriage to a non-Jew, but her work as a novelist that signifies her falling away from the group; except for *Little Boy Lost*, remotely, her novels are of no special Jewish interest, and if she were to pursue another occupation and use her married name, we would probably not claim her at all.

This example helps to illuminate the process that has led to the current mediocrity of Anglo-Jewish intellectual life. In general, our more promising sons and daughters leave us; the lesser talents remain. One important writer, Robert Henriques, professional soldier, farmer, and winner of the coveted James Tait Black prize for literature in 1951, is active in Jewish youth clubs and the Reform synagogue movement. But he is an exception. More typical is S. L. Bensusan, one of the most accomplished short-story writers this community has produced, who started his literary career as editor of a Zionist magazine; today his interests are far outside the Jewish community; with all due deference to the irony of the description, he may be called the Israel Zangwill of Essex village life.

Of basic importance in keeping the younger intellectuals apart from the Anglo-Jewish family is the gulf that separates two Jewish generations in Britain. Most Jews under forty were born here; a large number of those above fifty were not. The chasm that normally exists between two such generations is especially wide in Britain, with its psychology of insularity sometimes approaching xenophobia. For a thousand years this country has been free from enemy occupation and foreign immigration in a sizable sense. It has no "minorities" (though some romantic Scots and Welsh nationalists like to "claim" minority disabilities) and is coldly unwelcoming to the small number of immigrants who annually make their homes here. What anti-Semitism there is stems from this distrust of the unorthodox and the unconventional rather than from any other cause. The British subject born on some foreign soil (the majority of these are Jews) is never an Englishman, no matter how long he has been naturalized. He is himself fully conscious of this, and often develops a characteristic attitude combining humility and subterfuge. The English-born Jew, correspondingly, often feels himself immeasurably superior to his father, so unfortunate as to have seen the first light elsewhere than on the sceptr'd isle. Actually, he has no warrant for this—complete acceptance in England takes more than just getting born. But out of this gap between the two generations comes a whole nexus of conflicts—disagreement over religious orthodoxy and attitudes to commerce, differing conceptions of patriotism, differing interpretations of Zionism. Shock-trooper of rebellion against the Jewishness of our fathers is the Jewish writer, the artist, the intellectual.

THREE factors have intensified this conflict between the Jewish intellectual and the Jewish institutional life of his fathers: the comparatively recent extension of the educational system and, with it, the opening of the universities to the masses; the effects of the Second World War; the establishment of the State of Israel.

The first is perhaps the most important. In the captivating atmosphere of the ancient seats of learning, our intellectuals are easiest disaffected from their Jewishness. During

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the first thirty years of this century the older universities were temples of snobbery; and today, although that snobbery has largely been caricatured and debunked, the prestige and advantages they give to their alumni continue to engender some of the attributes formerly associated with the privileged classes. Oxford and Cambridge are impregnated with a nigh-overpowering incense combined of monasticism, veneration of the classics, and the elevation of social intercourse to a fine art; few can come within their influence without submitting to their charms, which are at once a rejection and an endorsement of the characteristics of wider England. Imagine the young Jew freed from an orthodox home, from parents still occupied in awkward adjustment to English manners, from the bourgeois respectability of the textile trade, thrown into a 16th-century college where with the sons of village parsons and of members of the House of Lords he can drink ale and expatiate on the virtues of Communism, pacifism, the Holy Roman Empire. He will learn to deride English materialism and English cooking, take his holidays in Cornwall instead of Brighton-on-Sea. This really is England, he will say, the England of Cecil Day Lewis and of Palmerston. From his graduation till the end of his life he will identify all that is admirable in this country with his college green, and dissociate from it all that he dislikes. Victor Gollancz, the author and publisher whose interests and writings have led Christians and Jews alike to banish him to the other's religious camp, has described Oxford as one of the great formative influences in his life. (Or, again, the spectacular improvement in Anglo-Israeli relations is sometimes attributed to the fact that Walter Eytan and Gershon Avner, leading members of Moshe Sharett's foreign ministry, and the late Mordecai Eliash, first Israeli minister to England, were all Oxford men.)

Even today, when campuses have been expanded to absorb a new generation clamoring for higher education, less than 2 per cent of the entire population attains university standards. And Britain is now ruled by the well-educated as never before. This means that there is a growing demand for the graduate to go into government departments, commerce, teaching, and journalism, where before these areas were occupied by those whose right to command the best jobs lay in accident of birth or in their tenacious climbing of the ladder from the bottom rung. In proportion to the total number of Jews, nearly four times as many Jews as non-Jews are passing through the universities. This ought to mean plenty of candidates to join the ranks of communal workers, rabbis, and Hebrew teachers. In actual fact, we have fewer than ever before; the affairs of the community are conducted by the same middle-class, conservative businessmen as a generation ago. The only difference is that the businessmen are now much older, and the number of Jews listening to them and heeding their administration much smaller; the young Jew who once breaks away from family loyalties to a particular synagogue or charitable movement is likely to be gone for good.

THE trend is clearly revealed in a recent survey conducted by the Inter-University Jewish Federation of Great Britain, which showed that only one-half of Jewish students acknowledged religious Orthodoxy to any degree, while one-tenth described themselves as Reform or Liberal, and almost one-third considered themselves agnostic or atheist. At London University, the largest in Britain, about one-sixteenth of the students are Jewish; the same survey showed that of these, only one-fifth belonged to the established Jewish club in the university—it is fair to conclude that most of the remainder are apathetic towards specifically Jewish activity in either the social or cultural sense. These figures may not appear startling to American readers, but they are most significant in England, where most Jews still live in their own self-imposed topographical ghettos and break off any contact they might have with Gentiles when they leave their offices or factories at six o'clock. The luxury of being "accepted" by the larger community is still novel and attractive, and the process is generally con-

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doned and encouraged by parents who are not much exercised by "assimilation" except when this means intermarriage.

On the other hand, the community has accelerated the falling away of the thoughtful younger generation by the often intolerable demands that it makes in the interests of "family responsibility." It requires the Jewish writer to say the kind of things about his people that will not provide fuel for anti-Semites, and it will watch over his doings like a maiden aunt. It has an over-sensitivity, a sense of self-importance, which might offer material both legitimate and first-rate for the creative artist, but he must instead produce defense literature of self-pity and self-glorification, or be branded a renegade. Unwilling to run the risk, he turns his attention elsewhere, to the community's loss and, often, to his own loss as an artist. A glance at the theater confirms this point. Successive London seasons since the war have brought pieces to the stage both adventurous and experimental. Yet Anglo-Jewry, which thirty years ago gave England a Pinero to rival Galsworthy, has thrown up nobody to match Christopher Fry, while the plays of so-called "Jewish interest" produced within recent memory might have been sponsored by some heavy-handed community relations council.

THERE is little in the tendencies I have described that the American reader will not find familiar to his own environment. The difference between Britain and America lies mostly in the precipitate speed with which the native-born generation of British Jews has pursued acclimatization, virtually to the point of self-obliteration. This speeding up and intensification of normal social processes is connected with the effects of the recent world war. Few countries of which we have detailed knowledge, with the comparatively recent exception of Germany, underwent so thorough a shake-up as Britain during the course of the six-years war and its immediate aftermath. National impoverishment, the destruction by bombing and dispersal of the old-pattern city culture, the collapse of the privileged class in its 19th-century meaning, and the liberation of the working classes—these manifestations, though originally determined in their timing if not their nature by Hitler, took on the shape of a predetermined design during the six years of socialist rule. The national conscription of manpower, of talent, and of wealth transformed every human being into a numbered object; while war, in which London was as much a part of the front line as El Alamein, terror (for in every bosom there stirred the imminence of death), and the near possibility of defeat, all helped to complete the process.

Most English Jews now between twenty-seven and forty-five saw active military service of one kind or another. So did very many of the women. Few of them during this period could retain membership in their Jewish community, maintain an interest in Zionism, eat kosher food, win Jewish wives or husbands, start the day by drawing on phylacteries, carry on, in fact, any of the customary acts which daily affirm their origin and their acceptance of it; on the other hand, they were isolated among battalions of Welshmen, or Tynesiders, or New Zealanders, or just unidentifiable Gentiles, for years at a stretch. In this writer's case the experience was in many respects a release and an exhilaration. During four complete years of the war he did not see Britain, and for three of those years never spoke once to a member of the female sex. He ceased to be a Jew and ceased, probably for that reason, to encounter anti-Semitism. Instead, he acquired a few of the ordinary Englishman's standards, prejudices, and preferences. The war gave him a new slant on the frivolities of human behavior; and he included among those frivolities a complete range of the selective activities of the Anglo-Jewish community.

The war, in sum, forced Judaism to relax its grasp on the intellectual Jew. Peace has not brought him back into the synagogue, any synagogue, as it could not bring him back into the family circle. There is no return to 1939 for anyone in Britain, but especially not for the young man maturing in the piquant climate of the Welfare State, where there has been leveling up and level-

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ing down, where barons queue at the post office behind bakers' delivery-men for a seventy-cents-per-child dole called family allowance. The pity is that all this disintegration happened before Anglo-Jewry was old enough to have shaped a community existence, and the tradition that could have come with it. Until the 1880's there were only a few thousand Jews—a large proportion of them Sephardim—in the whole country. In the succeeding generation the community grew to half a million, but it had hardly begun to acquire characteristics distinctive from its European begetters, to organize itself, to develop commercially and intellectually, to adjust itself to, and modify, the existing communal structure erected by the "grand ducal" Sephardic families, before the deluge was upon it. It is therefore not surprising that, whereas we have many writers in England who are Jews, we have no Jewish writer who merits a place beside the best in modern English letters. We have not produced a Judaic philosopher either, though we do proliferate in historians, scientists, and politicians.

This account of the acculturation of the young English Jew to England, his sense of participation in the transformation of British society since the war (during the years of Labor rule, between 1945 and 1951, there were about thirty Jewish MP's on the government benches, none in the opposition), would be a story without a punch line, similar to the story of Jewish communities throughout the English-speaking world, were there not the element of Grand Dilemma introduced by the emergence of Israel. The English Jewish intellectual, as Mr. Isaiah Berlin pointed out in a recent essay ("Jewish Slavery and Emancipation," London *Jewish Chronicle*, 1951), has been granted in this second half of the 20th century a freedom which is at the same time a complication in his life — the freedom of choosing partial Jewishness, non-rejected but non-affirmed, by living in Britain, or complete Jewishness by emigrating to Israel. In this regard it is important to stress that Zionism is the one movement in Jewish life which the Anglo-Jewish community, at a formative period, was in some measure able to control, modify, and lead.

When Herzl arrived in Whitechapel in 1898 to expound his thesis of the Jewish nation-state, he sowed better than he knew. He was not merely addressing himself to a struggling, incipient community exuding optimism and relief at having broken free from the ghetto at last. He was in the capital city of an empire deftly manipulating power in the Middle East and whose political mores were mature, uncapricious, and assessable. At the same time he found Jews innocent of those traits which are common today in the American Jewish community — the sense of superiority, an avuncular acceptance of responsibility, a feeling that "being here makes all the difference" — and he found them pitching their tents among a nation which was conducting its industrial affairs with arrogance and its religious affairs with humility. In the heart of the nonconformist mother of daughter-nations scattered over the globe, the ideology of Zionism was hardly in dispute from the start. That Britain's political dealings with Zionists at a later stage wavered between the hostile and the apathetic, is not in this relevant. What is relevant, however, is the curious fact that British political and religious leaders, and to a large degree the intelligentsia, themselves looked askance at those British Jews who denigrated and repudiated the Zionist movement—and in any case there have never been so many Jewish opponents of Zionism here as in America. (It is not incongruous with British custom that successive governments were prepared, when it suited the official book, to use these opponents for their own purposes.)

Thus when Great Britain assumed Mandatory authority over Palestine it was not surprising that a Jew, Herbert Samuel, should be chosen as the first High Commissioner; and from this office downward the staffing of posts in government and technical services was drawn from Anglo-Jewry. Con-

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versely, Europeans settled in Palestine or those occupied in Zionist affairs themselves came to England and in one way or another came under England's influence. Viscount Samuel is a distinguished Englishman and a "blue-blooded" Jewish aristocrat. Yet many others of his family, including the young man in direct succession to his grandfather's title, are by choice and outlook Israelis whose choice of nationality has been sanctified on the battlefield. This is the example *par excellence,* but it can be multiplied a thousandfold.

It is worth recording at this point that more volunteers from Britain than from any other country fought for Israeli independence in 1948—and they went heavy-hearted, for after six years in the uniform of their own country war was a pastime no longer holding glamor for them. Since the establishment of the state, Britain has been the largest supplier of "Anglo-Saxon" immigration, immigrants who do not lightly exchange their recently won meat ration and the lately restored freedom to buy a suit of clothes, to suffer the Israeli brand of austerity.

IT WILL be seen, then, that among the compensations Englishmen have been discovering for themselves during these hard days, there has been one quite special compensation for the English Jew loose from the anchorage of religious orthodoxy and struggling to avoid the rocks of stultifying Jewish institutionalism. That compensation is Israel, presenting itself at a moment when an entire Jewish generation has been torn from its moorings by the world war. Many an English Jew is discovering in Israel not merely a stimulating way of living Jewishly; more prosaically, perhaps, but not less meaningfully, he is attracted to the prospect of a promising career in a state that is starting from scratch. Three leading Israeli diplomats assigned to America, Abba Eban, Avraham Harman, and David Goitein, are Anglo-Jewish intellectuals nurtured in the precincts of the ancient universities and having their quality of "Englishness" put to full and satisfying use by their new motherland. It is no disparagement of Britain, and no desertion, for a young Englishman to strike fresh roots in Australia or Canada, and for the Jew this applies with sharper emphasis to Israel. There is a sense of mission sending the Anglo-Jewish intellectual to Israel and a sense of purgation. While the number who thus transplant themselves is quite small, even insignificant in comparison with the number who remain, their influence is so widespread as to pose the choice before the whole generation; and those they leave behind, ranged all through the spectrum from Zionism to anti-Zionism, to Liberal Judaism and atheistic Communism, understand their motives and admit them as one of the forces determining the shape of Jewish emancipation for the future.

The appeal that Israel makes to an English Jew is intellectual; the response is largely from intellectuals—undergraduates, doctors, university lecturers, engineers, journalists. No less a figure than Harold Laski, a man rarely, if ever, given to discussing Jewish problems in his speeches and writings, voiced an aspiration to deliver lectures at the Hebrew University. This was the cry of the intellectual uttered just before his death, the swan song of one with neither mind nor heart for the bumbledom of Anglo-Jewish community life. Many prominent figures still living, who would not appreciate being psychoanalyzed in these columns, are now sublimating their feelings towards Israel by enthusiastically throwing themselves into the Zionist fund-raising movement.

To sum up, it can be said that the Anglo-Jewish intellectual faces an outlook in Britain that is exciting because Britain is a society in transformation, and the intellectual above all is dominating and coloring that transformation; but the emergence of Israel spares him payment of the full penalty in the assimilation that would otherwise be the cost of his personal identification with that transformation. Whether he emigrates or not, the State of Israel has arrived just in time to grant him a respite, postponing to the next generation the decision whether Jewishness is worth maintaining in Britain.

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THE NEAR EAST'S COMMUNIST-FASCIST FRONT

An Ominous Alliance Against Israel and the West

MARK ALEXANDER

NOT altogether unexpectedly, recent events in Persia, Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere have advertised the Middle East as one of the major troubled areas of the world. But what has been a surprise is the united front the Communists in all these countries have made with extreme reactionary nationalism. This development has left most Western observers baffled, even though it has supplied them with further evidence—unfortunately more telling at home than in the East—for their argument that Communism has more in common with fascism than with democracy. Nor has the West yet been able to find the right strategy and tactics with which to cope with the new situation.

Yet this is not the first time that Communists have joined hands with the far right. One ought to remember how they cooperated with reactionary nationalism in Germany in attacking the Weimar regime in 1923 and, again, in 1932; and how Stalin signed a pact with Hitler in 1939, and the consequent anti-war campaign in the United States in which Communist voices blended with those of reactionaries from the isolationist quarter.

There is one very important difference, however, in the present case. In the past, Communist collaboration with the right was always regarded by the Communists themselves as only a temporary, largely informal expedient. Today, on the contrary, it has become the official, consistent, and long-term policy of the Communist parties in all "colonial and dependent countries." What was once an empirical, tactical measure is now a part of ideology grounded on countless quotations from Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. The basis for this change has, moreover, been in existence, in ideology itself, for quite a while. In fact, the present Communist line in Asia amounts to a return to the original thesis on the course to be adopted by Communists in colonial, dependent, and backward countries as it was stated at the famous conference in Baku in 1920 attended by bigwigs of the new Bolshevik regime and Communist-inclined delegates from the Eastern countries—and as it was stated again at the less famous but equally important Third Congress of the Comintern in 1921. This thesis, repeated frequently by Lenin and Stalin, was originally set forth by an Indian, M. N. Roy, who has since renounced his adherence to Communism.

Roy asserted that the bourgeoisie in most Asian countries were split into a revolutionary wing, on one side, and a conciliatory, or compromising, wing, on the other. The latter consisted, in one of Stalin's less happy formulations, mainly of big capitalists or "compradors" (a term coined in China to designate the prosperous agents and employees of foreign governments and commercial firms), while the revolutionary wing was headed by the spokesmen of the lower middle class. In a frequently quoted speech delivered to the students of the University of the Peoples of the East in Moscow in 1925, Stalin said: "The Communist party can and must enter into an open bloc with the revolutionary

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THE startling turn of events in the Middle East, of which this article informs us, is a matter spelled out in flaming headlines in Cairo, Damascus, Bagdad, Jerusalem, and elsewhere; but the portentous story and the complex forces behind it are known only in inadequate outline to the West. MARK ALEXANDER, who lives in the Middle East and has a first-hand knowledge of the developments he here reports on, contributes frequently to the *Twentieth Century* (England), the *New Leader,* and other periodicals. For reasons that will be obvious to anyone who knows that part of the world, he has asked us not to identify him further.

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wing of the bourgeoisie in order, after having isolated the compromising national bourgeoisie, to lead the vast masses of the urban and rural petty bourgeoisie in the fight against imperialism."

THE present Communist policy of collaboration with right-wing extremists in the Middle East is clearly based on this original directive of Stalin's. Mulla Kashani in Persia, Ma'arouf Dualibi in Syria, and Ahmed Hussein in Egypt are regarded as spokesmen of the "uncompromisingly anti-imperialist" lower middle class, or petty bourgeoisie, while the governments of their respective countries are supposed to be dominated in varying measure by the "pro-imperialist" upper bourgeoisie.

This confronts us with an interesting situation: "subjectively," i.e., in their aims and program, all three of the above-named Arab politicians were, or are, fascists, and led parties that were financed in the past by Nazi Germany; "objectively," however—that is, in the eyes of the Politburo—what determines the essential political character of any person anywhere is not his ideology but his position vis-à-vis Western "imperialism." The fact that these three Arabs are against it makes them at once eligible for aid from Communists, all other considerations being of lesser or no importance.

Once upon a time Roy's thesis was interpreted and implemented differently, however. In the 1930's the Communists thought that leftist and liberal forces alone should be backed in the colonial East—the left wing of the Wafd in Egypt, and of the Istiqlal in Iraq, the Congress socialists in India, and so forth. But far-reaching changes have ensued since then that affect the very essence of the Soviet regime, not merely its foreign policy. The terms "left" and "right" have become largely meaningless so far as Stalinism is concerned, and Soviet foreign policy now adheres to only one single principle, which is to do everything possible to promote and extend Soviet power. All this has had its effect on the old Marxist-Leninist dogmas about revolution in the colonial East.

According to these, the upsurge of the hunger-driven masses expressed through class warfare was to power the nationalist struggle for liberation from colonial domination in the East. There were many reasons, in theory at least, to justify this view: social contrasts and antagonisms were much sharper there than in the West, what with mass poverty, disease, oppressive taxation, absentee landlordism, growing unemployment in the cities, and many of the other conditions that ordinarily breed social unrest, agrarian uprisings, and more or less violent popular movements.

But history in the Middle East did not follow the prescribed course. Agrarian revolts did not occur as expected in Egypt and Iraq, where a few persons own most of the land, but they did break out in Syria, where the concentration of landownership is much less advanced. Cyprus is certainly not the poorest country of the Middle East, and it knows much less social inequality than do other Asian countries, yet it has, relatively, the strongest Communist party, with Communist mayors in most of its towns. In Israel (for reasons which cannot be gone into here) the Communists have never received more than 3 to 4 per cent of the Jewish vote, even in industrial centers like Haifa and Tel Aviv, but they did get 50 per cent or more in agricultural Nazareth among the Arabs.

Whatever headway Communists have made as a party in the Middle East in recent years occurred only when and where they appeared as a radical nationalist, not a radical socialist, party. In contests against parties more extreme than themselves in their nationalism, the Communists have always been defeated. The recent Iranian elections show again how much more effective nationalism in its most extreme form is than socialism in the Middle East. Whatever one's opinions about the real character of the Tudeh party, its program was much more realistic, in social and economic terms, than that of Mossadegh's National Front, which amounted to nothing but a few general phrases. Nevertheless, Mossadegh was able to defeat it with a few nationalist slogans, and Tudeh ended up

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far behind his National Front in the recent elections.

All this has convinced the Russians that nationalism, not socialism, not even agrarian revolution, is the main political force in the Middle East, regardless of Marxist theory. It may be different in fifty years, but the political necessities of the present and the near future have to be dealt with first. And so the Soviets, *mirabile dictu,* now let themselves be much less hampered in evaluating the Asian situation by what Marx, Lenin, and Ṣtalin wrote than are many non-Marxist observers, who still put the main emphasis on economic and social issues.

TYPICAL of the Communists' new line is the common front they have made with the Islamic "Socialist" Front in Syria, and with Ahmed Hussein's "Socialist" party in Egypt.

The Syrian party, which has changed its name several times in recent years, developed out of the Moslem Brotherhood, and is led by Professor Ma'arouf Dualibi, Sheik Mustafa Saba'i, and Mohammed Mubarak. Dualibi, a professor of law, went fascist in the late 30's, and visited Berlin in 1941 as a guest of the Nazi Foreign Office. For a time he served as the ex-Mufti's political secretary, arranging his famous "escape" from France to Cairo after the end of World War II. In April 1950 Dualibi stated to a correspondent of *Al Misri,* the Cairo newspaper, that he favored an Arab-Soviet agreement, and he has remained since then the chief Syrian advocate of a Soviet orientation. He has also taken an active and prominent part in Stalin's "world peace movement" in the Middle East, and as a sponsor member of that movement he signed the appeal for the international economic conference held this year in Moscow.

Dualibi was a minister in various Syrian governments during 1950 and 1951, becoming prime minister-designate in November 1951, only to be arrested soon after the attempted coup d'état by Colonel Shishakli. The following is a typical quotation from his paper in Damascus, *Al Manar el Gedid*: "The Syrian government should take action at once to liberate the Syrian economy from the rule of world Jewry. American Jews have undermined our economy by supplying bad seeds to our cotton-growers, and Jewish industrialists from America are trying to destroy our local manufacturers by selling cheap clothes, their intention being to cause mass unemployment. . . ." This appeared on December 30, 1951.

Mohammed Mubarak's background is quite similar. Sheik Saba'i, on the other hand, is an orthodox Moslem dignitary who advocates the most reactionary measures in domestic politics—for example, the exclusion of women from public and political life. In foreign policy, however, which is the only important test for the Communists, he is as ardently pro-Soviet as Dualibi. At a press conference in May 1950, when asked whether his Soviet sympathies were merely an answer to "Anglo-American pressure" on the Arabs, or whether they were more deeply founded, he replied: "We will fight the West and cooperate with the East even if that pressure should be discontinued." Asked about his attitude towards the project for establishing "Islamistan," a union of all the Moslem countries, with or without an Islamic-Catholic alliance at the same time, he answered: "In the past I used to be one of the proponents of these plans, but I have now realized that their purpose is to serve imperialist interests, and I will in the future favor such projects only if they are not directed against Russia" (Damascus *Al Ansha,* May 23, 1950).

The reactionary, even semi-fascist, character of the Islamic Socialist Front has never been seriously doubted (though one of its leaders declared the other day that it was really a "Communist drink in an Islamic cup"), but this has not interfered in the least with its close collaboration with the Communists over the last two years. The Front has considerable influence among the peasants and the urban lower middle class, and half the deputies to the Syrian parliament from the capital city belong to it. It is due mainly to the Front's activity that crypto-

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Communist publicity campaigns like the various "peace appeals" have been so successful in Syria.

THE case of Ahmed Hussein in Egypt is, if possible, even more clear-cut. He founded fascism in Egypt in the 1930's, his "Green Shirts" (later called Misr el Fatat—"Young Egypt") resembling the Brown Shirts of Berlin and the Black Shirts of Rome in everything but color. Financed by the Axis, Ahmed Hussein continued his pro-fascist activities after the outbreak of World War II, and was arrested by the Egyptian authorities. He reappeared on the political scene only in August 1949, at which time he announced in *Ahram,* leading Arab newspaper of Egypt, the founding of a new organization called the Egyptian Socialist and Democratic party. About a year later, when this party held its first congress, it became obvious that it was only the old Misr el Fatat under a new name. On this occasion Ahmed Hussein told his followers that from now on they would have to look to Moscow instead of Berlin and Rome for their instructions: "A pact with Russia," he said, "has become an absolute necessity." At the same time he stressed the national-socialist character of his party, which was not to be dependent on any socialist parties abroad.

Soon after, Ahmed Hussein was named to the executive of the Egyptian "peace" movement. He took a prominent part in the anti-imperialist demonstrations on August 26, 1951, in Cairo, which had among its slogans: "Down with the Point Four program!" and "Down with dollar imperialism—long live the Soviet Union!" That same evening, when the very biggest of the demonstrations was staged, he was one of the main speakers, along with Yussuf Hilmi, the Communist secretary of the "peace" movement in Egypt. Meanwhile his party's weekly, *Al Ishtirakie,* called for a pogrom against the Jews in Egypt and against foreigners in general. Later *Al Ishtirakie* was banned by the Wafd government, which certainly could not be accused of having exerted itself, as a rule, to protect the lives and property of the members of the ethnic and religious minorities under its rule. Copts, Jews, Armenians, Greeks—they had all been the objects of inflammatory abuse in Ahmed Hussein's paper.*

During the recent conflict with the British troops in the Suez area, Ahmed Hussein, together with several Moslem Brotherhood leaders, had the main hand in forming the "liberation battalions" (*Kata'ib*); while the "black Saturday" pogrom in Cairo in January of this year was organized by Ahmed Hussein's party in collaboration with the Communists. This was originally hailed as a "mighty anti-imperialist mass demonstration" by *Pravda* (January 29), and welcomed in even more glowing terms by the editorial writer of the Communist *L'Humanité* in Paris, Pierre Courtade (January 28). Only when it was seen that the pogrom, instead of strengthening Communist influence, had caused the downfall of the Wafdist government, did the Communist spokesmen begin to criticize the "irresponsible elements that had perverted the true anti-imperialist spirit." The Russian press even charged that these elements had been in American pay, implying that the Wafdist government had therefore been powerless to

* The "national" Communist press in the Arab countries called more violently than anyone else at that time for the opening of the "second round" against Israel, using the slogans of anti-imperialism, and even the Leninist line of argument—as in the following fairly typical paragraph from *As Shark,* the mouthpiece of the Communist-nationalist front in Lebanon, on August 1, 1951: "The propagandists of John Bull and the pupils of Uncle Sam wish to tell us that Israel is a very strong and powerful country. This is not so, Israel is an American colony, created to suppress the national liberation movement in the Arab countries. Arabs in their millions will be able to liquidate the Jews even if armed with only stones and knifes. The Arab people should prepare for the day of revenge that draws near. Israel will be crushed like Nazism and Fascism in the past, and it is part of our fight against the Point Four program, the Middle Eastern Command and Western imperialism in general." Another Communist-backed paper denied that there was any contradiction between Communism and the struggle against the Jews, and it referred to Stalin's famous victory speech in September 1945—"The men of my generation have waited for over forty years for this very day, victory over Japan"—and urged that the same spirit prevail in the heart of every Arab anti-imperialist.

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cope with the situation. Ahmed Hussein, and several Communist leaders, were arrested immediately after the demise of the Wafdist government, and this halted their cooperation for the time being.

FURTHER examples of collaboration between Communist and reactionary could be cited from most of the other Arab countries. Thus there are the friendly relations between Hadj Amin el Husseini, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, and the Communists in Palestine. Hadj Amin, who has been many things during his remarkable political career, cannot be said to have ever evinced bourgeois liberal, much less leftist, inclinations. But he has been wooed by the Communists ever since he first became an important political figure on the Middle Eastern scene. When he convened the seventh Arab National Congress in Jerusalem, in 1928, he was formally welcomed by the Comintern, and he was aided and abetted during the anti-Jewish riots in 1929, and again in 1936, when he was assigned two Communist liaison officers as political advisers, Fouad Naser ("Abu Haled") and Nimr Oda. Naser was arrested by the British authorities in Palestine in 1938, but later escaped with Oda to Iraq and in 1941 participated in Rashid Ali's Nazi-fomented revolt against the pro-British regime in Bagdad. Naser was again arrested after the failure of this *Putsch*, but Oda was able to flee on a German transport plane, and he later in the year became an announcer at Nazi-directed Radio Athens.

Naser and Oda returned to Palestine after the war, and both declared *expressis verbis* that everything they had done was on Communist party instructions. Oda was expelled from the party in 1951—not, however, because of his wartime activities—at around the same time that Fouad Naser became secretary-general of the Communist party of the Hashemite kingdom of Transjordan. When he was arrested by that state's police in Amman, in December 1951, the Middle East Communists began a campaign to arouse world opinion against this "injustice," and secure the release of this "staunch fighter against fascism and for peace" (these at least were the words used by *Kol Ha'am*, the Communist Hebrew daily in Tel Aviv).

The ex-Mufti himself, despite his sojourn in Berlin during the war and his notorious efforts on behalf of the Nazis, has never been named by Moscow as a war criminal. The Soviet press simply ignored his escape from France to the Middle East in 1946, while the Arab Communist press welcomed him home as a national hero, running his picture on their front pages. A pan-Islamic congress that took place in Karachi, in Pakistan, in 1951, was violently attacked by the Soviet papers and radio, but for some reason or other they never mentioned its chairman, who was none other than the ex-Mufti.

In Iraq, the Communists' main allies are the Istiqlal party and the "Popular United Front." The Istiqlal consists almost entirely of former pro-Nazi elements who took part in Rashid Ali's revolt in 1941. The Popular United Front is headed by Taha el Hashemi and Mushahem el Patchachi, each a former prime minister of Iraq. El Patchachi is notorious for his attacks on Jews; in a parliamentary debate in Bagdad, on April 4, 1950, he stated that "Iraqi Jews should be punished but not allowed to emigrate from the country." Both the Istiqlal and the Popular United Front have come out for neutralism, receiving in return much praise from the Communists, who proceeded to cooperate with them in the demonstrations in Bagdad on January 28, 1952, as well as on several other occasions.

TODAY the Communists collaborate with the extreme right in every Arab and Mohammedan country except Tunisia—whose national movement, the Néo-Destour, has emphatically rejected all Communist overtures. Stalinist collaboration with reactionary nationalism is, however, by no means confined to the Middle East. There is, for example, the common front in Chile between the Communists and ex-dictator Ibanez, which is paralleled elsewhere in South America. Yet it remains true that this trend on the part of the Communists has been

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more striking in the Middle East than in any other area of the world.

But aren't these reactionaries afraid of being swallowed up one day by their new partners? How can they support the agents of a power that, if its rule was extended to their countries, would put an end to their own privileged economic and political positions?

It should be explained that members of right-wing extremist groups in the Middle East are not recruited, as a rule, from among the very rich, the big landowning pashas (though there are a few notable exceptions). Their members come in the main from the middle class, the professionals, and the intellectuals in the cities, and from the Moslem clergy in the small towns and country villages. The Communist leadership in the Arab and Islamic countries has a similar social composition. This middle-class intelligentsia is intensely patriotic and sees as its paramount task the execution of long overdue social reforms that would create the basis for a further political development of their backward homelands. Communist totalitarianism rightly frightens the more alert intellectuals in the West, but, in the light of the social ideas of King Farouk in Egypt, or Nuri Said of Iraq, it begins to seem the very embodiment of progress to subjects of these rulers.

THE present governments of the Arab states and their Western supporters have been either unable or unwilling to undertake the two economic steps that are most urgently necessary in the Middle East: industrialization and agrarian reform. The Communists promise that they, on the other hand, will. Under Communist domination the Arab countries would, of course, again become colonies or satellites of a great power, and imperialism would return to them in a more rationalized and streamlined, and therefore even more oppressive form; but most of the Arab intellectuals are not farsighted enough to realize this, or, if they do, they simply do not care at the present moment.

And in any case it should be noticed that Soviet and Communist propaganda in the Middle East has always emphasized the privileged position of technicians, professionals, and intellectuals in the Soviet Union. The lawyers and physicians who lead the Communist parties and the parties of the extreme right in the Arab countries have come to look upon the Soviet Union and the "popular democracies" as class states, with their ruling classes composed, not of workers and certainly not of peasants, but of professionals, technicians, and intellectuals in cooperation with the party apparatuses. This view—which appears to correspond with reality much more than do the simple-minded notions of well-meaning fellow travelers in the West—has persuaded Arab intellectuals that their personal economic and political status would not be lowered, and might even rise, under a Communist state. It was for this very reason that a majority of these intellectuals, or the previous generation of them, supported fascism in the 1930's. Liberalism and democratic socialism, which do not guarantee their personal status in the same way, have never taken firm root among them.

The Moslem clergy, it is true, has been bitterly hostile to Communism for many years, but the attitude of many among them, too, has changed lately in this respect. They have been told about the "new deal" given to religion in the Soviet Union, and although well aware that such "deals" are only tactical on the part of Communists, some Moslem dignitaries have become very optimistic about the possibility of "co-existence" with Communism. Nationalism has become part and parcel of the new Soviet ideology, whatever may have been the original intentions of Stalin and his colleagues. May it not be, they ask, that Stalin's present partial compromise with religion is only the first step towards a similarly permanent reconciliation with religion? Ought it not be expected that in another twenty years Soviet and Communist ideology will be almost as different from what it is now as the Stalinism of 1952 is from the orthodox Marxism-Leninism of the 1920's? These questions, and their implicit answers, are typical of the ideas now going through the heads of at least some of the leading Moslem clergymen.

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THERE are, however, signs that tend to show that Moscow does not regard the present upsurge of extreme nationalism in the East as an unmixed blessing. For if Russia should ever gain a foothold in this region, it would have to be expected that these same forces would turn around and bitterly resist the establishment of Soviet power in the Arab world. Certainly, the Politburo does not underestimate the virulence of Arab nationalism and Islamic orthodoxy, and it has already encountered something similar to them in Soviet Central Asia. Although nationalism and Moslem revivalism have been much less widespread or pronounced in Uzbekistan, Kazakhistan, and the other Middle Asian Soviet republics than in the Arab countries, it has taken Moscow more than twenty years to crush Pan-Islamism and Pan-Turanism there, and this region still remains the "soft underbelly" of the Communist empire.

If the Politburo has decided, nevertheless, to encourage and exploit extreme nationalism in the Middle East, and to collaborate with it, it must be on the basis of two considerations. First, that nationalism, not social reform, is far and away the main force behind anti-Westernism in that part of the world, and therefore the risk of having nationalism recoil against Soviet imperialism has to be taken if Western influence is to be eliminated. Second, Soviet territorial expansion in the direction of the Middle East is not deemed likely in the near future: it can be safely said that Moscow does not at present envisage "popular democracies" there, for, given the strong nationalist feeling in these countries, and among the leaders of their Communist parties *as well*, only direct control would suffice to keep them obedient to Moscow. Nor do the conditions exist in the Middle East for establishing a "national liberation army" on the model of China's and winning power by a large-scale civil war; and even if these conditions did exist, Moscow would be apt to reject this solution because of past experience with countries rash enough to make their own revolutions without waiting for Soviet help.

Since total Soviet control over the Middle East would be possible only in the event of a new world war, it is likely that all its plans for armed insurrections or other steps toward revolutionary change have been put in cold storage. The program now calls for the Communist parties, in collaboration with the nationalists and the Moslem fanatics, to strengthen their positions mutually (but not too much); put pressure on their respective governments to stay neutral in the East-West conflict and, if possible, adopt a mildly pro-Soviet policy; intensify what is called the "anti-imperialist fight," and increase their nuisance value in general; but under no circumstances engage in "leftist deviations," i.e., try their luck at a revolution. The mission of the Communist parties in the Arab world is not unlike that of General Franco's fifth column in the Spanish Civil War: namely, to strike *only* when the other four columns are already on the march.

This whole program is based, however, on the assumption that the Communists, not their right-wing allies, lead and direct the "anti-imperialist struggle." The actual fact is that the Communists have everywhere remained the junior partners of the alliance; the leadership does not lie in their hands, as it is supposed to, and, instead of giving direction to the nationalist movements, their own course of action is being dictated by the initiatives of their semi-fascist allies and the Moslem Brotherhood. Recent events in Egypt and elsewhere have shown that things in the Middle East may be developing in flat contradiction to the plans and intentions of all outsiders, including the Communists.

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MY MRS. SCHNITZER

A Story

SYLVIA ROTHCHILD

I WAS standing next to the kitchen stove, peering into the array of pots, basking in the warmth and abundance of home. I sampled a chicken wing from the soup, then a piece of stuffed fish, and a few strands of noodle pudding. My mother watched me approvingly, certain that I had starved all of the long year spent at college so far from home.

"Better than cafeterias?"

"A hundred times better," I said.

I thought for a moment that she would begin again the long discussion about my going away from home. "Why," she asked over and over again, "when there are so many schools in New York is it necessary for you to go to Chicago?"

I couldn't tell her, but it was necessary, and I hoped she wouldn't ask.

She didn't. I was grateful. Instead she told me the family gossip, the births, the deaths, and the weddings.

"Did Papa write that your Mrs. Schnitzer passed away?" she asked, not turning from the sink where she was washing pots.

The noodles seemed to turn to clay in my mouth, and I had to return some to a napkin before I asked, "When?"

"When? About two months ago, maybe three, Mrs. Miller told me. I met her in Klein's."

"What did she die of?" I asked casually, impersonally, as if it made no difference to me.

"She had a stroke. What would you expect? The way she carried on, it's a miracle that she didn't have an attack ten years ago."

"What about Hershel?"

"Who knows, they probably put him away."

I THOUGHT of my Mrs. Schnitzer the rest of the day, the week at home, and even on the train going back to school. Fat, noisy Mrs. Schnitzer would never have another fight with her neighbors, never slap her tall son and scream, "Why should you be such a fool, Hershel?" and never again feed me crisp, cheese-filled cakes and chick peas when my mother wasn't looking. There was a secret understanding between the two of us that I had never been able to explain to my family.

She had lived next door to us in the first house I remember, a tenement in Williamsburg in Brooklyn. We had identical apartments beginning with a thirty-foot-long entrance hall, filled with boxes of clothing, dishes, an ice box, brooms, boxes of soda water, everything that couldn't fit into the three crowded rooms beyond it. But there the similarity ended. Our family was brought up to love quiet, gentleness, and self-control. Shouting, display of temper, the briefest lapse from politeness in even the smallest thing was sternly forbidden. If in a harmless discussion, my sisters or I raised a voice my father was quick to ask, "Why are you fighting?"

"But we're not fighting, we're just talking," we protested.

"There is no one deaf here. If you are just talking, then speak softly. You will be heard."

We learned to speak softly. There were times when the house was electric with tension, but it was as if padded, insulated with silence.

Right next door, behind a wall that seemed

A BRILLIANT authenticity is one of the qualities of SYLVIA ROTHCHILD's stories, the third of which we here publish. The two others appeared in our issues of March 1952 and October 1951. Mrs. Rothchild is a native of Brooklyn, but now lives, with her husband and two children, in Sharon, Massachusetts.

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to be made of paper, Mrs. Schnitzer shouted and cursed. "What devil brought you home?" she greeted her husband at ten o'clock at night. "Is this a time for a man to come from work? Or didn't you go to work? Why didn't you drop dead on the way?"

This we heard as plainly as if there were no wall between us. Papa would clap his hands over his ears and shut his eyes. "A shame," he would say trembling. "A woman with no embarrassment, no feelings." In his eyes she came to be the epitome of vulgarity and coarseness, and he could hardly bear to look at her. He avoided her as Mama avoided the mice that scurried across the kitchen floor when night came. If he heard her footsteps in her long hallway when he was leaving our apartment, he would wait until she was safely down the steps and out the front door before he ventured out of our door.

Mama did greet Mrs. Schnitzer, but I doubt that they ever said more than good morning or good afternoon to each other. Mama, however, had no more to do with the other people in the house. She had lived there since she had married and watched it lose its newness and elegance and become shabby and poor. Her neighbors had never been her friends. She never visited them or joined them in front of the house where most of them spent their afternoons. When her work was done she sat at the kitchen window or in the rocker near the dining-room window. She sat by the hour watching the people come and go and I often wondered what she thought while she sat so still, her chin in her hands. Papa and Mama sat outdoors only on the hottest Sundays in summer. Then they walked to the bridge plaza and looked for an empty bench under the sickly trees that grew there out of the pavement. They sat there quietly, among strangers, reading their papers.

It was impossible for me to be so still. As soon as I could, I made friends out of sight of our house, where I could play stoop ball and potsy without being called from the window. I played running games around the corner in the middle of the street and climbed the iron fences that surrounded the brownstone houses. I found that the freedom was worth the inevitable scoldings when I came home dirty and torn. Though I was often filled with remorse because my mother seemed so dissatisfied with me, the need to run away was too strong to deny, even to please her.

I MADE friends with Mrs. Schnitzer quite accidentally, though I let our friendship grow out of a kind of spitefulness, knowing that Mama and Papa thought her so dreadful.

It began harmlessly one Friday afternoon. Mrs. Schnitzer walked into the entrance hall of our house behind me and picked up a spelling test paper that I had dropped. I heard her call "Rayzel, Rayzel," her voice echoing in the empty hallway; but I didn't stop. Everyone called me Rosalyn since I entered school and I had forgotten that I was Rayzel too. I took the steps two at a time, but she caught up with me, waving the yellow paper in her hand. "You dropped your paper," she said, looking at it as she handed it to me. "Such a beautiful paper! Your mother should hang it up so that everyone can see it." I took it from her, thanked her, and continued up the steps. She came up beside me.

I was about to hurry ahead of her when she said, "What would I give to have my son bring such a paper home? Do you know my Hershel?" I shook my head. I saw him often near our house and also among the motley lot of children in the ungraded class at school. I had never spoken to him, but I had never laughed at him or the others in his class. Their stupid, empty faces filled me with a feeling of horror that was akin to fear.

"Tell me, Rayzel," she asked, "what does your mother do with the papers you bring home?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"She doesn't even give you a nickel for a paper like this? Tell me the truth."

"I don't even show them to her," I told

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her. No one made any fuss about test papers at our house. It was expected that we would get A's.

"I like to look at such nice papers," she said. "Save them, Rayzel, and show them to me."

I never brought any papers to show her, but each Friday I found her standing in the doorway of the house. She always asked whether I had taken any tests and I showed her the papers. There were always A's and once even an "Excellent" that she asked to keep if I was going to throw it away.

Mrs. Schnitzer now had something for me to taste whenever she met me. She unrolled a paper napkin or a piece of waxed paper and offered me some honey cake, cookies filled with cinnamon and raisins, or a handful of hot chick peas. "Is it good?" she asked, as if I were a judge of fine baking. I wolfed the delicacies while going up the steps, always making sure to be finished when I reached our door.

My mother saw us talking to each other one afternoon and asked, "What does your friend Schnitzer want?"

I couldn't answer her. When Mama called someone my friend it meant that she held no good opinion of them. She insisted that my friends were to blame for all of my real and imaginary faults and for my lapses of good judgment that seemed to increase as I grew older. Still I couldn't give up Mrs. Schnitzer and the praise she lavished on me.

Our friendship grew in little snatches of conversation stolen in the hallway or on the steps of the house where everyone sat in the summertime. On warm nights when I was not permitted to go away from the house, my friends came to see me. We sat on the steps and played Ghost, took turns telling stories, or singing popular songs. When it was my turn to sing, Mrs. Schnitzer applauded loudly. I was embarrassed and pleased at the same time. One night Hershel sat down on the steps beside us. At first we sat and squirmed, uncomfortably quiet, not knowing what to say. Then the other girls began to tease him. I begged them to stop and for many weeks I listened to choruses of "Rosalyn loves Hershel, Hershel, mershel, loony-head."

One evening Hershel left his house after supper and at midnight had still not returned. Mrs. Schnitzer, after waiting all evening at her window, stood in front of the house, a heavy carving knife in her hand. "I'll cut him into pieces, the idiot," she shouted to some women who were still sitting outdoors. "I'll break all his bones. I'll fix him so that he stays out all night. He won't live to go out of the house again." They watched her silently, knowing that she was frightened out of her wits, but no one took it upon herself to comfort her. I stayed awake, too warm and disturbed to sleep, tossing and turning until nearly one o'clock, when I heard someone say, "Here he comes."

From my bed near the window I heard Mrs. Schnitzer beating her fists on Hershel as if she were pounding a drum. "Murderer, fool, where have you been?" she shouted as she pulled him into the house with her.

WE MOVED away from Williamsburg when I was fifteen to a small two-family house near Sheepshead Bay where there were not as many people on the whole street as there were in the apartment house we left behind. Neither my father nor mother ever went back to it, but I came to visit my friends on the street once or twice a month. Whenever I passed the house I found Mrs. Schnitzer sitting on her folding chair outside. One Saturday afternoon she asked me to come in with her. I felt like a conspirator as I followed her into the familiar hallway, already uglier and smaller than I remembered.

We sat at the kitchen table and I munched some cookies and sipped milk. Hershel wasn't there and I was glad, because he still frightened me and I didn't know what to say to him. "How is Hershel?" I asked.

"Hershel," she said, "is Hersheling." Then very slowly, as if she found it hard to say, she added, "You know, Rayzel, you're a smart girl, and you understand many things. Can you understand then, that I know that Hershel will never be any different than he is. He will never grow into a normal human

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being. I know that my husband too will never be a man like other men. He will never have any understanding or consideration for anyone. It's his nature. I'm not a foolish woman, Rayzel; I know these things. My trouble is that I can't believe them. How can I believe every day that the Lord chose me, me out of the whole world for His personal fool, His favorite scapegoat?"

What could I say to her? I sat holding my cookie, not eating it, wondering what my mother would say if she heard her talking like this, instead of shouting wild, meaningless curses.

"Look, Rayzel," she spoke loudly as if to wake me up and make me listen. "I believe that everyone should have a little misfortune to give them compassion for those who know nothing else but misfortune, and to teach them that the world was not made for pleasure. But a little, a measure with justice. It's not necessary to pour salt on the wounds for a whole life."

Then she looked up at the ceiling and said, "Excuse me, my dear sweet God in heaven. Excuse me, I made a mistake. I married a gambler and a fool whose parents died in an insane asylum. But I didn't know these things when I was seventeen years old. Why didn't You tell me? And why couldn't You at least have given me some decent children to brighten my life? Couldn't I have had something, something without fighting, something for free because I was lucky?"

Then she looked down at me and laughed, making her face look young and quite pleasant. "I waste my time, Rayzel. He's too busy. He doesn't hear. It's a big lively world He takes care of." Then she lowered the pitch of her voice which had become so high it was almost a falsetto and asked, "What is happening to you, Rayzel? Do you have any friends at the new house? Do you like it where it's so quiet?"

I didn't like to talk about myself or the new house to her. It sounded as if I were boasting and it called attention to the wide gulf that was dividing us more and more each day.

Almost a year after we moved, I stopped visiting my old friends and Mrs. Schnitzer, too. The thought of her put a hollow feeling of guilt in my middle, but I didn't come and I didn't write, though I meant to. It wasn't until the first summer after I was in college that I saw her again.

I HAD a part-time job in an office in the old World building, opposite the City Hall. I was through for the day at three o'clock and I was walking across the park to the Park Square station when I saw a woman wearing a white rayon dress splashed with blue and red flowers and an ancient black felt hat on her head. I couldn't help laughing at the sight, her movements were so like caricatures of the pigeons' that waddled all around her. Her bosom came first and the back of her wiggled and strained to catch up with it. She walked toward Nassau Street, stopped and turned to Broadway, took a few steps and turned again. She was obviously lost. I had come halfway across the square when I recognized her and hurried to catch up with her.

"Mrs. Schnitzer," I called. "Wait a minute."

She stared at me as if I were a ghost. "Rayzel," she grabbed me and hugged me. "I've been wandering here like a lost dog. I look and look for a face I can ask a question of and who do I find? I could eat you up, I'm so happy to see you."

"What are you doing here?" I asked her.

"What am I doing here? God knows. I'm in a wilderness. As soon as I got on the train at Fourteenth Street, I knew it wasn't right, but the doors closed so quickly. I asked a man if it goes downtown and he says yes. Then suddenly he grabs my arm and says, 'Get off; we're almost in Brooklyn.' I got off and here I am. How far is to Delancey Street?"

"You'll need a trolley," I said. She looked so confused and worried that I offered to take her. "I don't have anything special to do. Come, let's go."

I took her arm when we crossed Nassau Street and the fear and tightness seemed to

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leave her. We walked past the construction crews who were fixing a new entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge and stopped next to a noisy driller to wait for a trolley that would take us along the Bowery to Delancey Street.

"How is the house?" I asked, shouting above the din.

"The house is the same but the people are changing. The old-timers are moving away; Italians, Spanish, and Negroes are moving in. Not in our house, but all around."

I shook my head to show that I was listening. "How are you and Hershel?"

"Everything is the same as it was. Only that the people in your apartment are very cheap, common, and dirty. I don't even look at them. The children run in the hallway, all day long, filthy, without shoes on. Hershel isn't in school any more, so I have more time to worry where he is and what he does. He tried a few times to do some work, but he knocks things over, he hurts himself, he forgets where he's going. So it isn't any good. Then there are times when he shuts himself in the bedroom and won't come out and other times he goes off I don't know where and my eyes creep out of my head until he comes back. What's there to tell?"

ALL this she shouted above the noise of the drill, while she held my arm tightly. There was a great crowd waiting for the trolley and when it came we were among the last to squeeze into it. I was glad that I had come with her, because she would never have got on without me behind her. She held my arm when the car lurched and she looked questioningly out at the Bowery.

"Some fancy neighborhood, Rayzel. It makes Williamsburg look like paradise."

I smiled my answer. The desire to talk was gone, now that we were wedged knee to knee. The trolley moved slowly and noisily, almost reluctantly, as if it were impeded as much by the damp and the heat of the day as the heavy load it pulled. The passengers were still, as if it were too great an effort to contest the noise of the wheels.

Then Mrs. Schnitzer's voice broke the silence. "Who's pinching there?" she asked.

Behind her, so close he was almost on top of her, was an unshaven, poorly dressed man. His face was shrimp-colored and expressionless. His pale blue eyes had no light of recognition or understanding. His breath was foul, and his clothes dirty and perspired. He looked out the window and didn't turn his head.

"I'm talking to you, mister. Are you deaf? Who do you think you're fingering?"

Her voice fell on the silence like a stone in water and laughter rippled out in waves all around us.

"Don't stand watching birds fly. I'm talking to you. Do I have to box your ears to make you listen?"

He didn't move a muscle. "Let him alone, Mrs. Schnitzer," I begged. "He doesn't know any better. Ignore him."

"No," she said loud enough for everyone to hear. "I'm not a little girl that stands on one foot and then the other, making herself small. I don't make believe nothing is happening because I don't know what to do. I'm not afraid of anything, not of anyone, not even of myself."

She looked right into his face, but he didn't move.

"Don't think because you're a tramp, I'm a tramp. Nobody pinches Bella Schnitzer, do you understand?"

A man in the back called out, "Throw him off, lady."

Someone else with laughter in his voice added, "Push him through the window."

Bella grabbed his sleeve and pushed him toward the center door. The people in the way tried to make a path for him. It was hard to push him, like moving a heavy recalcitrant animal. He muttered something I couldn't understand but moved very slowly. At the next corner, the conductor, a heavy young man who could have been a wrestler, made his way through the car, took the man by the arm and in a voice that brooked no argument said, "Get off."

The man stumbled down the stepway and wavered in the street while the trolley pulled away without him. The passengers in the back saw him sit down on the curb.

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The trolley moved along more quickly as if the driver was trying to make up for lost time. Few people rang the bell to get off and the dreary streets we passed had no passengers waiting for us. We were at Delancey Street in a few minutes and the trolley emptied.

We stood on the street corner and Mrs. Schnitzer looked as though she hated to leave me.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To the loan society on Essex Street," she said. "It's a wonderful place. I don't know what I would do without it. One week the ring goes in and the watch comes out. Then the ring comes out and the pearls go in. Sometimes everything is in. Still we live. I'll pay my bills and take the car over the bridge home. I know my way here."

She held both my hands in hers. "How can I tell you how wonderful it is to see you? I know you're busy, but if you have a chance, don't forget Bella Schnitzer. Have a good time, Rayzel, and be smart. Don't let anyone fool you. Do what you want and don't try to please everyone. Remember it's a hurrying life and why and for what? No one tells you, just rush, rush, rush, and quick before you turn around they want to turn out the light and pack you up in a box."

"Take care of yourself," she said, kissed my hands and left me there.

EARLY EVENING, DEEP SOUTH

LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY

Slyer than birds with throats
more rare to touch than rubies are,
the small bronze tone slips through
a haze of bacon smoke
and troubles silence over fields of grass.

The bell is nowhere, yet it always is;
just there, out of sight; the far slope of the hill;
perhaps a long mile by some indolent road.
You never know where it is, but always know
it rocks in a scarry whitewashed tower
you could thump a pebble to
if somehow you could ever come to it.

Women with sweet black faces
and kind, motherly bosoms rounded deep
in flowered cotton
move through sand-paths you shall never print.

They speak words blurry as tufts of wool;
and tall men hear and mumble licoriced tobacco
in their cheeks.

The earth turns a little, a little,
and a cloud drifts, deeper pink,
and a double pine door closes,
and . . .

All these the bell is for.
It is nowhere, yet it is.
Listen, you hear it.

Sound gives the heart its most invisible wound,
most gentle and bloodless, most unsuturable and deep.

That is why musicians wear dark cloth.

LeGarde S. Doughty has published poetry, fiction, and criticism in numerous periodicals, and is the author of a novel, *The Music Is Gone* (1945). Now at work on a second novel, Mr. Doughty lives in Augusta, Georgia.

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THE HEBREW UNIVERSITY IN EXILE

A Visit to Mount Scopus

NORMAN BENTWICH

THE convoy goes up once a fortnight from the College of Terra Sancta, one of the temporary habitations of the displaced Hebrew University of Jerusalem in the Jewish area, to the Hadassah Hospital and the Hill of Scopus—which means the "Watchman." It takes up twenty police officers to change the guard at the buildings of the Hadassah and the university, with their baggage and food for the fortnight. It also takes up one busload of the academic and administrative staff of the university, who go up to enjoy "the excellence of Scopus," and to look at the relics of their old studies and research. They can stay there two or three hours before the convoy returns, or, if anyone wishes it, the two weeks till the next convoy comes.

Half the guard is changed each fortnight. The convoy is escorted by a senior officer of the United Nations staff that watches over the observance of Israel's armistice agreements with the Arab States. The list of all the visitors to Scopus must be approved by the Arab authorities in the Old City of Jerusalem some days before the convoy leaves. At the university building the roll of those who have been approved is called. We produce our identity cards with photographs, and enter a blinded bus that is without windows: and we drive off to the Mandelbaum Gate. That is no portal, but the post in No Man's Land where the Jewish area ends and the Arab area begins. There we alight, and the roll is checked by the United Nations officer and officers of the Arab Legion, who must give the permit to cross the line. When we have passed the scrutiny, we re-enter the bus with an escort of two soldiers of the Arab Legion.

Slowly the laden bus makes its way up the hill past various road blocks; but we cannot look out except through a tiny slit that lets in the air. The fortunate person who sits by the hole tells the rest of us of good things, meat and fruit stored in an Arab shop on the roadside. We rumble up the hill past the house of the former Mufti. That is said now to be a hotel with the name of "Shepheard's"—a name hitherto sacred to Cairo's famous hotel. Then the bus stops, and our Arab escort gets out. We have reached the English cemetery of the First World War and the limit of Arab authority. Another two hundred yards, and we are in the court of the Hadassah Hospital. We alight, and have the freedom of the hill for two hours, restrained only by a warning on both sides of the road: "Beware of mines."

The hospital, like the university, has been derelict for nearly four years, from the time of the tragic attack by the Arabs on the medical convoy in April 1948, with the loss of the director of Hadassah, the dean-designate of the Medical School of the university, and other heads of the medical faculty-to-be. The hospital itself, the Nurses' Home, and the Ratnoff Medical Center were all damaged in the shelling, during the battle for Jerusalem in that year of the Hinge of Fate. But the external damage has been repaired, or at least patched up, and the buildings

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CUT off from Jewish Jerusalem by a strip of Arab-held territory, the Hebrew University and Hadassah Hospital buildings on Mt. Scopus have been inaccessible now for four years, and occupied only by military guards; and the university has been forced to carry forward its work in makeshift quarters and under heartbreaking handicaps in Jerusalem. NORMAN BENTWICH, professor of international relations at the Hebrew University from 1932 until his retirement last year, reports here on a recent visit to the unused buildings on Mt. Scopus. Professor Bentwich, who was born in London in 1883, held high posts in Palestine from 1917 on, and was active in the creation of the legal system that still prevails in Israel.

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could be serviceable, if there was service to give.

There are, however, no doctors, no nurses, no patients, and no research workers. Only the police and one or two persons of the administration occupy those proud marble halls which display the record of benefactors from all the principal towns of the United States, and that refectory where of old doctors and nurses and assistants were gathered. Some equipment remains, but fortunately most of it was removed to the town in 1948 in the nick of time. The garden is overgrown: the tunnel by which the nurses came from their home to the hospital, protected from the rain and all the winds that blow, is a ghostly alley. The rooms of the Cancer Research Institute and the laboratories, in which once Professors Bernard Zondek, Saul Adler, Olitzki, and Theodor explored new ways of healing, are empty, except during these two hours each fortnight. The lecture theater, where they instructed the officers of the Allied Forces in the war, is a desert space. But the flag of Israel flies from the roofs of the hospital and of the Medical Center, just to indicate that we have not given up possession.

We walk on to the buildings of the university on the crest of the hill. Here on one side, facing the city, are the skeletons of new laboratories of the science faculty, which were beginning to rise in the winter of 1947-48. The scaffolding is in its place as it was left: the stones lie on the ground ready for the masons who are not there. The break came at the moment of the peak of construction, and not a stone has been put in its place for four years. It is like the ruins of Pompeii, overwhelmed, not by a stream of lava, but by a flood of war and hate. On the other side of the road is the botanical garden of the university, with the trees and plants of the Bible lands. War and hate have not stopped the growth of the trees; and the ridge that falls away to the wilderness of Judea and the deep abyss of Jordan, is more thickly wooded than of old, and the paths are overgrown. The tomb of Ussishkin is undisturbed in that cave of antiquity where ossuaries of the Maccabean period were found by workers of the university, and where the head of the Keren Kayemet chose his burial place, linking the renaissance of Israel with the past glory.

We come now to the main part of the university buildings, and to the crown of the hill. On the eastern side, fronting the Old City of Jerusalem, we have the Rosenbloom Building of the Humanities, bearing the name of a Pittsburgh benefactor, the University and National Library, the Museum of Antiquities, and the refectory of the teachers and staff. On the eastern side, the Weizmann Institute of Science, built in and around the old Gray-Hill House, which was the starting point of the university, the Einstein Institutes of Mathematics and Physics, the museums of Botany, Zoology, and Geology, and the Open-Air Theater, that noblest of sites, where the Hebrew University was opened to the world by Lord Balfour on April 1, 1925. Everything is stayed as it was in January 1948, when the teaching on Scopus perforce came to an end. Mocking notices are still on the boards of the library, announcing rooms to let in the town—how priceless they would be today; an exhibition of photographs by the registrar; results of examinations and awards of prizes. Here and there a policeman's couch gives a sign of human occupation. Professor Sukenik, our archaeologist, came with us that day, and we went with him to the museum to see the collection of Jewish coins which is still in its place, the books of the library, and the periodicals of 1947 in many languages. That precious collection of the antiquities of the Holy Land, which had been built up so devotedly, no less than the peerless collection of the Rockefeller Museum of Palestine antiquities in the Old City, is denied to our students. Down in the town, Professor Sukenik has had to build up again the records of the past, amazingly enriched as they are by the Dead Sea scrolls, discovered in the very year of the life struggle.

The library is the most utter symbol of frustration. For though nearly one hundred

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thousand volumes have been moved to the town, here in their stacks repose half a million books, untouched except by an occasional diligent policeman, using opportunity. The vast reading room, which of old was filled with eager students searching in its works of reference, is another empty space. The librarian's room, with its catalogues of the great libraries of the world and its solid furniture, a legacy of David Wolffsohn, Herzl's successor, is open to us; and, a cynical sign of the sudden exodus, we note the unwashed coffee cups on the table. We mount to the roof of the library, the highest point on "Watchman's Hill." There is the domed room, sometimes called the Eyrie or Ivory Tower, of Dr. Judah Magnes, who was the first chancellor, and the president of the university in that year of doom. The files and the books are as he left them on his last day of work. One picture only—of Abraham Lincoln—is on the wall. From the roof outside the room we drink in that incomparable view over Jerusalem and Judea, the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, the mountains of Gilead and Moab. The view gripped again with a fresh appeal. We look down on Anata, the village of Jeremiah, whose disciple Magnes aspired to be.

We descend from the roof, and cross the road to the buildings of the science departments. The courtyard here too is full of stones and timber. For in January 1948 the authorities of the university were building and extending in every direction. Yet this place is not just as it had been in the last days of the British Mandate. The storms of four years have brought down some of the old trees, which block the paths, and slit trenches in their crisscross pattern seam the ground. Here and there spent bullets recall those months of siege and stress, before the area was demilitarized in the summer of 1948. With some difficulty we make our way past coils of barbed wire, over stones and felled trees and man-made ditches, to the theater, to admire another unsurpassed panorama of nature. The memorial stone of Minnie Untermyer, on the stage of the theater, recalls a generous friend of the university; and the tiers of rough stone seats recall that unforgettable day of 1925 when seven thousand of our people, assembled from all parts of the world, and a few Arabs, and the representatives of a hundred universities gathered to take part in the ceremony symbolizing Israel's renaissance.

Today one solitary policeman stands there on the watch, and looks up at an Arab soldier perched on the beetling tower of the neighboring German-built hospice, named after the wife of Kaiser Wilhelm, Augusta Victoria. That was once, in the days of Lord Samuel and Lord Plumer, the seat of British authority: today it is an Arab hospital, and, unlike the Hadassah, in full use for its work of healing. Two hundred yards below us, after an interval of No Man's Land, are Arab fields and an Arab fellah ploughing with his ox and his ass.

Till 1950, the animals of the Biblical Zoo roamed in the wooded area round the university, and were fed by one of the university staff. But then for a period the supplies were interrupted, and the animals were famished. And while permission has not been obtained to bring down the books and the scientific equipment from Scopus, the common humanity towards animals prevailed, and the lions of Judah and the bears of Lebanon and the rest were brought down to the new Zoological Garden of the Jerusalem municipality planted in the Judean hills. We picked a few red anemones and some lilies of Sharon growing amid the stones, and then we had to retrace our steps to the hospital. There our party was gathered, and we were joined by the twenty policemen who had finished their month of solitude and were going back to the town of Jerusalem and their families. We had another roll call, passed the scrutiny, entered our blinded bus, and drove down the hill quicker than we went up. A cursory examination by Arab officers at the gate that is no gate, and in a few minutes we are back at Terra Sancta with a fresh prayer in our hearts and on our lips for this year's Seder service: "Next year on Scopus."

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

ORTHODOX SWEETS FOR HETERODOX NEW YORK

The Story of Barton's

MORRIS FREEDMAN

"IN AMERICA, candy was too *serious,*" Stephen Klein told me. "I figured a customer should get a pleasure from walking into my store—he should feel he's getting a production as well as a pound of chocolate. He should feel good, like he's in the air, like floating or dancing, like in a big Hollywood musical. So I had my first store designed in light-hearted Viennese style, joyful colors."

By now Barton's Bonbonniere, of which Mr. Klein is president, has over fifty of those gay shops in the chartreuse and magenta that have become the firm's trademark, shops that seem all show window, frivolously bedecked with tinsel and ribbon and scattered through the metropolis in a flirtatious assault on that sense of guilt which stands between the New Yorker and his insatiable hunger for sweets.

For all its gaiety of décor, however, there is one thing that Barton's takes very seriously indeed—the precepts of Orthodox Judaism. Some bemused observers, impressed by the astonishing growth of the chain—an average of five new stores every year—think that Barton's success may even indicate a changing attitude among its customers toward Judaism, at least when it comes properly packaged. Barton's shops roll up their circus-striped awnings and close their doors promptly before sundown every Friday night, and do not reopen until after sundown on Saturday; all Jewish holidays, of course, are observed similarly. For the uninitiated, Barton's posts announcements in its stores, and runs advertisements all through the year, giving its changing schedule of openings and closings.

"At the beginning," Mr. Klein says, "when our first few stores proved a success, we were tempted to open on Saturday. We were in midtown Manhattan, and the business on that day alone might have equaled all the business for the rest of the week. But instead of opening on Saturday, we decided to establish another store to make up what we were losing by not staying open. We kept facing this decision, and so we kept growing."

Most of the stores are in midtown Manhattan, but there are several in the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Queens, one in Newark, New Jersey, and seven in Detroit, where one of Mr. Klein's brothers settled after marriage (the Detroit stores get their candies in refrigerated trucks or by air express). Only a few of the stores are in specifically Jewish neighborhoods. The Barton's executive offices, plant, mail-order department, and factory store occupy almost a full square block

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OUT of a smooth blend of Viennese charm, American merchandising, and Jewish Orthodoxy, have grown the Barton's candy shops, which in twelve years have spread over the face of New York asking a single loaded (with calories and what else not) question: if it isn't a box of Barton's, is it right for a Jewish home? (This concept is Barton's, and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the editors of COMMENTARY or its sponsor, or the stockholders of Loft's or Barricini's.) MORRIS FREEDMAN, who reports this new development on the American scene, is in the department of English at the City College of New York, of which he is a graduate, and has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, most recently with "The Jewish College Student: 1951 Model" (October 1951). Mr. Freedman was born in New York City.

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in downtown Brooklyn. The original building, an old and once begrimed warehouse used by a utilities company, was enlarged recently with an air-conditioned extension in the best modern style, with light-colored bricks outlining generous glass-bricked areas.

At one time the firm's policy of closing on Saturdays created some difficulty about getting store locations where the rentals included a percentage of receipts; but Barton's had already become so big and its policy of strict Sabbath observance so well known that the landlords eventually gave way—one of them observing that he wouldn't want to be accused of tampering with religion for the sake of income. New York City's Board of Transportation granted Barton's the right to open a concession in the Grand Central subway arcade, a spot which might be expected to garner a good deal on a Saturday; and in the Paramount Building on Times Square, Barton's is the only establishment closed on busy Friday nights and Saturdays. Barton's *is* open on Sunday, however.

Barton's does not force its Jewishness on customers. Patrons who have no occasion to go into a store on the Sabbath or on a Jewish holiday need never know of it. Announcements of the times of Friday night closing and Saturday night opening offer no explanation. The store sells chocolate Santa Clauses, Easter bunnies, Thanksgiving turkeys, and Continental and Parisian assortments, along with such specifically Jewish items as chocolate "matzoh" and *parve* candies that, unlike most chocolates, may be eaten with either dairy or meat meals by the Orthodox. (During Passover, the stores segregate kosher-for-Passover merchandise and assign special clerks who handle nothing else.) The youngster of Orthodox parents, or for that matter his grandfather, may during the Christmas season eat a chocolate Santa Claus without violating any dietary prescript: like all Barton's candies, the Santa Clauses and Easter bunnies are strictly kosher. And if a customer doesn't care to bring home to his child an "Aleph Bet" chocolate bar engraved with the Hebrew alphabet, he can have an "ABC" bar with the Roman letters.

KLEIN is a short, balding man in his early forties, slimmer than one would expect after learning that he controls the taste of Barton's candy by a continual sampling of batches off the assembly line. He has a ready if somewhat guarded smile, likes being described as "dynamic and stocky," and speaks English with a soft Viennese accent. He is held in some awe by his associates, who tell respectful little anecdotes to illustrate his business acumen or his "human side" or his sense of humor. One typical story is of his rejecting a proposed advertisement with the comment, "Just as I want Barton's candy to be thought of as the best, I want the ads to be the best; this layout is not the best."

Klein himself is likely to discuss his career in the honorific terms of publicity releases. "I am a devoted and conscientious member of the Orthodox Jewish community," he began a description of his extra-business life. He enjoys success stories. "I've made a careful study of the lives of self-made American business men," he said. "What characterizes them? Foresight, drive, and hard work. There is no substitute for working sixteen to eighteen hours a day. Now me, I've got all three qualities." After reading the recent *New Yorker* profile of Richard Weil, until recently president of Macy's, who left Yale before graduating, Klein remarked, "So I didn't go to Yale not to graduate from college to be a success."

His office, which opens off a shabby hallway, is severely modern. The outside wall is of opaque glass squares set in walnut frames. Beside the door is a *mezuzeh* (every door in the building has one). Inside, the walls are paneled in walnut, the floor is carpeted, the lighting is recessed fluorescent. Boxes of candy are scattered over various side tables. As I sat next to his huge desk, which had several repeatedly ringing telephones into which he spoke softly, sometimes in Yiddish, one or another head kept popping nervously through the door to address him with a mixture of familiarity and deference.

"When I came to this country in 1938," Klein said to me, "I was surprised to see how candy was sold here, how little was sold, and what kind. First I saw that a better, tastier, a more different candy had to be made, then it had to be sold better.

"A better candy was easy enough to make. I was a candy apprentice in Austria and by the time I came here, when I was thirty, I had also been a jobber, and I knew the candy tastes throughout Europe. I know what chocolates to blend, how to control taste, and

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so on. Also, I wanted to make each piece of candy attractive, so when you open a box, you don't start looking around for the piece you like. All the pieces should look good—no *chazerei*. You should keep wanting to eat more and not get tired. That's why it's important a candy shouldn't be too sweet or too bitter or anything that will tire your taste."

Like many another Jewish immigrant before him, Klein began as a peddler. "I made candy at night in the kitchen of our apartment. During the day, I peddled it in the garment district, guaranteeing freshness and *kashruth*."

When he went into mass production, Klein specialized in making geometrically shaped pieces of candy from molds on a mechanical assembly line, something of an innovation. The Barton's plant today is probably the most highly mechanized of its kind in America. American candies are generally hand-dipped, that is, the center of nut, fruit, or caramel is immersed in melted chocolate, then taken out for the coating to dry. For this reason, relatively few American candies have liquid centers. One of Barton's most striking novelties is a little pinch-bottle-shaped chocolate shell containing a liquid filling such as crême de café, eggnog, crême de cacao, and the like. The mold-made candies have sharply clean lines, can be made in various shapes, and have the advantage of being able to carry Barton's trademark etched in the chocolate; one candy is molded in the shape of the trademark: two overlapping squares. Barton's does produce a substantial quantity of hand-dipped chocolates, but the amount decreases from year to year.

Candy connoisseurs have described Barton's candies as on the sweet and smooth side; Barricini's are somewhat tarter; and Loft's and Fanny Farmer's, the more traditionally "American" brands, are rather plainer. Differences are the results of blending; the ingredients of all these candies are more or less the same. Other manufacturers are now producing Continental-type chocolates in greater quantity, largely as a response to the success of Barton's and other confectioners—Kopper's, Gregor's, Rosemarie de Paris, Altman and Kuhne, Perugina, et al.—brought here by the tides of politics and war during the past fifteen years. Among them, these confectioners have created a revolution in the tastes of New York's candy consumer.

But Klein's special success has been in the area of merchandising, long a rather unenterprising side of the American candy business. Americans are understood to eat more candy than is good for them, and the candy makers have therefore had to operate under a certain restraint in their advertising and publicity; lately the industry embarked on a campaign to sell "moderation" to its customers, much as liquor distillers preach "drinking like a gentleman." Klein set out to bring the American appetite for sweets into the open, so to speak, transforming it from a rather shameful "self-indulgence" into a casual and slightly sophisticated gustatorial fling —to make it seem like the impulse to use perfume or drink exotic wine.

"Klein has an uncanny American pitch," one advertising expert commented. He has shown it again and again in everything from the design of single pieces of chocolate to the grand and gaudy "premières" which usher in every new shop with free candy, cake, and ice cream, city officials in attendance, and police to control the crowds. When the fiftieth store opened near Herald Square in February—designed in what might be called modern bizarre by a California architect and showing the mingled influences of Calder, Arp, and Mondrian — chorus girls rode around the neighboring streets in a stage coach with huge signs. Couples who proved they were married fifty years were given valentine boxes of candy and the rather confusing title "Golden Wedding Romeos" if they showed up on opening day. As a result of this kind of hoop-la, the candy buyer in New York has lost his hang-dog look, and all over the city office workers keep tabs on Barton's Friday closing hours so as not to arrive too late to pick up the week-end allotment of sweets.

Barton's tries to cater to many special needs. The Times Square shop has a little box called "Theater Assortment" containing just enough candy to last through a play or a movie. Selections are made up for shipment to Korea, and coupons may be sent to Israel redeemable for the specified candies at Barton's depots there. Candies are made for children that will appeal first to their parents: one notable success is the "lolly-cone," a small solid cone of chocolate on a stick, de-

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signed to overcome the nervous parent's fear of unidentifiable sweets. To take up the summer slack in candy production, Barton's last year put out a Continental ice cream. It has even been offering its chocolates during the summer in insulated bags to keep them from dissolving on the way home. Barton's also maintains a "Sweet of the Month Club," which provides the incurable addict with a different assortment every month except July and August; there are 5,000 members so far, some of them as far away as Germany and Hawaii.

BARTON'S placards and ads are predominantly in the style of the modern French and Italian posters shown at the Museum of Modern Art exhibitions, and the radio advertising goes out daily over WQXR, the "highbrow" New York station that specializes in classical music. Although the newspaper advertising is dignified as a rule, the staid New York *Times* refused one ad on the ground that it was "blatant." It was a three-quarter-page photograph of a startled and handsome young boss, his face smeared with lipstick; silhouetted against him were three smaller figures of girls at typewriters, and the caption read, "All I did was give them Barton's candy." Other newspapers published the ad.

Another important feature is Barton's distinctive candy box. "We wanted our boxes to be recognized at once as our candy," Klein explains. "They also had to give the same impression as the stores: high class and suggesting pleasure. So we developed the busy over-all candy design on a black background for most of the boxes. Now you can see at once, just from the box, that it's Barton's candy. Some day we want everybody to think of Barton's when they think of candy, like they think of Ivory for soap."

As for the name: "We chose the name Barton's because it's easy to remember. When we began business, President Roosevelt was campaigning against Martin, Barton, and Fish, and everybody knew the name Barton." Another version has somebody at the firm opening the telephone book and going down a page until he found a two-syllable name easy to remember.

With its sophisticated "American" sense of the business value of "front," Barton's sometimes mixes a "European" reticence as to the specific details of its operation and personnel, something most American companies are learning to take for granted as public knowledge. The firm is a closed family corporation, with only a small portion of the stock owned by an outsider (Herbert Tenzer, a lawyer specializing in candy-industry problems, who met Klein in his peddling days and helped provide some of the initial financing for the business), and it was until recently quite difficult to get any estimates of its volume of sales. At a trade meeting of the four big candy retailers—Loft's, Barricini's, Barton's, and Fanny Farmer's—a Barton's representative demurred about making a financial contribution equal with the others to a promotion project, on the ground that his firm was the youngest. When one of the other participants happily assented and suggested a contribution based on sales volume instead, Barton's quickly dropped the matter. More recently, however, Barton's has been willing to admit to "about $8,000,000" in annual volume.

Klein also strongly exhibits the "European" businessman's need to keep a finger in every pie. His five younger brothers, the youngest in his twenties, fill various subordinate administrative positions, but when I asked about the division of responsibility in the firm, Klein replied quickly, "I'm in charge of everything," in a flat tone more suggestive of secretiveness than bravado. He is closely involved in production, from testing samples to experimenting with new items. He calls executives any time, day or night (except, of course, on the Sabbath), with any stray idea he may suddenly get that falls within their province. He is his own advertising manager and has been described by advertising experts as a genius in that field. Often his rejection of an ad, while couched in non-technical terms, will hit upon some "classical" advertising shortcoming, such as the lack of a focal point or too little black. But while he will instantly approve a full-page ad for the Sunday issue of a newspaper (the most expensive kind), he is not above calling the advertising agency shortly before the deadline to insist that a coupon be included in the hope that direct mail orders from out-of-towners who read the metropolitan Sunday papers will help recoup the cost. Once as a result of this kind of last-minute inspiration, the coupon re-

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quired forty cents' postage for delivery of a fifty-nine-cent item; very few out-of-town readers availed themselves of the opportunity.

BARTON'S employs a great many Orthodox Jews, but exercises no restrictions in hiring. About fifty of the more than a thousand workers in the firm were helped by Klein to come to America. All of the ten-year employees, listed on a plaque in the factory lunchroom, happen to have Italian names. A visitor to the factory itself can see a young Jew with beard, earlocks, and *yarmelke* working on the assembly line alongside Italians, Negroes, and Puerto Ricans, some wearing crucifixes. There seems to be no dissatisfaction among Barton's non-Orthodox workers with the firm's Orthodox practices. Factory help is paid time and a half for Saturday night work, double time for Sunday; retail clerks work Saturday nights as part of their forty hours but get time and a half for Sunday. The firm has never had a strike.

The factory, which is reached unexpectedly and suddenly through doors carved in the office walls of the original building, occupies three floors and is broken up into areas of noise and quiet, machinery and crowds of girls. Monstrous revolving vats mixing hot chocolate or lighter-colored fillings, or spraying a glazed chocolate coating on nuts, are tended by one or two men. In the refrigerated dipping room, separated by glass walls, sit perhaps twenty middle-aged and elderly and somehow very grandmotherly women, their hands smeared with chocolate, inserting various centers into great pots of liquid chocolate, then quickly withdrawing them, skilfully twisting each piece so that the chocolate drips off to leave a level coating. On one of the rumbling assembly lines, which extends perhaps half a block, a square metal mold moves slowly along on rollers, first through a heating room, then under an array of little spigots that squirt chocolate into each of the small hollows, through a freezing room which hardens only the shell, leaving the inside to be poured off when the mold is turned upside down, under another series of spigots which squirt the fillings into the shells with military exactness, and finally under some more spigots for the final chocolate cover. The completed refrigerator-hardened candies are knocked out of the upside-down molds by a crew of women with big wooden sticks, an operation no amount of ingenuity has been able to replace with a machine process. On another assembly line, hand-dipped cherries are simulated by having the centers march slowly under a lazy chocolate shower which envelops them, then into a freezing room. The various candies are packaged by long lines of white-smocked young girls, standing elbow to elbow, who fill up the moving boxes in front of them from three tiers above the boxes. Rube Goldberg machines wrap paper around the boxes, tie strings, package bars, or enclose certain candies in tin foil. The workers are permitted to eat as much candy as they wish, and are under especially strict instructions to maintain personal cleanliness.

During the year, a rabbi, who is a family connection of the Kleins, journeys down regularly from Albany and checks to see, among other things, that ingredients for *parve* candies are not mixed in containers which at one time contained milk. He also ascertains that the suppliers, who have already been investigated as to their maintenance of *kashruth,* are the same and have not changed their practices, and that no non-kosher products have slipped into the plant. During the two-week Passover cleaning, when the factory is thoroughly scrubbed and scoured, half the workers being laid off, the Albany rabbi, or an assistant of his, is on twenty-four-hour-a-day supervisory duty.

The observance of *kashruth* sometimes creates serious manufacturing problems. Thus, until recently the firm was unable to make any marshmallow candies since the gelatin necessary was not certifiable as strictly kosher. But this industrial bottleneck has at last been broken. "Science," a young lady at Barton's announced recently, "has now produced a perfectly acceptable vegetable gelatin and we have gone into mass marshmallow production."

SOME skeptical competitors have not been above suggesting that Klein's Jewish Orthodoxy is a pose maintained for purposes of publicity; the cynics claim that his observance of the Sabbath and holidays, far from losing business, increases it. To this Klein replies: "If that is so, it is a fortunate accident. I am not sure it is so. We would

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close down regardless." And the fact is that during its first four years, the firm closed on the Sabbath without publicizing the fact—perhaps even fearing that publicity on this point would harm its business. That was during the war, and Barton's did nothing to dispel a supposition that the Saturday closing was the result of the sugar shortage.

During the month of Tishri in the Hebrew calendar, which falls around September or October, the great concentration of Jewish holidays has compelled Barton's to stay closed for as many as ten days. And it has also had to forego whatever benefit it might derive from the institution of "Sweetest Day"—a press agent's holiday designed to promote the "buying of gifts for one's sweetie"—since Sweetest Day falls on a Saturday, even though Herbert Tenzer, the chairman of Barton's board of directors, is chairman also of "Sweetest Day." Barton's advertisements have occasionally appeared in the Sunday press without necessary last-minute corrections because Klein will not answer the phone on the Sabbath.

The firm maintains what may be called a department for doing *mitzvehs* ("good works"). "We fill all requests from charitable and community organizations," the young lady in charge explained. "All we ask is that Barton's be mentioned." There are more than six hundred regular names on the list of beneficiaries. Barton's also has what Klein calls an "office of immigration" which attends to various technical details for bringing over Jewish displaced persons from Europe. Some fifteen hundred persons have come to America through Klein's aid; he himself once visited Europe under UNRRA auspices to help screen prospective immigrants. He is a staunch and generous supporter of Orthodox educational institutions and is a member of the Jewish Education Committee of New York and executive chairman of the Brooklyn Division of Yeshiva University; his oldest son attends the Manhattan Division. Young Israel honored Klein in March with a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria for his contribution to the promotion of Sabbath observance in America.

There is no clear-cut division between Klein's business and philanthropic activities. Barton's office walls are covered with plaques testifying to Klein's aid to some Orthodox Jewish enterprise, and he often arranges business meetings at the offices of the Jewish organizations with which he is connected. His oldest daughter, a dark, very pretty girl, was recently graduated from the Central Yeshiva High School for Girls, an institution Mr. Klein helped found when she reached high school level. His two youngest children go to Yeshiva day schools.

To some of his associates, the whole Jewish aspect of the business is a standing puzzle. "I can't make it out," one of them mused. "I'm sure he must lose money with his Jewish projects. How can he make anything with all those leaflets, all those special packages, all that highly specialized promotion—how can he make anything? And I'm sure he throws away a fortune by closing on Saturdays and Jewish holidays; just stand in front of the Barricini's on 34th Street, which is next door to a Barton's, on a Saturday, and you'll see what I mean. It must be some kind of unconscious drive, like wanting rabbis to think well of him."

No one has calculated exactly the financial loss or gain resulting from Barton's Orthodoxy, but it has observably affected the candy retail trade. Barricini's, for example, now opens on Sundays in some neighborhoods to compete with Barton's and its advertising has lately been carrying the seal of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations, something Barton's does not have. Because Barricini's has never closed on a Saturday, in those locations where it is open on Sunday it must pay for a seven-day labor week as against Barton's six. (Klein has remarked that it is not enough merely to observe *kashruth;* the Sabbath also must be observed. And he has strongly hinted that no good Orthodox Jew would buy his candy from a firm that observes merely one and not the other.) In many neighborhoods, Saturday night has become the habitual time to stock up on candies after the Sabbath denial, and lines actually form in front of Barton's waiting for the evening sun to go down and the doors to open.

At least one expert believes that Barton's discovered a gold mine in the Jewish customers throughout America. "The competitors are just sitting around kicking themselves for having overlooked it," he commented. "And now it may be too late for them to get into the act, since rabbis all over the country

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recommend Barton's, practically from the pulpit. For many Jews, there is no other candy to buy." It is perhaps not inconceivable that a "Jewish" taste, which had to satisfy itself until recently with such things as kosher delicatessen, has now found an additional source of satiety in Continental candies. Some hint of Klein's own estimate of the sales value of his Jewish approach may be gleaned perhaps from the fact that he is wary of branching out where Jews do not form so large a proportion of the population as in New York.

THOUGH the "Jewish items" in Barton's business are few in comparison with the "non-sectarian items," their volume and variety are still greater than any competitor's. Barton's pioneered with chocolate "matzoh," an item that is likely to become an American Jewish tradition at Passover, to judge from the widespread imitations. It also introduced chocolate-covered "matzoh balls" (not really intended for immersion in soup; the filling is of cocoanut or marzipan), chocolate-covered *"hamantashen,"* and, most recently, chocolate-covered *"lotkes"* for Chanukah, which are simply little discs with the usual candy fillings.

Officially, Barton's denies all knowledge of what proportion of its customers are Jewish, and certainly would not like to think that anyone buys Barton's chocolates merely because they are kosher, and not also because they are the best chocolates. But with a little prodding one can find out, for example, that one-third of the members of the Sweet of the Month Club have recognizably Jewish names, or that the store in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, once the stamping ground of the German-American Bund, has a "predominantly Gentile" clientele which does not fail, however, to consume a certain quota of chocolate "matzoh" or cocoanut *"hamantashen"*—whether out of intergroup cordiality or a mere indiscriminate sweet tooth, we need not venture to guess. On the other side of Central Park and in the Bronx, of course, the customers are "predominantly Jewish" and the consumption of Barton's Jewish specialties does take on an undoubted element of actual conviction; there a box of Barton's chocolates has become one of the habitual choices for the ritual gift picked up on the way to dinner at a friend's home, or for one's week-end suburban hostess, or for the weekly gathering of the *mishpocha.* A child may be supplied with a box to present to grandpa because it is *kosher* chocolate; grandpa, for his part, may bring a box to grandson because it is kosher *chocolate.* In business districts, or the downtown shopping and amusement districts, the "Jewish element" of the business may be of less direct importance, but gift-buying is of course a large factor there as elsewhere, and it is likely that the non-Jewish businessman sending out holiday gifts to his Jewish customers might choose Barton's chocolates as a mark of special consideration or to play safe. Mail-order business, which might be assumed to come very largely from customers who want "Jewish" candy, accounts for about 10 per cent of Barton's gross sales, and "Jewish specialties" constitute perhaps 15 per cent of the candy manufactured. But in any case, Barton's annual business cycle is not markedly different from the normal cycle of the candy industry: there is a significant increase around Passover (partly attributable to Easter, of course), but Christmas sales lead all the rest, whether or not Christmas happens to fall close to Chanukah. Barton's is not so naive as to assume that its Christmas customers are not Jewish; indeed, it has been suggested that these kosher chocolates provide a catch-all solution for the troubling problem of what the good Jew can give his friends, Jewish and non-Jewish, for Christmas.

One may speculate on other possible factors: in the post-Hitlerian era American Jews no longer shy away from "things Jewish," and traditional foods, especially those associated with the holidays, have been a chief mode of Jewish identification. Also, as has been noted, increased substance and status has found expression, among the Orthodox, as often in elegance of cuisine and dining ritual as in the greater modishness of matters pertaining to the synagogue. In any case, if Barton's *Yiddishkeit* has seemed an added factor of appeal for Jews of whatever variety, it has not, by all the signs, been any deterrent to the Gentile trade—perhaps the contrary.

One fact is, however, undeniable: for hosts of Barton's Jewish customers, the chocolates are merely sugar coating for a new Jewish education. A regular mail-order customer

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from Montana complained by letter: "Your candy box arrived fine. But where is the leaflet you promised about Chanukah? I'm educating my youngsters (and myself) with your little pamphlets." And no doubt many another fond Jewish parent finds himself looking with a new tolerance on his child's demand for sweets, since with every morsel there comes a little portion of learning. (In this connection, one cannot resist offering Barton's a suggestion that might turn out to have enormous sales potential: why not a Jewish bubble gum?—it is well known that that particular form of confection is selected mainly on the basis of the literature in which it is wrapped.)

In the holiday season of 1950, Barton's enclosed its "Story of Chanukah" with the Chanukah candy boxes. The leaflet carries a comic-strip account of the history of the holiday and instructions for three games called "Barton's Chanukah Word Puzzle," "Barton's Checkerboard Puzzle," and "Barton's Race Dredel." Their most recent leaflet, a very handsome one, shows on one side a photograph of the scale model of the Holy Temple in New York's Jewish Museum together with a fully itemized description of each detail, and a short, dignified account of the history of the temple. On the other side is imprinted an elaborate layout for a game similar to Monopoly that requires a *dredel* (a plastic *dredel* is included with certain Chanukah candy assortments); the contest is based on details of Jewish history, and the playing area shows a map of Israel and small insets of the Israeli flag, a menorah, and Barton's trademark. The first leaflet, issued back in 1949, was the simplest, with "A Happy Chanukah" in pastel letters on the cover. The following excerpts from it give a fair sample of Barton's educational enterprise:

> Every Jewish boy and girl thrills to the heroic story of the Maccabees and the rededication of the Temple defiled by the ancient Syrians. We light the candles every night during the eight nights of Chanukah, recite the blessings, sing the songs, play chess, go to parties, and dance the Hora.
>
> Many of us will spin the Dredel, a little 4-sided spin-top, carrying on each side the Hebrew letters Nun, Gimel, Hay or Shin. They are the first letters of the four words "Nes Gadol Hayah Sham," which means "A great miracle happened there." The miracle referred to was the miracle of the little pitcher of oil found in the Temple when the enemy's soldiers left and which lasted for eight days instead of the expected one day. . . .
>
> When Antiochus, the wicked, told the Jews that they could no longer study the Torah or meet in the Synagogue, the Jews used to gather in small groups and study the Torah by heart. . . .
>
> The scholars and teachers would gather secretly in the woods. A woman would act as a lookout and would warn them when a soldier was approaching. These study groups always carried with them the 4-sided Dredel, a favorite game of chance among the soldiers of Antiochus. When the scholars were warned that the soldiers were coming, they took out the Dredel and began spinning it. . . . To this day we, too, spin the Dredel at Chanukah time.
>
> It is interesting that in Israel today the Dredel no longer carries the letters Nun, Gimel, Hay, Shin, but Nun, Gimel, Hay, Pay which stands for "Nes Gadol Hayah Poh," "A great miracle happened here." Happily we can now say here, not there. HAPPY CHANUKAH TO ALL!

Other holidays are similarly treated. "The Story of Purim" is a folder with six cartoon panels and narrative captions; instructions for making cutout masks of Mordecai, Esther, Ahasuerus, and Haman; an illustrated glossary defining *"megillat* Esther," *"mishloach manot," "Haman tashen," "Grager,"* and "Masquerades"; a Barton's Purim Crossword Puzzle (sample question: "——— was the Jewess who became Queen and saved the Jews from destruction"); and, finally, a full listing of all Barton's stores (something every leaflet carries). Last Rosh Hashanah, Barton's distributed paper flags bearing on one side the Israeli flag, and on the other, along with the advertising, vividly and authentically imagined miniature banners of the Twelve Tribes and brief descriptions of each under a scholarly introduction: "Drawing upon the colors of the stones of the high priest's breastplate and the characterizations of the tribes in the blessings of Jacob (Gen. 49) and Moses (Deut. 33) and other allusions, the Midrash assigns these banners to each of the tribes." Barton's puts up a Passover assortment in a metal box, the cover of which is a reproduction of an old Seder plate from the Jewish Museum's collection.

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Purim candy for children comes in a box resembling a *grager* (a noise-maker), and some collections include a musical *grager* with a flag of Israel on its sides that plays "Hatikvah" when swung around.

THE educational material is prepared under the supervision of Barton's publicity department. Although some of the leaflets are clearly designed for children and others for adults, the texts are so entertainingly, informally, and unsentimentally prepared that adults who have to can learn from the cartoons, and children can easily follow the written matter. The matter is all got up with a maximum of American skill and a professional understanding of what attracts people. The paper is good, and the art work and typography imitate the sophisticated "quality" magazines. One generously made pamphlet devoted to "Tishri the month of holidays" has on its cover a series of lovely cut-outs showing the Zodiac and carrying Hebrew inscriptions; the inside has short, generalized and therefore vaguely poetic descriptions of October's Jewish holidays; and the final effect is one of delicate exoticism.

One objection frequently raised against Barton's leaflets is that they reduce Judaism largely to Jewish nationalism; but in this Barton's is hardly alone. There are also, to be sure, frequent lapses of taste, as in the banal box with a fake window showing a sentimentalized family scene—this contains a Chanukah assortment. As a rule, however, the leaflets are on a high level, and their success has been enormous: Barton's prints and distributes about a million leaflets a year, of which only about half go into boxes of candy.

Another Barton's enterprise that seems to have only a remote connection with the business of selling candy is its contests. Periodically it gives prizes for creative writing in Yeshivahs and Jewish day schools. Once it awarded three scholarships in home economics at Hunter College to high school girls who demonstrated culinary achievements. Frequently, it sponsors contests for original Jewish recipes associated with its products; last Chanukah, for example, it challenged housewives to submit recipes for *lotkes* (potato, cheese, blueberry) that would be as original as Barton's new chocolate ones. Judges have been newspaper food editors, college home economics teachers, and Jewish cook book writers. Prizes generally are savings bonds in the lower denominations and boxes of candy.

It is hardly surprising, of course, that the Orthodox Jewish community has embraced Mr. Klein and Barton's. Leaders urge patronage, and the Orthodox press, both Yiddish and English, has published a stream of news stories, feature articles, and editorials on Barton's, all playing variations on the theme: "See, it can be done in modern America." During the debate in the Israeli parliament on the legally enforced observance of *kashruth* and the Sabbath, the Religious Bloc cited Barton's as evidence to show how modern business can be conducted without violating ancient precepts. Barton's example has even spread beyond the Jewish community, and engendered, apparently, at least one not altogether accurate notion about American Jews: a Catholic priest, in a Brooklyn neighborhood where Barton's has a store, is understood to have urged his parishioners to observe *their* Sabbath as religiously as Jews, on the evidence of Barton's, observe theirs.

Whether a Judaism of chocolate will ever replace a Judaism of lox and bagels—especially in view of the high index of diabetes among Jews—is too early to say. From personal experience, however, this writer can testify that the candy is good candy, and the chocolate *hamantashen* taste quite as good as the chocolate Easter bunnies.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

TWO NEWLY DISCOVERED PSALMS

From the Scrolls Unearthed Near the Dead Sea

In the summer of 1947, a Bedouin in search of his lost goat stumbled into a cave near the Dead Sea and came up with what may prove to be one of the great archeological discoveries of the century, in the shape of eleven Hebrew scrolls of the pre-Christian era. If the dating is accurate—an eminent minority of scholars insists they are of much later origin—they are the oldest Hebrew manuscripts that have so far come to light, and their value for Jewish historical research is incalculable.

The eleven scrolls, upon scrutiny, turned out to be only seven, for some of them were sections of one scroll. They included the entire Book of Isaiah, a commentary on Habbakuk, a manual of discipline of an unidentified Hebrew sect, a document tentatively identified as the Apocryphal Book of Lamech, a document telling of "The War of the Children of Light against the Children of Darkness," a further fragment from Isaiah, and the scroll of hymns (called by Professor E. L. Sukenik of the Hebrew University—the first scholar to recognize the value of these scrolls—"The Scroll of Thanksgivings").

It is from the last scroll that the two hymns published here are taken. The English rendering is by Meir Wallenstein, lecturer in medieval and modern Hebrew at the University of Manchester, and is reprinted by permission from the pamphlet "Hymns from the Judean Scrolls," issued by the University Press, Manchester, in 1950.—Ed.

I

I thank Thee, O Lord,
for Thou holdest my soul in the bundle of life and Thou shelterest me from all the snares of the pit
and from the wreckers who seek my life because I adhere to Thy covenant.
And they are *but* a vain brood and a tribe of Belial.
They do not know that my standing is due to Thee and that Thou with Thy mercies shalt deliver my soul,
for my steps are ordered by Thee.
Thou hast caused them to gather against my soul so that Thou may'st be honored through judgment on the wicked
and thus Thou art fortified through me in the presence of the sons of men for it is due to Thy mercy that I am alive.
But I said mighty men have encamped against me.
They have surrounded me with all the instruments of war and have hurled down arrows without cessation
and the glittering of *their* spears was as a fire that consumeth wood
and as the roaring of many waters was the tumult of their voices even as the sundering and the tempest to bring to destruction many people.
But as for the snares (they have spread) they will come to nothingness and to vanity.
When their waves mount (against me) and when my heart melteth

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like water my soul taketh strength in Thy covenant.

Thou wilt ensnare the feet of those who spread a net against me,

they will fall into the entanglements they have hidden for my soul, but my foot standeth in an even place;

in the congregations will I bless Thy name.

II

I THANK Thee, O Lord,

for Thou hast delivered my soul from the pit and Thou hast brought me forth from the underworld of Abaddon to the everlasting height.

And I shall walk in the unsought level-places and know that there is an abode for him whom Thou hast formed out of dust in the company of the everlasting.

Thou hast purified the perverted of spirit from the great transgression, so that they may stand amongst the host of holy ones and appear together with the congregation of the children of heaven.

Thou hast allotted to man an everlasting portion amongst the spirits of wisdom in order that he may praise Thy name together with them, and relate Thy wonders to all Thy creation.

And I, the clay-formed creature, what am I?

I, the kneaded with water, of what account am I?

And what is my strength that I have set myself within the bounds of wickedness and in the lot with the planners of evil?

And the soul of the poor is moved with great disquiet and wrath's destruction accompanies my steps.

When all the snares of the pit were set and all the gins of wickedness were spread and the net of evil design was flung upon the waters;

When all the arrows of the pit sped without hindrance and were loosed leaving no hope;

When destruction overwhelms judgment and anger's lot falls on the forsaken and there is an outpouring of wrath on the innocent—

(then will come the) time of fury to all Belial and the pangs of death will compass (people) about without deliverance and the floods of the ungodly will overflow all channels of water.

Fire consumeth all their wells, destroying every green and withered tree.

Their tributaries will glisten with sparks of flame until all their foundations are no more.

It will devour the sources of its hot springs and the outstretching of the dry land.

(It will turn) the bases of the hills to burning and the roots of flinty stone into rivers of pitch.

It will consume till it reaches the Great Deep.

The rivers of Belial will burst through even to Abaddon and the ranges of the primeval flood will roar with abundance of clots of mud and clods of earth.

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ON THE HORIZON

LEO McCAREY'S AUTHORITARIAN FILM

The Values That "My Son John" Defends

NATHAN GLICK

POSTWAR anti-Communist films like *The Iron Curtain, The Red Danube,* and *I Was a Communist for the FBI* proved to be opportunistic celluloid pamphlets, candied snowballs in the cold war, trivial restitution for such wartime falsifications of Soviet reality as *Mission to Moscow* and *North Star.* Leo McCarey's new film, *My Son John,* does not belong to this bandwagon category, although it too uses a journalistic springboard: the Hiss and Coplon cases. It is a shrewd, serious, even a seriously religious film, but its commonplace small-town middle-class domestic setting and its air of merely repeating old-fashioned truisms may divert the spectator from its careful art and charged doctrine.

Behind a folkish façade, *My Son John* paints a sophisticated and deadly portrait of a young government-employed Communist intellectual suspected of espionage and under investigation by the FBI. And in the guise of reaffirming American platitudes, McCarey lumps together into a single heretical amalgam Communism, liberalism, and secularism. The chatty tone, the homespun humor, the appearance of genial tolerance, the trick of endowing spiritual symbols of nobility like mothers and priests with eccentric foibles—all characteristic of such earlier McCarey films as *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*—are in *My Son John* simply well-paced diversions from the film's relentless theology of heresy and damnation. To question the infallibility of church or parent, the film declares, is to open the floodgates of evil. Although the film's professed aim is to turn the hearts of intelligent young Americans against Communist error, it seems to be more profoundly concerned to shut their minds altogether.

In his posthumous confession at the end of the picture, John's recorded voice describes to the graduating class of his college his own first steps toward perdition. "I was flattered when I was immediately recognized as an intellect. I was invited to homes where only superior minds communed. It excited my freshman fancy to hear daring thoughts that I wouldn't have dreamed of when I lived at home—a bold defiance of the only authorities I ever knew, my church and my mother and father. I know that many of you have experienced that stimulation. But stimulants lead to narcotics." And where does this vicious habit of intellectual curiosity end up? With the substitution of "faith in men for faith in God . . . the most cunning, fiendish, and brilliantly deceptive ideology yet devised to incite God's creatures to turn against Him and against each other!"

It is significant that the Communist threat is defined not in terms of political terror,

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IN Leo McCarey's new film, *My Son John,* NATHAN GLICK finds an example of that undiscriminating anti-Communism which uses the idea of "Communism" as a stick to beat any and all unpopular ideas or ways of living, and which has prompted many thoughtful people to react away from the necessary task of identifying the Communist threat in serious terms. Mr. Glick has written literary and film criticism for the *Progressive,* the *New Leader,* and other periodicals; his most recent article in COMMENTARY was "When Do You Call It Treason?" in the February 1952 issue. Mr. Glick was born in New York in 1919 and attended the City College of New York.

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slave labor, or the destruction of free expression, but solely in terms of this supposed "faith in man"—a weirdly misplaced indictment. The makers of this film *cannot* reject Communism on the basis of its absolute power, because the principle most frequently and variously propounded in *My Son John* is an absolutism of its own: the absolute authority of church and parents, their exclusive possession of an absolute truth, and the unmitigated sinfulness of questioning that truth. Thus when John returns home (to "Anytown") from Washington after a year's absence, his father, an ardent American Legionnaire brimming over with patriotic clichés, can hardly wait to test his son's orthodoxy. Before long, the household takes on the aspect of an Inquisition chamber, with the father threatening violence at the mere suspicion of John's heterodoxy, and the mother pleading with John to swear on the family Bible that he is not a Communist.

Actually this atmosphere of hysteria is hardly related to any observable indications of John's Communist allegiance. John's father suspects him of being a Communist because he is educated, irritatingly "superior," and fastidious; when the father's suspicion turns out to be correct, the effect is to confirm the spectator's distrust of those personal qualities which in John's case have proved to be symptoms of Communism. Thus the result is less an indictment of Communism than a use of the Communist issue to discredit the intellectual, the reformer, and the liberal. John's father would think he was a Communist even if he were not.

WHATEVER logic the film can claim is contained not in its political rationale, but in its working out of personal relationships. There is obviously more to the father-son hostility than simply ideological difference. The tension, coldness, and mutual baiting has other, and older, sources. It soon becomes clear that the father sees John as a threat to his self-esteem. His fears that a college education would only serve to add to his son's condescension make him rancorous against "those intellectuals I've read about." He spits in derision when John runs up the university stairs to embrace his old professor, whose gray head is literally "long-haired." Blind faith provides the father with his only safeguard against the dangerous world of ideas. (It comes as a shock to the spectator to learn that the father is by profession a school teacher.) Against his son's "enlightened" mockery, he presents a rock-dense mind. He insists that he believes every word of the Bible, including the parts he doesn't understand. Insecure on the ground of information and logic, he resorts to his paternal authority, and while he continually prods John into discussions, the only basis he is willing to accept is submission to his own few and unaired ideas. Yet the father is one of the film's heroes, endorsed *because* of his failings rather than in spite of them. That such a father is bound to alienate an intelligent and questioning son proves, in the film's logic, not the tragedy of stupidity but the danger of intelligence.

To the father, and to the film-makers, the two younger sons represent ideal contrasts to the finicky, mincing John. These are hefty blond athletes, former halfbacks on the high-school team (John might have been saved, one realizes, if only he had gone out for college sports), and now infantry corporals headed for Korea. The more one sees of the explosive, bumbling father and the intense, unpredictable mother, the less likely it seems that they could have produced such bland untroubled extroverts. But McCarey makes excellent use of the boys to establish an all-American family atmosphere in contrast to the unhappy effect of the prodigal son. The film opens on a beautifully luminous long shot of the small-town street with the boys tossing a football in front of their house. As the camera comes closer, one of them poises the ball for a long throw but instead slyly tosses it sideways to take the watching father unawares. This act and the joshing it provokes, like the later slap on the mother's rump administered by one of the boys to break up a sentimental leave-taking, are liberties within the proper bounds of filial feeling. The rough-and-ready physical extroversion, the very vulgarity of the slap, are tokens of essential good nature and respectfulness; whereas John's precise, taunting, carefully polite manner reveals the intellectual's disdainful sense of his own superiority to his less schooled parents.

In the role of John, Robert Walker displays an uncanny power to electrify the screen with cold embarrassment. Partly a carry-over from his previous role in Alfred

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Hitchcock's *Strangers on a Train* (after Walker's death, a few gaps were filled with shots that had been made for the earlier film), the effeminacy of certain gestures, and the insinuating way in which he half-smilingly stares his parents down are certainly also in accord with the film's vision of the intellectual as unwholesome. Walker's handling of sardonic lines and his miming of controlled mental outrage at his father's brasher crudities do give a certain authenticity to his portrait of an intellectual. But despite the film's attempt to portray him as a dangerously brilliant thinker, John is, on the evidence offered, a rather half-baked ideologue, sporting banalities of scientism as testimony to his advanced thinking. This portrait is Leo McCarey's middle-brow refraction of the low-brow's idea of the high-brow.

WALKER'S exacerbated characterization of the skeptic son is matched by the strange performance of Helen Hayes as the hallowed symbol of American motherhood. The original intention of the role, as one reads it in the screenplay, is to show the mother as vivacious and whimsical, to make her symbolic virtues concrete rather than diffuse. But the script also describes her as a woman in menopause, and Helen Hayes has applied herself to this aspect of the role with such intensity that her most prosaic gestures suggest more than the normal disturbance. Her quivering continuous facial movement, her rolling of the eyes, her uncontrollable grimaces are not clearly related to any visible stimuli, but bespeak a troubled, diffuse, wayward internal life. It is almost as if Miss Hayes sensed the driving irrationality behind the film and decided to give it its due.

But her neurotic behavior may serve the additional function of confusing the questionable motherly feelings which in the end drive her to testify against her son to the FBI. This act carries with it the curious suggestion that she is disowning John and adopting as her true spiritual son in his place the FBI agent played by Van Heflin. The film was made in a spirit of strong Catholic piety (although it can by no means be taken as presenting an official Catholic viewpoint, which one would expect to be a good deal more carefully reasoned and compassionate), and it is perhaps the Catholic mother's traditional desire for her son to become a priest that accounts for her attraction in the film to the FBI man. For as the film unfolds, it is this government agent who adopts the role of the priest. The actual parish priest, played by Frank McHugh, is a simple ineffectual figure, obviously out of his depth in politics and never in the film confronted with the central political issue. The FBI agent, by contrast, is firm and wise, acting as guide to the mother and eventually as confessor to the errant son. It is he who expounds to the mother the meaning of Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln, and the Arlington dead, and who draws for the graduating class the moral of John's final statement. ("The evil that men do lives after them," he begins, and his voice fades out as the parents go to chapel to pray for John.)

The continuing trick of *My Son John* is to use the symbols of religious, national, and domestic piety as a bludgeon against any kind of pluralistic thinking. Even the photography is directed toward a single anti-human thematic effect. Both interior and exterior shots are almost supernaturally limpid and still, as if daylight were being filtered through the clerestory of a cathedral. In contrast to the homes in such films as *Since You Went Away*, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, and *I Want You*, which also vaunted middle-class virtues, the home in *My Son John* is treated as an immaculate place of worship. There is no cluttter in this home, nothing obtrudes carelessly on any table or bureau surface, nothing is out of place. And the film's antiseptic vision of the physical home is only one aspect of its antiseptic vision of the problems of mind and religion and politics.

What finally vitiates the film is the high arrogance, and even more the patronizing condescension with which it tries to redeem the philistine, the Babbitt, and the vigilante. This is not the work of simple men made desperate and defensive by their inability to understand or cope with a threatening and complicated world. The makers of the film are sophisticated men who know how outrageously simple-minded their "good" characters are. But in a fervor of doctrine and Machiavellianism, they have decided to defend precisely what is intellectually outrageous, assuring the benighted that ignorance, violence, and bigotry are divine gifts.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

WHAT AMERICANS GET OUT OF COLLEGE

Higher Income—and What Else?

NATHAN GLAZER

THE uniqueness of America is nowhere more apparent than in the fact that the college-educated group, which in most countries of the Western world is the elite, is here a mass. There were in this country, five years ago, four and a half million college graduates, a figure which has been increasing at the rate of about 400,000 a year. There were at that time, in addition, five and a half million who had had some college education.

It is not easy to grasp immediately the significance of these figures. For example, if we were to assume that college graduates, or at least a sizable proportion of them, have been furnished with some of the cultural interests and skills that institutions of higher learning have traditionally considered it their business to teach, then it should not be unreasonable to expect a serious magazine to reach a circulation of a half million, a serious book to sell 50,000 copies—these are indeed moderate estimates when we consider that the college teachers alone number 200,000. One might expect to see, considering this mass audience of more than ten million persons who have taken at least a few college courses, a chain of radio and television stations rivaling the BBC's Third Program—and one might expect to see it pay for itself. (The estimated audience of the Third Program in England is about equal to the number of its university graduates—both figures are probably around 300,000.)

But clearly, whatever it is that some sixteen years of expensive education have done for millions of college graduates, its effect has not been to produce such a cultural scene in America. Indeed, when we look over the most extensive study yet made of the American college graduate* we are not surprised—at any rate, too surprised—to find that the whole vast range of questions dealing with culture and education (in its dictionary sense) has been ignored. What does the college graduate read? What books does he buy, what magazines does he subscribe to, what does he think of the state of American culture, how does he compare, in interests or intelligence, with other Americans? Admittedly some of these questions are not easy to handle with the standard instruments of social study, but even the easy ones (for example, how many read *Time*) are ignored in this report, even if they were asked in the original questionnaire.

What is not ignored are three things—money, marriage, and political opinions—and of these it is the first that is the chief and overwhelming concern of this book. How much does the college graduate make? In what industries and occupations does he make most? What in his background determines how successful he is to be?

NATHAN GLAZER's most recent article in COMMENTARY was "Why Jews Stay Sober," which appeared in this department last February. Mr. Glazer, associate editor of COMMENTARY, was born in New York in 1923, is a graduate of the City College of New York, and holds a master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania. He is co-author, with David Riesman and Reuel Denney, of *The Lonely Crowd;* and, with David Riesman, of *Faces in the Crowd,* soon to be published by Yale University Press.

* *They Went to College: The College Graduate in America Today,* by Ernest Havemann and Patricia Salter West, "based on a survey of U.S. college graduates made by *Time* Magazine and analyzed by the Columbia University Bureau of Applied Social Research" (Harcourt, Brace, 277 pp., $4.00).

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That such a question can be the main concern of this book is indeed a tribute to the democratization of higher education in America, and presumably of the access to higher vocations to which this education opens the door. In England, where it is taken for granted that the university student is either a member of a class which will fill the best positions of society, or a selected member of a lower class who is being assimilated to the ruling elite, it is probably inconceivable that such a question could be taken as the main focus of interest—the answer would be obvious. But in a country where it is possible for not much less than 20 per cent of the children of workers and farmers to attend college, as one study shows, it has become a matter of some interest just what the "cash value" of a college education is.

In any case, the question is now answered. The median income of men with a college degree at the time of this study (1947) was $4,689; that for all employed men was $2200. While 13 per cent of all U.S. non-college graduates were proprietors, executives, and managers, some 34 per cent of the college graduates held those positions. And while 3 per cent of non-graduates were professionals of all types, a full 50 per cent of college men were professionals. Only 5 per cent of the college men were manual workers, against 58 per cent of the non-college population, and, even as workers, college men did much better than the average—their median income was still $4200 a year. The women graduates, of course, make much less—but they too are overwhelmingly professionals and managers and executives, and those of them who are housewives are married to men who make at least as much as the average college graduate. In addition, while the income of all U.S. males reaches a peak during the ages from thirty-five to forty-four, the college man can expect to keep on increasing his income as he gets older—since it depends on intellectual skill or managerial position, rather than physical skill or strength.

Some interesting problems emerge when we examine the question of income in more detail. The most prosperous of the college graduates are the doctors, lawyers, and dentists. Of the doctors, 57 per cent had incomes of more than $7500 a year. Of all those working in business, on the other hand, only 25 per cent made more than $7500. This preeminence in earning power of professionals over businessmen is a little surprising; but of course the people in business include clerks, salesmen, and workers, as well as owners and managers. If we take only business proprietors and executives, and limit ourselves to those over forty, at which point presumably such anomalies as the boss's son who is learning the business at $30 a week are eliminated, we find that the businessman does just about as well as the professional. This is still somewhat unconvincing—but we must realize that the business executives so defined still include a most heterogeneous group, not broken down further. The graduate of Podunk State Teachers who is a small-town storeowner is still recorded as a business proprietor. In a study of the Harvard class of 1926 (*The Life and Opinions of a College Class,* by Cornelius Dubois and Charles J. V. Murphy, Harvard University Press, 1951), the occupational figures are broken down more finely: and there we discover, more satisfactorily, that manufacturing proprietors rank first, advertising agency executives second, manufacturing executives third, owners of banking and financial institutions fourth, and doctors and business lawyers fifth and sixth.

The contrast between the Harvard graduates of 1926 and the figures of *They Went to College* suggest to us that the over-all prosperity of the mass of college graduates demands a finer analysis—and indeed this study indicates quite clearly that there are two very distinct kinds of college graduates in terms of success, even though it is not easy to say where one type stops and the other begins. The college man who went to a well-known college and was supported by his parents is very different from the man who went to an unknown school and worked his way through it. The graduates of the big three (Harvard, Yale, and Princeton) had a median income of $7,365. At the other end of the scale, if we leave out the graduates of Ivy League schools, leading Eastern colleges, leading technical colleges, and the Big Ten, the median drops some $3,000. Almost half of the Harvard class of 1926 did not work at all while going through college—nationally, only 17 per cent were this fortunate. The authors of *They Went to College* carefully follow the careers of those who worked while in college and those who did not, and discover those who worked are less often in the favored occupations, and they make less money regardless of the occupations they are in. Class distinctions are more difficult to locate in America, but here too, the

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complex of the right family* and right school makes itself felt in later life.†

EVEN more sobering is the clear indication in these studies that the college man is not likely to be as favored in the future as he was in the past. For example, with the ballooning of college enrollment, we find that an ever smaller proportion of graduates end up as well-paid professionals. The long-range trend is presented most sharply in an earlier *Time* study of college graduates (F. Lawrence Babcock, *The U.S. College Graduate,* Macmillan, 1941), which showed that while 20.5 per cent of graduates over forty were in medicine or dentistry, this proportion had dropped to 7 per cent for those under thirty. One quarter of the graduates in this earlier study were found to be doctors, dentists, or lawyers; seven years later, only 16 per cent of the graduates were in these professions.

And this decline, *They Went to College* demonstrates, has hit the student who has worked his way through college, the student from the poorer family, rather than all students alike. If we consider the history of working students alone, we find that 27 per cent of those over fifty are in the three leading professions; while only 13 per cent of those under thirty have entered them. There has been no similar decline for those students who were family-supported.

These figures suggest, if only obliquely, what has happened to the meaning of a college education in this country. In 1900 we had half the population we have today, and one-tenth the number of college students. The college student was a much rarer person, and, in retrospect, it appears that society could afford to do much more for him, even if he was poorer, and even if he belonged to the less favored newcomers. David Riesman, writing in this magazine last December, pointed out that before the First World War such students, just because there were fewer of them (and, we might add, for this reason alone they must have been more gifted), and because, too, the occupation of college teacher was less one of a number of promising fields proposed by a vocational counsellor and more an occupation selected out of love of teaching and learning—these poorer students could hope in college to gain the friendship and interest of truly distinguished men. One thinks of how immigrants like Bernard Berenson, Felix Frankfurter, and Selig Perlman were received at a time when the colleges were in much greater measure reserved for the rich, and there were few scholarships or fellowships to tempt the impoverished. Yet those favored few who, under these circumstances, were admitted within the pale, received the same opportunities as those who belonged there by birth. Their later life showed they had no less success than other students. Paradoxically, as their numbers have risen, as they have found more and more in the way of institutional help, they have become more sharply distinguished from those students who come from more prosperous and established families. Such, at any rate, is one way in which the figures we have cited may be read.

IT IS not surprising that this large body of relatively prosperous men who are college graduates should hold conservative views. We find that a full 72 per cent believe that "democracy depends fundamentally on the existence of free enterprise." On the other hand, it is an enlightened conservatism. There is considerable support of international cooperation: 78 per cent believe that "the UN should have the right to make conclusions which would bind members to a given course of action." They are tolerant conservatives: 86 per cent disagree with the statement "children of minority groups or other races should play among themselves," and 80 per cent agree "all Americans—Negroes, Jews, the foreign-born, and others—should have equal opportunity in social, economic, and political affairs." In America, all our studies show,

* Twenty-one per cent of the Harvard class of '26 had fathers who had themselves gone to Harvard; 54 per cent had fathers who had graduated from college, as against 26 per cent in the national sample.

† It is perhaps characteristic that the discussion of income in *They Went to College* completely ignores the question of father's income and occupation, and the problem of the role of inherited wealth in determining future wealth and occupation. We in America like to believe that inherited property can play only a small part in affecting one's prosperity, and in consequence little has been done to study it. The Harvard study does have interesting material on unearned income—which of course need not be from inherited property since these men are now in their late forties and have had a chance to turn earned income into income-earning investments. The figures show that 45 per cent of the class have no unearned income; for 22 per cent, unearned income makes up at least 15 per cent of total income; and for 4 per cent, it makes up at least 75 per cent of total income.

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the educated and the wealthy (the latter to a somewhat lesser degree) are enlightened on matters of race and religion, and on international questions, while conservative in domestic politics. This is something that those of us who were raised on the history of the Dreyfus affair and German anti-Semitism find it hard to become accustomed to. We expect the wealthy to be anti-Semitic, for example, while all our evidence shows that it is the lower classes, who were the political supporters of the Jews in France and Germany, who in America hold (or at least express) the strongest anti-Semitic feelings.

The quality of the conservatism of the educated in this country is a subtle matter, and perhaps most modulated in the highest social strata. It is revealing to see in the Harvard class of 1926 that Whittaker Chambers is disliked a bit more than Senator Joseph McCarthy (the order of the most disliked men: John L. Lewis, Henry Wallace, Chambers, and McCarthy; the men liked most, in order: General Marshall, President Conant, the late Senator Vandenberg, Herbert Hoover, Alfred Einstein). These are men who, in their undergraduate days and after, looked on Russia and socialism with some favor, and their turn against both would seem to have in it more the enlightenment that comes with facts and experience than the hardening of opinions that comes with age and financial success. Indeed, a good number of these men still find it possible to identify with Alger Hiss, who went through Harvard Law School about the time many of those who answered this questionnaire did: 15 per cent are still in doubt as to his guilt, and 11 per cent say flatly they do not think he is guilty.

In general, however, it is not easy to get a coherent political and social outlook from the questions asked in these studies. The most obvious questions are the easiest to ask (the Harvard study shows considerably more ingenuity in its questions than *They Went to College*): when it becomes a matter of going beyond the cliché that has been presented for comment, of trying to understand the meaning of acceptance or rejection of the cliché, the simple statistics do not help us very much. At that point, it has become typical for contemporary social research, leaning on the questionnaire, to reprint the comments written in the spaces provided, with little or no effort to structure them or grasp their meaning. The questionnaire is inevitably deficient in supplying meaning: this we must supply as best we can from our own, unquantified, experience.

THIS is most notably the case when we come to the interesting differences that distinguish the Jewish college graduates from the non-Jewish. Why, for example, do we find that only 23 per cent of the Jewish college women are unmarried, as against 31 per cent for the Protestant, and 48 per cent for the Catholic? Here even experience fails this writer —I can think of no explanation, unless that it may be a statistical illusion created by the fact that there are fewer Jews among the older college women, who as a body come from a generation in which, as the study shows, a very large proportion of them did not marry at all.

Other facts about the Jewish students are easier to understand but still present mysteries. We read that only 12 per cent of the Jewish graduates attend religious services regularly as against four times that many Protestants and seven times that many Catholics. These figures are no surprise to informed observers. But how are we to understand them? Consider the apparently contradictory evidence of the Harvard study. The Harvard questionnaire asks the '26 men in what religion they were brought up, and what they now consider themselves. And paradoxically enough, the Jews show the strongest attachment to the parental religion, 81 per cent of them still considering themselves Jews, while every other religion shows a smaller proportion. Of course what we have here is the confusion of the modern world in dealing with the term "Jew." The Harvard study asked in terms of religion, and the Harvard Jewish men answered in terms of a vague ethnic identification. A religion which is a set of views can be shed easily, but one which is the expression of a national—or rather tribal—ethos remains persistently attached even when its carriers do nothing to indicate their attachment. One may perhaps interpret the phenomenally low figure of Jewish religious observance this way: the Jewish religion, with its emphasis on ritual laws, was peculiarly unadapted to the contemporary world, and the first and second generation fell away from its observance. But if this is so, this study may have hit Judaism when it was in a trough between the orthodox religion largely abandoned, and the modified religion that is beginning to emerge. Today Judaism shows strong signs of a power of acculturation which, while it may fail to overcome theologi-

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cal and spiritual difficulties, succeeds in creating congregations parallel to those of other American religions. Ten years from now, I would guess, the figure of Jewish observance will be much higher, and Judaism may yet acquire the same respectable pallor that characterizes the older Protestant denominations. The vigor of American Catholicism seems quite beyond Judaism and Protestantism.

The most interesting item of information about the Jewish college graduates comes—again—in the sphere of money. The Jews are more prosperous than the Protestants, and far more prosperous than the Catholics. For one thing, they are concentrated in the better-paying professions and in the positions of proprietor, manager, and executive—in comparison with the non-Jews, only few of them are teachers, white-collar workers, and manual workers. This alone would be enough to raise the income of the average Jewish college graduate. But even within the ranks of the professionals and proprietors, managers, and executives, they have a higher income. The authors of *They Went to College* suspected that this might be an effect of the fact that the Jews are concentrated in the large cities, where average income is greater. But testing this suspicion they discovered that big-city Jewish graduates made more than big-city Protestant and Catholic graduates—and so did small-town Jewish graduates.

The remarkable prosperity of the Jews in America is a fact that cannot be disputed (see, for additional evidence, my article "What Sociology Knows About American Jews," in this department, March 1950). What are its causes, and what it means—there we are helpless. In part, it is an effect of Jewish urban concentration; in part, of Jewish occupational concentration. But all this supplies an only incomplete explanation, as we have just seen. Beyond these statistical explanations there is some psychological or social factor; many may be proposed, none as yet seems adequate to the fact.

Finally, the Jews diverge from the other college graduates in their political opinions. Republicans are rarer among the Jews than among Southern college graduates—6 per cent of the former, as against 9 per cent of the latter, label themselves Republicans. Two-thirds of the Jewish graduates are classified by the researchers as New Dealers, on the basis of a number of questions, against about one-third of the Protestants and Catholics. Three-quarters are classified as tolerant, as against two-fifths of the Catholics and one-third of the Protestants. Two-thirds are classified as "internationalist" as against less than two-fifths of the non-Jews.

Thus, even though they have abandoned their ancient law, the Jews remain in America, at least in one respect, a peculiar people, breaking the sociological generalization that decrees that, the more prosperous, the more conservative. Again, various theories spring to mind: perhaps their prosperity is too recent to affect the attitudes appropriate to poverty; perhaps their prosperity comes from trades and pursuits which gain from liberal policies—Marxists once made great use of this point to explain why not all businessmen were supporters of "fascism"; perhaps their liberalism is a guilty atonement for their unaccustomed wealth. At the present stage of our knowledge, the brute fact is more interesting than any conceivable theory.

WE HAVE reviewed only some of the material in *They Went to College* and *The Life and Opinions of a College Class*. There is more that is entertaining or interesting or both. What emerges from these books, however, is unfortunately only a very external portrait. The Harvard study tries harder, and goes deeper. Perhaps it gets closest to the type of man the American college at its best will help make when it asks: What do you consider to be the most annoying thing in your everyday life? Sure enough, "finances and bills" head the list, but high up, too, we find "traffic, crowds, noise," "commuting," "not enough time," "telephone," "subways." Even with their median of $12,000 a year, these men, it seems, would like more time to consider themselves, rather than only their incomes and prospects. Perhaps the next time *Time* sends out a 13-page questionnaire it should give them greater opportunity to do so.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

"Civil Liberties": 1952

To the Editor of Commentary:

You have performed a first-rate public service by publishing Mr. Irving Kristol's trenchant and illuminating article on "'Civil Liberties,' 1952—A Study in Confusion" (March 1952). One has no trouble with Communists. One doesn't, as a rule, even meet them. Our present difficulty is with the equivocal liberal who, as Mr. Kristol says, "never was a Communist nor ever will be," but who poisons the intellectual life, on and off campuses, by his tireless innuendo that the Soviet dictatorship is in some way allied to libertarianism. It is he, of course, who plays into the hands of the McCarthy forces by being, when sought out and probed, precisely what in his coarser way McCarthy wants him to be.

May I add two observations on this crucial matter? One is that the equivocal liberal, while repudiating the present results of certain theories and techniques in Soviet Russia, continues to preach and, as a teacher, to inculcate those identical theories and techniques. He speaks of convicted traitors as doubtless constructively guilty but heroic and idealistic in character. He shows no awareness of the grave circumstance that these people betrayed not only their country but the entire tradition of humanism, of freedom, of what simple-minded persons still call goodness.

My second observation is this. It is this equivocal liberal, pursuing his old means while strategically repudiating the ends to which they have demonstrably led, who raises the hue and cry concerning the loss of freedom to teach and freedom to learn in American colleges and universities. The only teacher and scholar, the only type of student who is still forced into a defensive position on American campuses today, is the conservative teacher or student, the religious teacher or student; such are still at least atmospherically made to feel that they are "reactionary" in the silly sense, "old hat," and that what is "new" and "progressive" is that group of now withered fallacies and fanaticisms which, first in the guise of National Socialism, next in the guise of later Soviet empire, have produced crimes and horrors without parallel in history.

Ludwig Lewisohn
Chairman, Department of English
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

As one who considers himself a radical, not a liberal, I agree with Irving Kristol in his blasting of those who, as someone once said, "are so open-minded that their brains fall out." I feel however that one question should be asked, a question which Mr. Kristol seems to handle too lightly. That question is: what happens to the men and women of integrity "with unpopular views" who do express themselves "stubbornly, in disregard of the consequences," as he advises?

Mr. Kristol knows of such cases. He writes of the "less than a handful of cases where non-Communists have been unjustly fired as 'Reds.'" He mentions that at the University of California "several dozen . . . teachers found the idea of a special loyalty oath . . . so offensive and intolerable that they exercised their constitutional right to refuse to swear it, and consequently had to seek other employment." Tsh, tsh, his attitude seems to be, there is nothing sinister or dangerous in such happenings.

I feel a bit deeply on this subject because two of my friends lost their jobs because of the loyalty oath. One, a man who as far back as 1942 led a successful intra-organizational fight against Communist domination, refused to sign and thereby lost his job with a county weed-eradication crew! The other, a teacher, signed but was fired because he appended a statement giving his reasons for opposing the oath. I wonder how many hundreds of other "unknowns" . . . have been sacrificed thus. . . .

Joseph Gunterman
Gridley, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Kristol's article is a real contribution which I have read with deep interest and profit. I think it goes to the heart of our basic problem. I agree heartily with his thesis, while venturing to reserve judgment as to some of his comments on the particular citations—this latter as a matter of detail only.

Ernest Angell
Chairman, Board of Directors
American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

First of all, let me congratulate you on Mr. Kristol's really brilliant article. It represents the

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kind of honest, tough-minded thinking that can do much to clarify the difficult and challenging issues that we now face.

My office is ordering for distribution to our Information Offices in Western Europe and Southeast Asia a number of reprints of your four excellent articles on Communism in the March issue.

HERBERT HARRIS
Chief, Planning and Research
Office of Information
Mutual Security Agency
Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was glad to read Mr. Irving Kristol's article on "Civil Liberties." Quite apart from its substance, it was extremely well written. Congratulations.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Your managing editor's article on "Civil Liberties" forces on me a disagreeable task—the writing of a "letter to the Editor." There can no longer be any doubt that Stalinism is an authoritarianism as monstrous as fascism. Nor that Commager is exceedingly naive. But to lump Commager with Chafee, Douglas, and Biddle is to employ the totalitarian amalgam, par excellence.

Since reading Irving Kristol's article I've reread Douglas and Chafee and heard Chafee lecture. They may lack Kristol's virulence but they show an awareness of the nature of Stalinism every whit as intelligent.

The really ominous portent in Kristol's article, however, is his lighthearted casualness about the fate of the nonconformist. He makes no distinction between the "conspirator" who teaches arithmetic in the grade school and the conspirator in the Transport Workers Union working in a power plant. Were not the early Christians in the catacombs of Rome "conspirators"? And why are they not universally condemned? Because we look to the acts they were conspiring to perform. The test in a democracy still should be "clear and present danger to effect an imminent overthrow." Kristol urges Communists or pro-Communists to gladly forswear their jobs in the propagation of their cause. He is in no danger of being fired, nor am I. It is very easy for us to condemn our ideological opponents to joblessness. But has he forgotten that totalitarianism is always classically enforced by the power to fire the nonconformist—witness Mussolini and Hitler, to say nothing of Stalin?

CONRAD J. LYNN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have read with keen interest and appreciation your excellent issue of the March 1952 COMMENTARY. You are doing a grand job in getting out a monthly with such invaluable material.

I was especially impressed with the article entitled "'Civil Liberties,' 1952—A Study in Confusion." I don't know of a single subject or problem confronting our country about which there has been so much confusion—spontaneous as well as deliberate. Mr. Kristol's article is a permanent contribution to clarification of thought and to sound courageous policy.

JAY LOVESTONE
Executive Secretary
Free Trade Union Committee
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Kristol has done a fine job, an effective one, but is not his indictment of the liberals rather familiar these confusing days? I wouldn't deny anything that he states—perhaps I couldn't, even if I wanted to! Rather would I like to join hands with him and with good men everywhere, to find the way out of the muck and mess of a world fallen into chaos and decay. We liberals ought to be showing the way, as on occasion we have done before. But a strange apathy seems to beset us, as a result of the failure which we share with mankind. But perhaps we will wake up in time, especially under the shock of such an article as this in COMMENTARY.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
The Community Church of New York
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I find Kristol's piece provocative all right; it is in line with some of the things that Peter Viereck has been doing, and it is refreshingly free from any insinuations that those who defend civil liberties (even if they defend them in the wrong way or the wrong places) must be tainted. Yet I cannot believe that the civil libertarians, if they follow clichés, are following clichés "invented by the Communists." They have done their own inventing. But certainly the assumptions need to be continually re-examined.

AUGUST HECKSCHER
New York *Herald Tribune*
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

You have performed a magnificent service in printing the first four articles in your issue of March 1952. It is high time that the case for civil liberties in America, which is very strong, should be stated by people who understand what

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civil liberties mean in our modern society and how they must be defended. We shall become worse and worse defeated in our defense of civil liberties if we leave them to the rather sentimental professional "liberals" who cannot shake off the emotional complex which affected most of us so strongly in the years between 1917 and 1939. I know from my own experience that the process is a difficult one, but the difficulty scarcely excuses the continuing performance of some of these liberals.

However, I am keenly aware of another necessity in the struggle for civil liberties which you, I hope, in future issues will help us to meet: a vigorous and documented criticism of McCarthy and McCarthyism. Unquestionably McCarthyism is destructive of the values upon which freedom of culture depends. Our cultural war for freedom cannot be won by tactics as nearly imitative of Communism as those of Senator McCarthy and others of his ilk.

I should like to see COMMENTARY develop this thesis as brilliantly as it has developed other pertinent theses in the four articles on which I am congratulating you. What I am saying is doubtless implicit, or, indeed, to some extent explicit, in the articles. But it needs emphasis in the current American situation.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Irving Kristol's "'Civil Liberties,' 1952—a Study in Confusion" is a first-rate piece of work.

PAUL BIXLER
Chairman of the Editorial Board
Antioch Review

Yellow Springs, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Irving Kristol's article reflects the author's own confusion far more than that of the "liberal" position on civil liberties which he purports to analyze. What better illustration of his confusion could there be than the author's proud boast that he is a "displaced person," a neutral, in the current struggle between Senator McCarthy and such liberal writers as William O. Douglas, Zechariah Chafee, Alan Barth, and Francis Biddle?

The burden of Mr. Kristol's article is that the American liberal today is not anti-Communist enough to suit him; he accuses the liberal of looking "at Communism out of the left corner of his eye," having an "irrepressible inclination to wink" at it, rejecting it as "a preliminary gesture" and "floating credential." But what of the record of Americans for Democratic Action which, having repeatedly excluded Communists and fellow-travelers from its own ranks, led the successful drive to expose and deflate the Progressive party as an arm of Soviet foreign policy? What of the anti-Communist records of the American Civil Liberties Union and the American Veterans Committee? What of the CIO's action in ridding itself of all vestiges of the Communist influence? Who is this hypothetical liberal Mr. Kristol finds too soft towards Communism? It certainly is no spokesman of organized liberalism in America today.

Is it then such writers as Biddle, Chafee, Douglas, and Barth who are not anti-Communist enough for Mr. Kristol? Since Alan Barth seems to be his pet whipping boy in this regard, let's see how his charges stack up against Barth's book on civil liberties, *The Loyalty of Free Men.*

Take for example this paragraph from the article, which illustrates its general distortion. I quote the paragraph in full:

"Did not the major segment of American liberalism, as a result of joining hands with the Communists in a Popular Front, go on record as denying the existence of Soviet concentration camps? Did it not give its blessings to the 'liquidation' of millions of Soviet 'kulaks'? Did it not apologize for the mass purges in 1936-38, and did it not solemnly approve the grotesque trials of the Old Bolsheviks? Did it not applaud the massacre of the non-Communist left by the GPU during the Spanish Civil War? All this carries no weight with Alan Barth who knows that, though a man repeat the Big Lie, so long as he is of a liberal intention he is saved. On the participation of non-Communists in Communist fronts during the 30's, he writes: 'In the main, their participation, while it lasted, was not only innocent but *altogether* praiseworthy' (my italics)."

Although I do not have Mr. Kristol's facility for national nose-counting, there is not a single one of his rhetorical questions which should not, in my judgment, be answered with an emphatic negative. The major segment of American liberalism did not join hands with the Communists in a Popular Front and therefore did not go on record as denying the existence of Soviet concentration camps. Neither did it bless "liquidation" of the "kulaks," nor apologize for the mass purges, nor approve the trials of the Old Bolsheviks, nor applaud the massacre of the non-Communist left by the GPU during the Spanish Civil War. Insofar as there was a Popular Front, the Communists temporarily, for their own purposes, paid lip service to liberal aims in order to get into the New Deal act.

Mr. Kristol is guilty of gross carelessness, if not something worse, in saying that "all this carries no weight with Alan Barth." Respecting Russian concentration camps, for example, Mr. Barth had this to say (*The Loyalty of Free Men,*

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p. 23): "It can scarcely be disputed, however, that in Russia totalitarianism has ruled by terror, and individual liberty as we conceive it has been extinguished. The real guilt of the American Communists—a guilt they share as individuals in varying degrees—has been their willingness to close their eyes to this reality and to regard the suffering and degradation of millions of human beings as incidents in the journey to their classless Nirvana."

Respecting the "kulaks," Mr. Barth's book contains this passage, pp. 28-29: "Taught to believe that the American press printed lies about Russia, the intellectuals refused to credit one story that was documented more fully with each passing year.

"It was the story of the 1932-33 famine in the Ukraine that resulted from one feature of the first Five Year Plan: the forced collectivization of the peasants. For hundreds of thousands or millions of Ukrainians the collective drama had ended in a mass tragedy."

Respecting the part played by the GPU during the Spanish Civil War, Mr. Barth's book observes (p. 30): "The part played by Russia in the Spanish tragedy ended ignobly. One can see from the vantage point of a later decade that the Loyalist cause, after being aided by Communist support, was eventually corrupted by it."

Finally, it seems worthwhile to quote the context from which Mr. Kristol wrenched the single sentence which he quoted respecting the participation of non-Communists in Communist fronts during the 30's. This is what Mr. Barth wrote:

"Lack of good sense or judgment or experience, not lack of loyalty, is the worst charge that can be brought against most of the men and women who, by the hundreds of thousands, joined various 'front' organizations during the 1930's. They didn't want to overthrow the government; they wanted to help in good causes, as a civic duty. It is important to remember, moreover, that for the most part these were genuinely good causes at the time these men and women joined them. Some of them subsequently came under Communist domination; and sooner or later the non-Communists, after an attempt to recapture control, left them in disgust. In the main, their participation, while it lasted, was not only innocent but altogether praiseworthy."

Mr. Kristol's article is full of a curious misreading of the past. "Mr. Biddle, like Mr. Barth," he says, "refuses to admit what is now apparent: that a generation of earnest reformers who helped give this country a New Deal should find themselves in retrospect stained with the guilt of having lent aid and comfort to Stalinist tyranny." The charge is an outrageous one, whether applied, as Mr. Kristol applies it, with his enthusiasm for the large generalization, to the whole of the New Deal generation or to Mr. Biddle and Mr. Barth in particular. The New Dealers I knew were busy drafting, administering, and enforcing progressive legislation to make this country safe from Stalinist tyranny —or any other kind of tyranny for that matter. . . .

JOSEPH L. RAUH, JR.

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Permit me to express my sincere appreciation to COMMENTARY for the courageous and forthright analysis of the menace of Communism contained in Irving Kristol's article. Many persons regard themselves as "liberals" (even I plead guilty) and many others wish to be regarded as "liberals." In both groups the "confusion" you pose is a danger.

You are to be complimented for your service in making it possible to recognize the danger and defend against it.

HENRY EPSTEIN

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have just put down the March issue of COMMENTARY and I want to tell you how much I enjoyed it, particularly the Irving Kristol article which merits the widest possible circulation. In the arts, the Kristol article has an appositeness because of the unceasing attempt by the Communist party to penetrate trade union organizations like ours and because of an omnipresent confusion regarding the state of civil liberties in the performing arts. That is why I would like your permission to reprint the article which combines several virtues—a valid point of view, readability, topicality, and, above all, honest liberalism.

Believe me, it's wonderful that a magazine like yours is being published in America today.

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

Director, Public Relations

Associated Musicians of Greater New York

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

First, let me compliment you on Mr. Kristol's brilliantly written article. Its very brilliance, however, adds to confusion in thinking. I feel that he has unwittingly pictured liberals not only as naive and simple but as incredibly stupid.

Some of his statements astound me. He states:

"So long as liberals agree with Senator McCarthy that the fate of Communism involves

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the fate of liberalism . . . we shall make no progress except to chaos."

I have yet to hear any American liberal suggest that the fate of Communism involves the fate of liberalism. Quite the contrary.

He further says that we shall make no progress except to chaos if the liberal concept is adopted that "we must choose between complete civil liberties for everyone and a disregard for civil liberties entirely." Why? The very essence of liberty is that there shall be no discrimination between individuals; that rights should be the same whatever philosophy a man preaches. The Jeffersonian and liberal line is drawn at acts in contradistinction to speech and propaganda, unless these are a direct incitation to violence or violation of law.

With the concluding sentence of his article I believe all liberals will agree:

"He [the liberal] must speak as one of *us*, defending *their* liberties."

This is and always has been the position of the liberals. I remember an incident that occurred in the 20's, when the Communists asked the help of the American Civil Liberties Union in defense of their right to hold meetings. We wrote them a letter, pointing out that we regarded it as rather presumptuous of them to ask us to defend their liberties when they were breaking up the meetings of Mensheviks and Socialists. To this, they replied: "You fellows defend our rights because you believe in free speech. We break up the meetings of others because we don't." Rather impertinent, but logical!

But then he says that the liberals take the risk that they "will be taken as speaking as one of them." Now isn't that just too bad! We are likely to be misunderstood. Would he regard this as any reason for us to give up the principle that free speech is applicable to all men, and that we should judge men by their acts, not by their talk or propaganda?

We think history has shown that the American people are to be trusted. We believe in freedom, not freedom but.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have just completed reading the article by Irving Kristol which the American Committee for Cultural Freedom reprinted from the March issue of Commentary.

I should like to congratulate all three partners in this enterprise—the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, Mr. Kristol, and Commentary. I think he clarifies issues which have been kept in a "mist" far too long. . . .

MILTON D. LEVINE

New York City

To the Editors of Commentary:

The article by Irving Kristol in the March issue of Commentary was excellent. If I have any differences with it, they are slight.

In my opinion, the Communist party and the Communists are out and out conspiratorial agents of a foreign power who act solely on its behalf. We know now that they have always operated on two levels. Overground, insofar as some of their propaganda and recruiting is concerned, but always secretly, and underground insofar as the matters of espionage, sabotage, and, frequently, policy are concerned. The concept that the party has operated in the open because it has never been declared illegal is naive and does not correspond to the facts. It is for that reason that I have, for a number of years, been in favor of direct and simple legislation to make that party illegal. I think legislation can be phrased without being vague and indefinite, or dangerous to any other patriotic movement, be it socialist or even revolutionary, so long as there is no conspiracy or so long as it does not act as an agency of a foreign power. I am opposed to the Smith Act because it is vague and indefinite, and can apply to people other than Communists or agents of a foreign power.

H. WILLIAM FITELSON

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

I want to congratulate Commentary on publishing Irving Kristol's article on civil liberties. It sets forth with acumen and moderation a position that very much needed such statement.

With all the fine contributions Commentary has made to current thinking, this is one of the best.

PAUL R. HAYS
Professor of Law
Columbia University Law School

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

I was delighted that you had the guts to publish Kristol's article. I happen to agree heartily with most of it, but I don't think that is the only basis for my applause. The point is that there are great numbers of decent people who are trying to think their way through to a sensible position on civil liberties for Communists, and who find less and less help in the dogmatic, "official" civil libertarian position. The questions Kristol raised need to be openly discussed among the sort of people who are your readers.

WILLIAM C. BRADBURY
Department of Social Science
The College of the University of Chicago

Chicago, Illinois

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To the Editor of Commentary:

I believe Mr. Kristol's article is an immensely valuable contribution to clear-headed effectiveness in the job of safeguarding civil liberties in America. I think my colleagues on the board of directors of the American Civil Liberties Union will profit from it, and I want to send it to each with a personal letter soliciting their opinions of it.

I would like to congratulate you and the publication committee of your magazine for publishing this significant piece.

Merlyn S. Pitzele
Chairman
New York State Board of Mediation
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

It is difficult to understand what your managing editor, Mr. Kristol, was trying to accomplish in his article about civil liberties published in your March issue. It is, I suggest, trifling with a very serious subject to put so much stress on isolated statements by various liberal writers and yet ignore altogether the positions taken by liberal organizations such as the American Civil Liberties Union and Americans for Democratic Action. I do not believe that any fair reading of the record of liberals justifies his statement that liberals agree with Senator McCarthy "that the fate of Communism involves the fate of liberalism" or that they believe that Communists "are on our side."

It is, of course, true that Communists, at various times and in specific situations, and for reasons of their own, have been "on our side"—and in this respect they have differed completely from fascists. But even in the days of the united fronts there was a general realization among liberals that these alliances with Communists were both temporary and uncomfortable. Certainly as early as 1941, when the Communists applauded the application of the Smith Act to the Minneapolis Trotskyites, it was evident that their ways are not our ways. And even if liberals were not then aware of the full extent of the conspiratorial aspects of the Communist movement, they were well aware of its dogmatic character. And they knew that since dogmatism is anathema to liberalism, the success of Communism would be the end of liberalism.

More basically, however, I believe that Mr. Kristol misses the essence of the problem by suggesting that liberals could divert popular support from the McCarthys by defending the civil liberties of Communists on the score of expediency rather than principle or by being blunt about Communists. For the support of McCarthy derives not from liberals' lack of bluntness about Communists, but from its own narrow views. This was clear as long ago as the time of Martin Dies, when he attacked men like Mr. Justice (then Governor) Murphy. This attitude is part of the Know-Nothing pattern.... It can be met only by constant stress on enlightenment.

Moreover, there are important issues of principle involved in the defense of the rights of Communists. When the American Civil Liberties Union and the Americans for Democratic Action oppose the Smith Act, they do so because they believe that the liberties of all are curtailed by any legislation which punishes advocacy and teaching, even the advocacy of revolution. And they have opposed most of the loyalty investigations and loyalty-oath requirements, not because of their impact on the handful of Communists involved, but because of their deadening effect on the freedom of all.

It must again and again be emphasized that the true liberal has no fear of Communism as a propaganda movement, but does fear the current attempts to curtail the activities even of Communists because he finds such curtailment to be largely motivated toward creating conformity. The liberal has always recognized that insofar as Communists attempt sabotage, espionage, or violence, they should be punished. He rejects the prevalent notion that they be penalized merely for attempts to indoctrinate.

And it is here that the line should be drawn between the liberals and the McCarthys. The liberals would preserve the right to be different, the McCarthys would destroy it. It may well be that liberals can be criticized for not having fully made clear to the American public what is at stake. They evidently have not had a leader of sufficient force and magnetism to do this. But any suggestion that the battle can be waged as one of expediency or on any front other than that of freedom is a disservice.

Osmond K. Fraenkel
American Civil Liberties Union
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Irving Kristol's article comes like a breath of fresh air in the present confused state of mind among liberals. During these serious times, when there is a worldwide struggle going on between the forces of freedom and totalitarianism, it is important for liberals and progressives to maintain a proper balance between the right way and the wrong way of combating totalitarianism. Mr. Kristol's article is a first-rate contribution to this cause.

Charles S. Zimmerman
Secretary-Manager
Dressmakers Union, Local 22
New York City

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To the Editor of Commentary:

Here is another to add to the heap of warmly congratulatory letters I'm sure you received for Mr. Kristol's article. . . .

Apropos of "conformity"—I and many others who earn our livings in radio and television can attest that he is a foolhardy man who openly opposes Communism in far too many offices and studios. Anti-Communism is not yet a safe subject except under almost conspiratorial conditions! . . .

Paul R. Milton

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

My most sincere compliments to Commentary for the courageous and discerning article on confusion on "Civil Liberties." In its penetrating simplicity it has called the turn on the shibboleth-hypnotized liberal multitude who have been hailing the fake garment the Communist tailors of Dooley Street sold to arbiters of American liberal opinion, until you came along to simply shout, as in the old Chinese tale, that "the emperor is naked." . . .

Practically unique among the reviews, Commentary has robustly resisted the blight of compromise with Communist tyranny. It is not accidental that you have achieved the highest sustained standard of contribution and editing of all contemporary review literature. It may seem strange to some that an expression of a cultural minority should be our anchor against the drift to intellectual desuetude, but these are times when tough-minded health is only preserved where there is a strong and old tradition of assertion of reason. Hebraism has a long tradition of resistance to the essentially pagan *and* to the corrupt bastard compromises of those who would mix just a little Baal-worship with the search for the God of righteousness and truth. . . .

Arthur Gladstone McDowell
Director, Department of Civic and Government Affairs
Upholsterers' International Union of North America, AFL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Kristol's piece showed a talent, not common nowadays, for being able to dissect intellectual positions and expose absurdities.

Like him, I have been continually shocked by the double standard of judgment of the "liberals," and by their extraordinary ignorance of Communism and Communist fronts. . . .

I have one major reservation about his piece. He continually states, in various formulas, that Senators McCarthy and McCarran lump "liberals" with Communists, and are after both groups equally. He offers no proof for this assumption.

Isn't such a statement in the nature of a "smear"? I have had considerable experience with the McCarran Committee in operation. In my experience, the Senator and his associates were uniformly fair in their investigations and hearings, and absolutely and promptly obviated any tendency on the part of witnesses to make unsubstantiated charges of "Communist" against this or that Communist-fronter. I believe, on the basis of Mr. Kristol's article, that his charge against McCarthy and McCarran was an unsupported imputation of motives which he *believes* actuate the two Senators.

Like him, I believe Senator McCarthy made grievous mistakes of method. I likewise believe that his early choice of targets was sometimes inept. I might use stronger words than that, were I more familiar with the field of Communist infiltration in government. I am sufficiently familiar with that field only to use the word "inept," a word justified by my knowledge of the facts. I refuse, and I hope Mr. Kristol agrees with me, to lay claim to "liberalism" by the simple expedient of damning McCarthy. That is a kind of popularity-hunting which no true liberal would even be tempted to employ. . . .

Vincent W. Hartnett

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

May I offer congratulations on Mr. Kristol's article? I wish it could be reprinted in large numbers. . . . How can you get to the *insulated* college crowd? That is the tough question. I hope you keep returning to the subject.

Incidentally, I presume that you know that Commager's article quickly became one of the most anthologized essays in college texts—well over twenty in a year or so and I have no idea what the total is by now—and I have hardly ever encountered any adverse criticism of it. . . .

Henry R. Fuller

Fairfield, Connecticut

To the Editor of Commentary:

I wish to extend my appreciation for the publication of the article by Irving Kristol. The telling was badly needed and comes as a welcome assist to liberals who find themselves in a lonely and rearguard battle against Communist and fellow-traveler machinations in those amorphous organizations in which Communists find it to their interest to be active.

One comes up against them in a men's club of a temple, a chapter of one or another of the Jewish defense organizations, a parent-teacher

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association, or in the many innocent-sounding neighborhood councils which Communists create. The Communists and their followers have little trouble getting backing for their seemingly "worthwhile" projects. The issue, of course, is never Communism. The proponent of a particular issue never admits that he speaks as a follower of the Communist party line. The average person is unaware of what is happening, and control of an organization and its policies goes almost by default. . . .

SOL PERRIN

Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations on Irving Kristol's piece. It is a very incisive essay and, I should think, ought to be a primer for all those liberals who wish, for example, realistically to oppose Senator McCarthy without at the same time unconsciously collaborating with him.

RICHARD CHASE
Department of English
Columbia University

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Irving Kristol's plea for sobriety in the defense of threatened civil liberties makes two salutary points. Of the numerous individuals accused of subversive activities in these troubled days, not everyone is innocent and it is unwise for any liberal champion to rush to the rescue before he knows the facts. We must leave this disregard of facts to the other side, since they seem often to be less concerned with the truth than with the publicity they receive or the political capital they make. Your contributor is justified also in his protest against such "liberals" as exhibit an indulgent attitude towards Communism itself, who somehow are ready to overlook its merciless totalitarianism or to condone the conspiratorial devices of the party.

When Mr. Kristol proceeds to divide the political world into two camps, one the McCarthy attackers and the other the Communist apologists, he makes a very unhappy error. The men whom he criticizes in his article are sincere anti-Communists who have no inclination to defend its doctrines. They are much more genuinely anti-Communists than the McCarthy tribe, for they abhor Communist methods and above all the Communist suppression of civil liberties. If on some occasion they defend the civil liberties of Communists themselves, it is not because they believe in Communism but because they profoundly believe in civil liberties, and they know that civil liberties are endangered when they are denied to Communists and are even more grossly endangered when they are denied to those who are accused of being pro-Communist. We allow criminals a fair trial and we do not brand men as criminals before they have been convicted. Might it not be better if we accorded the same civil rights to those who are charged with being "subversive"?

The difference between Mr. Kristol and the men he assails is not their respective attitudes to Communism but the difference of method they would respectively use to combat it. These men know the dangers associated with the agitation for suppressive measures. They do not, like Mr. Kristol, underestimate the reactionary drive for conformism or fail to appreciate that in some quarters the attack on Communism is made a screen for the ousting of the unorthodox. All the newer loyalty oaths—that is, those that are not content with a pledge of loyalty to the Constitution of the United States and of the particular state in which the oath runs—go beyond the mere banning of the Communist party. They all include some wider and more ambiguous offense than party membership. Not very long ago the chairman of the board of a certain university informed me that the minimum requirement they would make was the exclusion of all "Communists *and fellow-travelers*." It is hardly necessary to say that radicals of all kinds and even New Dealers are in certain circles regarded as fellow-travelers. To take another example, a certain state university recently passed a regulation to insure, so it was claimed, that no Communists or "subversive" persons should address the students, and the first person to be banned under the edict was not a Communist but a Quaker.

TO SUPPORT his case, Mr. Kristol directs his power of sarcasm against men of the highest integrity. He accuses advocates of civil liberties of showing "fondness for clichés of Communist manufacture"—a wholly unwarranted statement. They are guided by "bad conscience and stubborn pride." Even when they cite the wisdom of Mr. Justice Holmes their remarks are snidely characterized as "sonorous repetitions." . . . When Francis Biddle makes the proper legal point that an organization hardly fits the description of being subversive if its actual behavior has been exemplary, merely advocating desirable social reforms, Mr. Kristol labels the statement "politically naive." I wonder if Mr. Kristol realizes how distorted is the picture that his article would leave in the mind of any reader who was innocent of knowledge of the matters with which he deals? Would not such a reader come to the conclusion that McCarthy was the bold bad hero who gets away with it every time, while his opponents were a lot of futile, confused, and sometimes trembling apolo-

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gists? This would make his article indeed "a study in confusion."

To support his case Mr. Kristol distorts the intent of some perfectly proper remarks made by the defenders of civil liberties. He quotes, for example, a statement from Zechariah Chafee to the effect that "the membership of organizations formed to bring about change should include some persons who want a great deal of change," and suggests that that shows an intimate agreement between Professor Chafee and the Communists—a totally unwarranted conclusion. In summarizing the viewpoint of Alan Barth in the Hiss-Chambers case he says that for him "Hiss's guilt is problematic and in any case not important." In the passage to which he thus refers Barth states that there is always social utility in the disclosure of the truth and remarks also that "the evidence against him [Hiss] was comprehensive and compelling." He attacks Commager, Barth, and Chafee alike for defending "Lattimore's pro-Communist record," as though these gentlemen were defending Communism instead of coming to the support of a man whose loyalty has been challenged because he had ideas concerning Far Eastern policy based on a program of conciliation with the Chinese Communists, a policy that at the time in question seemed reasonable to many intelligent men, and in the longer retrospect may seem so again. We remark in passing that not only did Messrs. Commager, Barth, and Chafee defend Professor Lattimore but so also did the Senate subcommittee appointed to investigate the charges against him. . . .

In the end Mr. Kristol is good enough to say: "The problem of fighting Communism while preserving civil liberties is no simple one." Indeed it is not and it is decidedly made no simpler by such contributions as Mr. Kristol's.

R. M. MacIver
Francis Lieber Professor of
Sociology and Political Philosophy
Columbia University

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Kristol's article is one of the clearest statements on the subject that I have read.

I should like to comment on his remark that, "There is a false pride, by which liberals persuade themselves that no matter what association a man has had with a Communist enterprise, he is absolutely guiltless of the crimes that Communism has committed so long as he was moved to this association by generous idealism."

The obligation of the joiner of Communist-dominated groups is proportional to the reputation in the community that he has earned before joining. For the greater his standing in society, the more likely is he to be a guide and model for his humbler fellow citizens, and the more deserving of censure is he for carelessly or foolishly lending his name to false fronts.

Of course, organizers of false fronts seek out just such people of good reputation to act as bellwethers to lead the flocks of "innocents" along devious paths to slavery under a foreign dictator. In Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar,* Cassius and Casca discuss the importance of getting "the noble Brutus" to join their conspiracy. Says Casca:

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Israel Koral
Chairman, Mathematics Department
Boys High School

Brooklyn, New York

Mr. Kristol Comments

To the Editor of Commentary:

The purpose of this comment is to clarify certain aspects of my own views that seem open to misinterpretation, and to explore, a bit further, points in my original article which I had there to pass over quickly.

I did not mean to give the impression of being lightheartedly casual about the University of California loyalty oath. I was and am opposed to it, as I am opposed to all loyalty oaths added to the standard pledge to uphold our constitutional form of government. They serve no purpose whatsoever. The first to sign are always the Communists, and it is those non-Communists who oppose them as a matter of conscience who are "rooted out." Still, I think an undue amount of hysteria was generated by the California case, and that "academic freedom" was not involved. A university has, in my opinion, the right to establish a policy of not hiring Communists (or Nazis) or Communist (or Nazi) sympathizers; but in executing this policy, it should rely on the good sense of its department heads, instead of on such a foolish bureaucratic measure as a special loyalty oath. To make any comparison between the California oath—which, insofar as its content was concerned, practically all the faculty could have sworn to in good faith—and the Nazi or Soviet control of education, reveals a startling lapse in one's sense of proportion. To refer to it as a "witch hunt" is to repeat a term that is of Communist invention and whose purpose is to persuade people that the Communist conspiracy is only a figment of a disordered imagination.

I said that the rights to be accorded a Com-

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munist, in addition to his normal constitutional ones (equality before the law, etc.), are not a question of principle but rather of applying principles to concrete problems. Actually, this isn't even a matter of debate, though some of my correspondents seem to think it is. We would all agree that if a president or cabinet member were discovered to be a secret member of the Communist party, there would be grounds for impeachment; we would also agree that there are sensitive posts both in government (atomic energy installations) and out (head of a trade union in a vital industry) from which a Communist may be properly excluded. It is, then, a question of prudence, of where we draw the line. My article made the further point that this line cannot be drawn in the abstract but must be adapted to specific circumstances; it depends on *which* right and at *what* time and place. For example: though every citizen has a traditional right to obtain an American passport if he demands it, it is nothing less than common sense to withhold this right from a person suspected of being a Communist courier at a time when America and the Soviet Union are not exactly friendly toward each other. To be sure, the suspected person will be loudly indignant—he can hardly be expected to admit to being a courier, if he is one; and it is most unlikely that the FBI will possess the kind of evidence that could make for an espionage indictment, else it would have acted previously. Yet in such cases it seems reasonable to give our government the benefit of the doubt, unless convincing evidence to the contrary is available. Doubtless, governments and bureau administrators being what they are, injustices will be committed in many instances, and these should be sharply condemned until reversed. But no simple general reflex action will suffice; it is a matter of examining the particular facts and knowing where to draw the particular line.

I AM *not* a "neutral" in the struggle between McCarthy and, say, Chafee. I used the term "displaced person," which to my mind is something quite different, and by which I meant to signify that I found that the terms in which their conflict was posed dangerously obscured the real problems. To be critical of two parties to a conflict is not neutral indifference.

As for my fairness or unfairness to Alan Barth or Professor Chafee, I cannot take the space here to make a textual analysis, but will refer the reader to the books themselves and to my criticisms of them. I would say only that, on Alger Hiss, Mr. Barth does speak out of both sides of his mouth; but I preferred to take up his attitude toward Hiss rather than, for example, his fantastic eulogy of Harry Dexter White, on the principle of *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum*.

I am charged with a flagrant misreading of the history of the 30's when I assert that the major segment of American liberalism allowed itself to be used as an echo for the Communist Big Lie. The impression is conveyed that, insofar as there was a united front between Communists and liberals, it was the Communists who opportunistically rode the New Deal bandwagon and that they were chucked overboard when they became obstreperous. Well, I should like to say flatly that this picture is a pure myth; and I should like further to warn that if one wishes to defend the heritage of the New Deal (as I do too, in essential respects) one had better not resort to such a pleasant fairy tale, whose only result can be to discredit the genuine accomplishments of which American liberalism can boast. There are still people whose memories are good enough to recall the imposing list of 400 names signed to a public letter vigorously defending the Soviet regime—published in the *Nation* in the very same issue that announced the Stalin-Hitler pact! American liberalism was grievously infected by Communism during that period; to deny it serves only to encourage a suspicion that the infection has not yet been eliminated. It is interesting to note that in the trade unions, where Communist influence was very powerful until only a few years ago, the anti-Communist leaders did not take cover behind hollow protestations of innocence. Instead, they denounced the Communists in their ranks and threw the rascals out of all positions of influence. It is also interesting to note that "McCarthyism" has in no way been directed against the trade union movement, which tends, if anything, to be too complacent about it. The conclusions to be drawn, I should think, are obvious.

One last, but very important point. Whatever disagreements there may be among liberals about certain actions of the government and other institutions with regard to Communism and Communists, there should be no equivocation about calling a spade a spade. Anyone who wishes to defend the right of a Communist to teach or to direct motion pictures will be listened to respectfully so long as he makes it clear that he knows he is defending Communists, that he despises them, but that he defends them nevertheless. The writers whom I criticized in my article seemed to feel no such obligation; they gave the impression (e.g., in the case of the Hollywood Ten) that to call a Communist a Communist was an indecency they could not bring themselves to perpetrate.

IRVING KRISTOL

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

God and Jewish History

A Social and Religious History of the Jews. Vols. 1 and 2: Ancient Times. By Salo Wittmayer Baron. Second revised edition. Columbia University Press. 415 + 493 pp. $12.50.

Reviewed by William A. Irwin

Here is the majestic epic of the Hebrew people from their vague beginnings far back in the 2nd millennium, onward through the selective process that brought a section of them as historic Israel into the land where they were to shape their destiny, then through the stern discipline of two deep tragedies and "the great schism," as Professor Baron calls the rise of Christianity, and on to the stabilizing work of the sages of the Talmud, where this section of the work breaks off. It is a story inherently impressive, here told with the critical restraint of the experienced historian, but also with a deep feeling that contributes penetrating insight. It is a superb achievement, meriting the highest praise.

As a social as well as religious history, the work is concerned with economic and political circumstances and developments. But in reality the absorbing theme is religion and thought: how the Hebraic faith arose, how it adjusted itself to constantly changing conditions, and, more important, how it served the deepest needs of the people, sustaining them through vicissitudes which not uncommonly attained the poignancy of disaster. At the peril of too easy generalization, one may say that the work is primarily a history of thought: the thought of the foremost intellectual people of the ancient Orient, who became one of the greatest benefactors in the long story of man's quest for ultimate meaning and relevance.

Yet issues of such depth, especially when complicated with the knotty problems of Hebrew history, intrinsically provoke disagreement. At many a point, of greater or less significance, the reader is moved to raise an eyebrow, direct an interrogation, or break into heated argument, which, too, is doubtless a tribute to the excellence of Baron's presentation; and perhaps, too, it may provide a modicum of worth toward further elucidation of the matters he has so ably presented, when free rein is given to these skeptical reactions.

One of the interpretative themes that pervades this work is that Judaism is a historical religion. The essential optimism of the Jewish religion is presented in a fine passage that may well be commended to current amateur philosophers of history, who are often as glib in their accounts of the meaning of history as they are deficient in a knowledge of its facts. Professor Baron writes: ". . . these processes of history [as understood by Judaism] are neither the processes of political victory and conquest . . . nor those of successive defeat and ultimate failure of every human achievement. . . . History . . . is a progression of conspicuous and hidden human and Jewish achievements, of conspicuous and hidden frustrations guided by the inscrutable will of God." This process Professor Baron conceives of as set over against nature; again and again he comes back to the thought.

Excellent as the emphasis is, he greatly overdoes it. Certainly the ancient Hebrews would have been perplexed to recognize their world of thinking in the survey he sketches in his introduction. This antithesis of nature and history is foreign to the world of the Bible. By contrast, the Biblical emphasis is that the God of history is also God of nature. So the story begins in Genesis 1, and so psalm after psalm reiterates in words of telling beauty and religious insight. "Second Isaiah" indeed found that the fact that God is God of nature provides ground for faith in his control of history. Even more significant, the great struggle between the Lord and Baal, which engrossed the best thought of the people from the conquest onward, even beyond the final dissolution in 586 B.C.E., centered about precisely this antithesis.

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But it was the Baalists who stood for the distinction which Professor Baron advocates! Orthodox thought, on the other hand, notably under the stimulus of men such as Elijah, Hosea, and Jeremiah, insisted that for Jewish religion no such dualism is tolerable; the Lord who was known for his might in history was also lord of the processes of nature.

The mistake here lies close to one of Baron's very few unfair appraisals of early Christianity, specifically of the thought of Paul. In general his treatment of the subject is excellent, eminently scholarly in its objective presentation of the facts, so that even a mere *goy* can only voice admiration; in fact he finds delight in the repudiation of so-called "realized eschatology," a notion which is misleading much New Testament thinking of the present day. But when Baron charges that "the entire 'logos' Christology" of the Epistle to the Colossians removed the "personality of the redeemer still further into timelessness," and that "here, intrinsically, was a reaction of the static against the dynamic," he merely fails to recognize Paul's indebtedness at this point, and the debt of the entire "logos" thinking, to the wisdom concept of the Book of Proverbs. In fact Paul identifies Christ with "wisdom" (I Cor. 1:24). Granted the wisdom of God in Proverbs, chapter 8, was "removed into timelessness" (it was with God before creation), was it then static? Quite the contrary! It was the dynamic of man's highest aspirations, and of his constant striving from good to better. Christian philosophy, it is true, did in medieval times move toward a sterile staticism, but let him who is without sin cast the first stone. Maimonides, it is said, likewise rated Aristotle too high as against his Jewish heritage.

But indeed, all this is part of one of the strange deficiencies of the work. Following a history of thought, such as this, one anticipates eagerly the point where due attention will be given to the wisdom literature; but arrived there, the result is disappointing. The essential character of Oriental "wisdom," specifically of Hebraic, Baron fails to discern. Its long course from its earliest manifestations in 3rd-millennium Egypt, through its rise and flowering in Israel, reveals clearly that wisdom was merely the scholarship of the ancient world, secular insofar as anything in that time could be called secular. Like modern scholarship it ranged far, from philosophic speculation to practical details of political and business administration; nonetheless, it is best understood—even Solomon's famous manifestation of it—in terms of adventures of the mind. Hebrew wisdom shared the total deepening of life which the exile entailed for Judaism; consequently it took on a definite religious orientation: the fear of the Lord came to be recognized as the chief concern of wisdom. Yet the notable feature of its expression, early and late alike, was its divorce from organized religion and the cultus. Strangely, Professor Baron wants to make it primarily an activity of the priests, and relate it to study of the Torah. This latter identification certainly came about; but it was a late development and occurred, it would appear, not through priestly influence, but by the inner logic of the movement. The wisdom of God, according to the sages, was the mode and essence of the revelation of God, hence must be identical with the Torah. It was an intellectual identification, not hierarchical.

In the contentious problem of the religion of Moses, Baron sides with conservative thought—as he has an unquestioned right to do if he so chooses. But his position raises all sorts of difficulties. He says that "some sort of universal monotheism had been thought of even before Moses," and on the same page adds that "there is absolutely no evidence for an essential difference between the monotheism of Moses and that of the prophets"—two assertions which when thus put together, as they ought to be, go far to deny any essential significance to Jewish history at all! The consideration must also be weighed that the most outstanding of the varieties of alleged pre-Mosaic monotheism, that of Akhenaton, receives short shrift from so eminent an Egyptologist as John A. Wilson. If it is this sort of obscure "Monophysitism" that Baron wishes to ascribe to Moses, then even a supposedly rabid "critic" has a much higher concept of the meaning and historic place of the great deliverer.

The concept of the priesthood, one feels uneasily, is considerably idealized. It is presented as the golden thread binding together all of Israel's quest and experience of higher things. It was in the Levitic group that the impulse of Moses' work was maintained through the period of the Judges—and this notwithstanding the fact that the only Levites of this period of whom we have any knowledge were base men; one was a dastard (Judges 19:25-29), another

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unprincipled (Judges 18:19-20), and an official, functioning group was thoroughly immoral (1 Sam. 2:12-22). That in some way the great concepts of Moses were preserved by "underground" means through this time, everyone must concede; equally, that in general the priests of the ancient world were of an intelligence above the average. But such evidence as we possess points not to the priesthood but to the incipient prophetic order as the vital element in the religion of this depressing period.

Baron's interest here seems the source of two disquieting features of his presentation. We are astonished to find that a "social history" gives little prominence to the epochal character of the achievements of David and Solomon: in two generations Israel emerged from a simple pastoral economy into the rich, if unbalanced, urbanized life of Solomon's time, the greatness of which is undoubtedly exaggerated by the ancient historian, but nonetheless may not be dismissed. A similar comment relates to Baron's treatment of the prophets. He praises them in fine epithets, but in reality affords them meager significance in the evolution of Hebrew religious and social thought. Instead we are led to look steadily to the priests and the law as the means of all good. Doubtless he does not mean our present Torah, for though voicing some dissent, Baron seems to accept essentially the critical view of its structure, and apparently of its history; still it was an exalted Torah, a true anticipation of the developed one of later time. "The more discriminating leaders, and particularly the prophets, knew that no matter how antagonistic they were to the existing order . . . they must insist on the full validity of the remotest detail of the Mosaic law"—a very strange claim, the more so in view of the fiery denunciations of the cultus which emanated from several of the prophets. Indeed, Baron himself points out this fact. Today it is the mood to deny they really meant their extreme disparagement, but to Baron's credit, not he; thus he writes: "The institution of sacrifice had been frowned upon by the leading prophets of the pre-exilic period." But surely sacrifice was more than "a remotest detail of the Mosaic law"! What then does Baron really mean? In any case it must be affirmed that the Hebraic culture was not the monolithic structure Baron makes it; the priests, while certainly important, were only one of the strands of a diverse fabric.

The figure and work of Ezekiel are treated in essentially traditional terms, except that the view is first tentatively mentioned, and then favored, that he went to Babylonia in 592—which is the worst possible course that may be taken. For it departs from the tradition without, on the other hand, giving attention to the evidence that the prophet was functioning in Jerusalem only a few days before the city fell. One of the notable developments of recent Ezekiel criticism has been the recognition by most scholars who have worked with the problem—including that of this writer—that Ezekiel's ministry began in Palestine, and there he remained and worked through the entire reign of Zedekiah.

Hosts of further questions invite discussion, but already this accumulation of dissent is in danger of throwing the central emphasis out of balance. And that emphasis is that here is history-writing of a high order, and an account of ancient Israel which attains not less than first-rate importance.

The Higher Unfairness

THE GROVES OF ACADEME. By MARY MCCARTHY. Harcourt, Brace. 302 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LESLIE A. FIEDLER

I AM sure that a good deal of the pleasure I find in reading Mary McCarthy arises out of my sense of how offensive she is (and cannot help being) to a certain kind of reader whom it is important that somebody offend. There is a particular kind of "right-thinking" mind that is reduced to a frantic rage not only by what she says, but by her tone, her metaphorical habits, the very shape of her sentences. I should say that it is impossible to have voted for Henry Wallace in 1948 and to admire the cold, underground wit of Mary McCarthy—the wit from which she seems recently to be unhappily relaxing; but which made her drama reviews in *Partisan Review* and her earlier stories so painfully attractive, and which flickers fitfully in *The Groves of Academe*.

Her original gift seems compounded not only of the traditional detached virulence of the satirist (with its roots in self-hatred, and its hostility to pride), but also of the special bitterness of the rebel, grown hard and cagey in his fight against a society which he cannot even persuade to listen to his declaration of war. If in the past Miss McCarthy has often turned

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her cold eye on the individuals and types on her own side of the (theoretical) barricades, it has not mattered finally; since she has flayed and pilloried them from a point of view impossible for the "soft" liberal or literate philistine to share, even for the sake of rejoicing in the discomfiture of a despised category of intellectuals. Mary McCarthy's appeal has been a snob appeal of a particularly fortunate sort, since the group for whom she has written, far from considering themselves a "happy few" have prided themselves on being a very miserable minority indeed—and she has represented with rare agility and grace the ability of that group at once to despise themselves and the society from which they have withdrawn.

THE proper milieu for such a mind was provided by the avant-garde magazines and their readers; and it seems to me that both Miss McCarthy and that milieu have suffered since their separation from each other. As a kind of Apostle to the Gentiles, mingling unnoticed among the contributors to the *New Yorker,* and expounding to its readers (not a few of whom have, of course, always found *Partisan Review,* for example, "negative and trotskyite") the vagaries of "one side of contemporary American intellectual life," Miss McCarthy has tended to lose precisely those troublesome spiritual qualities, once her greatest asset.

I think it becomes (alas!) more and more possible to read her with the sense that *someone else* is always being satirized, and without the acute and embarrassing awareness of the indignity of being human which she once so masterfully controlled. There are basically two kinds of satire, I suppose: the kind that attacks eccentricity with the comfortable feeling that the writer belongs to the group which embodies a true center and norm (this is preeminently represented among us by the *New Yorker*); and the kind that finds the human condition essentially ridiculous. The first kind is often rooted in a smug, conservative sort of optimism (confusingly known in our world as "liberalism"), while the other kind usually tends toward a religious point of view (often concealed in our world under the rubric of "radicalism"). There had always seemed to me the possibility that Miss McCarthy's wit might flower into such a Christian-Swiftian sort of satire, when its bitterness had recognized itself as a sign of humility; but I do not find such a flowering in her most recent work.

THE GROVES OF ACADEME has found a subject which seems especially apt as a vehicle for Miss McCarthy's insights and hostilities, dealing as it does with the confrontation of the Liberal and the Underground Man (just such a confrontation as Mary McCarthy's own work provides a certain kind of reader). The scene is the campus of a small "advanced" college; the antagonists Mulcahy, a seedy Machiavellian and self-despiser, obviously "chosen" by his immense unattractiveness to be the Victim of a hundred minor persecutions, and Maynard Hoar, a handsome, loved, earnest, and empty Liberal with no sense of how complicated it is to be human. These two have come to seem by now almost archetypal figures, confronting each other over and over again in Congressional committee rooms and before the bench, in the tragi-comedy of revelations about Communism that have filled the columns of our daily newspapers for the last several years.

But Miss McCarthy with a rare comic twist (it is the first successful gimmick she has ever come on, having no essential talent for the machinery of fiction) has made Mulcahy *falsely* accuse himself of having been a Communist, in an involved strategy to hold on to his job as professor of literature in the school of which Hoar, a pledged friend of freedom, is president. The book does not quite live up to the promise of its device, though there are, indeed, many delightful and telling passages—in particular, the description of a poetry conference, that typical cultural event of our time, heretofore not memorialized in fiction. In a sentence here and there, a turn of phrase, an unexpected metaphor, there is a touch of the old wit, but what is lacking in the style is the *excess* that once characterized Miss McCarthy's work, the overloading of each sentence, the lovely vicious gags thrown away out of the sheer fertility of her malice and invention.

Besides, though the book asserts a claim to being a novel, it contains none of the rich novelistic texture of interwoven relationships, none of the large rhythms of change which mark a true novel. Miss McCarthy's talent lies in the framing of sentences, and in the art of composing what used to be called "characters"—set pieces of static description in epigrammatic phrases, the *fixing* of individuals and types in a way essentially hostile to the dynamics of fiction. It is a shame that the older genre has disappeared; or that Miss Mc-

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Carthy cannot, at least, continue to practice it under the guise of writing drama reviews—for as a novelist she cannot move, in any of the senses of the word.

I DO not mean to say that Mulcahy is not magnificently realized, or that certain aspects of student life (though there are no real students in the book) and academic procedure are not neatly caught, or rather, caught out—but nothing happens, it is all *presented*. The secondary plot of the book, a fable of initiation into the dark tangle of human motives, involves a most improbable ingénue, called Domna Rejnev, who convinces us neither that she is Russian (though she talks about Tolstoy and insists on importing tins of *borscht* into the groves of academe), nor, indeed, that she is a real person.

As a matter of fact, none of Miss McCarthy's "control" characters—those normal types against whom the eccentricity of the eccentrics is defined—are at all convincing. The juvenile, an over-solemn neo-orthodox Protestant, the vestigial Proletarian Poet (an egregious example of the sort of pastoral glorification of simple types into which Miss McCarthy occasionally falls), the incredibly principled Alma neither amuse us nor impose their reality upon us. It is only in contriving "humors" and caricatures that Miss McCarthy is at home.

She is even less adequate in stating abstractly the center of values from which the eccentric deviates than she is in creating the innocents who embody those values. Explicit "ideas" are even less her forte than ingénues; and when she is *telling* us why progressive schools are false utopias, why it is wrong to teach students to be "critics rather than readers," or why certain kinds of modern poets are despicable, she falls into a smugness and flatness that betray the wit and unmercifulness of her simple seeing. When she descends, for instance, to a quip about the poet who cannot find time enough to attend all the poetry conferences eager to hear his remarks on the Neglect of Poetry, she is engaging in the satire of condescension rather than that of implication. It is the *other* who is seen as absurd, with a merely vulgar kind of unfairness, quite different from that Higher Unfairness, that unwillingness to pander to any aspect of our own or her self-esteem, which once marked Miss McCarthy's work, and to which I hope she will return.

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An Ideologue of Unreason

OSWALD SPENGLER: A CRITICAL ESTIMATE. By H. STUART HUGHES. Scribner's. 176 pp. $2.00.

Reviewed by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

OSWALD SPENGLER'S famous book *The Decline of the West* was first published in the summer of 1918. Huge in size, formless in presentation, choked with oracular generalities and portentous errors, it was at once and finally rejected by the learned world (except for a few parsons who hoped that its message of woe might promote a stampede into religion). But among the unlearned, especially in Germany, where (as Mr. Hughes sagaciously observes) "a shorter, more lucid book would never have achieved the same reputation for profundity," its success was immediate. It is a human trait to detect in one's own misfortunes a crisis of the universe, and in 1918 it was consoling to Germans to learn that their defeat was part of a cosmic process, and that their triumphant enemies were in fact in no better case. Within eight years one hundred thousand copies of Spengler's book had been sold; it was translated into English and French, Spanish and Italian, Russian and Arabic; then, in 1933, came the Nazis. For a while it seemed, as in retrospect it now seems, that Oswald Spengler was their philosopher.

But philosophers and their disciples do not always recognize each other at first sight, and between Spengler and the Nazis there was an unfortunate misunderstanding which led to an official boycott of his name and books. By 1940, the year of Hitler's greatest triumph, Spengler's book was unavailable in Germany. Then, once again, as in 1918, came disaster; once again Germans found it consoling to see their debacle as part of a general decay, outside their control, and affecting even their victors. The general thesis too—with the rise of Bolshevism—seemed now more plausible. In 1950 *The Decline of the West* was republished in Germany; and the popularity in America, if not of Spengler, at least of other more reputable "cyclical historians," has led many to wonder whether perhaps there may not be something in him after all: whether possibly the learned world may not have been wrong, and the uncritical readers right.

Who was Spengler? What was his philosophy? Was he, or was he not, the philosopher of Nazism? Is he, or is he not, an important thinker? To those who ask these questions Mr. Hughes's book will be most valuable. Short, clear, scholarly, it faces every important question about Spengler, and, by an extraordinary feat of synthesis, gives an answer to them all. I do not agree with all the answers: I gladly welcome the book.

OSWALD SPENGLER was one of the great ideologues of unreason. The 19th century was an age of reason, and the weakness of its thinkers was not that they applied reason to all problems (that was their strength), but that they often limited the field of study to what was itself rational. To them history was a chain of scientifically established (or establishable) events, civilization a linear progress from less to greater rationality, continually illustrated by the empirical test of mechanical efficiency. But towards the end of the century a number of important thinkers challenged this view. Anthropologists and psychologists explored the irrational nature and impulses of man; philosophical historians widened their field from technical "civilization" to comprehensive "culture"; and philosophers drew the consequences —that progress is not linear or continuous; that cultures are comparable, stage by stage; and that our "Western" culture is no more immortal than, say, the culture of the Greco-Roman world. Perhaps, even now, it has reached the limit where military dictators must, by transforming, prolong it, or barbarians batter it down.

This general climate of thought—the climate created by Burckhardt, who apprehended, and Nietzsche, Sorel, and Pareto, who welcomed such a crisis—is admirably re-created by Mr. Hughes; but where does Spengler fit in? According to Mr. Hughes, Spengler was a thinker in this tradition, the genius whose "incomparable historical imagination" enabled him to illustrate, as never before, the comparison between our now declining culture and those others which have already dissolved. It is true, Mr. Hughes admits, that Spengler is heroically wrong in method: that he deduces facts from his own theories, bases his accounts of whole cultures on fragmentary data, and introduces meaningless abstractions such as "Destiny" to evade, and absurd mumbo-jumbo to conceal, his difficulties. It is true that of the two other cultures on whose evidence he inter-

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preted our own, one (the "Magian") never existed, and was entirely invented by him. It is true in fact that large parts of the book are pretentious gibberish. But all these, says Mr. Hughes disarmingly, are irrelevant objections since Spengler himself rejected in advance the test of mere accuracy. He claimed, by a private process which he portentously named "physiognomic tact," "instinctively to see through the movement of events" to their ultimate significance; therefore, to protest that he misunderstood the events through which he saw is pedantic and absurd. Spengler in fact completely turned the tables on the 19th-century rationalists. He did not merely, like their great successors, apply his reason to the study of irrational life, he "rejected the whole notion of logical analysis." He was a pope, a prophet, a seer, whose claim to greatness is that what he saw, though unproven, was sometimes remarkably true.

At the risk of being classed by Mr. Hughes among those professional historians whose "characteristic literal-mindedness has prevented them from accepting the guidance and illumination that Spengler can offer," I must say that this seems to me a singular defense. Reason and experience are the only tests we can apply even to irrational behavior, and no man has the right to declare his own theories exempt from them. And even if some of Spengler's generalizations appear significant, these were by no means as original as he claimed. Though Spengler's oracular claptrap deafened the public, the real study of comparative cultures (based on reason, not on "physiognomic tact") has an independent history. On that history Spengler, Arthur Rosenberg, and others are simply parasites: lurid obtrusive fungi growing irrelevantly out of the side of the tree.

THE question remains, was Spengler, like Rosenberg, a prophet of Nazism? Mr. Hughes's discussion on this point seems to me admirable. In all essential matters Spengler was a Nazi. Faced by the prospect of a possible European revival through barbarism, he welcomed it, and claimed for Germany the leadership in such a revival: the elite of the German race must establish an empire on the ruins of Western Plutodemocracy, thus preserving, against Asiatic hordes, the half-smothered, musical "Faustian soul," and staying the otherwise inevitable "Decline of the West." The only differences between Spengler and Hitler were two: first, Spengler, as a social conservative, believed that the old German aristocracy could supply that elite with a radical revolution in German society; secondly, he thought Hitler an inadequate leader: he was not a "hero" but only a "heroic tenor."

Now in fact, on both these points, Spengler was wrong. The traditional German upper classes were quite incapable of rousing the revolutionary *élan* necessary for such an achievement: if it were to be carried through at all it could only be done by a new social elite; and Hitler was in fact not an operatic figure but a revolutionary genius. If Spengler had lived in 1940, perhaps he would have admitted as much. But he did not. Dying before he discovered his error, he quarreled with the Nazis on irrelevant grounds. Formally the quarrel was over the interpretation of "race"; in fact Spengler's crime was different: in repudiating the Nazis on trivial grounds, he had, as Mr. Hughes says, "failed to recognize his own children." Since his children, by their failure, ultimately justified his doubts, his grandchildren—the neo-Nazis—may yet recognize him.

The Double Liberation

UNAMBO. A NOVEL OF THE WAR IN ISRAEL. By MAX BROD. Translated by LUDWIG LEWISOHN. Farrar, Straus and Young. 309 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by HERBERT HOWARTH

THE first fifty pages of *Unambo* almost defeat the good will which is inspired by the name of Max Brod. The effort-ridden writing gives the impression that this critic, scholar, musician, poet—famous once in Czechoslovakia, and now in Israel—has set himself an impossible task in applying a medieval devil-fantasy to the contemporary scene and its problems. Then at page 57 he uses the fable of the tyrant Phalaris and his steer of bronze: "Into the belly of this steer rebels against his despotism were thrown and then within the steer a great fire was lit under them. The victims screamed. But a subtle artist had inserted into the steer's belly so many carefully placed convolutions that the desperate screams of tortured human beings were transmuted into musical harmonies." From this point onwards Brod becomes master of his material. Though the machinery is still cum-

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bersome, his intellect, his wide-ranging knowledge, and his power of unsullied enthusiasm (which makes him at the age of sixty-eight still so young a man) take command, and the reader is carried forward along the double road of the story.

It is a double road in every sense. By the device of the devil's "Unambo" machine, the narrative traces two possible lives and deaths of Paul Helfin, a film producer who has settled in Israel and witnesses the war for the Jewish state. The meaning of the expression "the war in Israel," as used in the descriptive subtitle to the novel, is also double. It refers both to the real war of 1948, and to the deeper conflict for the realization of the pure self which every people must dare to face. Correspondingly, the technique of the novel is constantly shifting between the plane of the outer world, where it presents the social and political information required for the establishment of objective fact, and the plane of the inner man and his struggle for purity, in which he can be helped by the knowledge, the faiths, and the myths of all periods of history.

Is *Unambo* a European novel or an Israeli novel? It is both. It simultaneously records the nature of that striving, hopeful, and ever self-betraying European conscience of Brod's time, and bears the first tender, not yet quite clear, imprint of the new Israeli spirit. It gives something to Israel from its two thousand years of European experience, and it rediscovers in Israel an experience anterior to that. Onto the landscape of Galilee or Judea it projects much that it has learned in Attica or the Bohemian forests; it draws out of the landscape the rejuvenation of more ancient memories. Certain landscape poems, like "Eucalyptus," which Max Brod wrote in Israel in the last fifteen years, can be recognized reappearing in the course of this novel as Paul Helfin links himself to his own hill country. "This is miracle ground." Here, on sentry duty, you may well by chance converse with one of the Thirty-Six Tsaddikim, who will utter an admonishment and disappear.

In fact, whoever would see the new Israel in the light of both the criticism and the longing of the old, departing Europe, may see it best through this book, which might become the *locus classicus* for the understanding of a crucial transition in Jewish history, and by extension, of a crisis in the development of civilized values. I will not attempt to say anything about

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the dangers of the promise which, through Helfin, Brod makes to himself on behalf of the Jewish nation—"I will be pure or not at all"—or of the related dangers of a sheer choice between good and evil. And certainly, at the other end of the scale, I do not want to say much about the odd errors of translation, and of transliteration, which jostle awkwardly with Mr. Lewisohn's occasional passages of moving brightness. Let me only say of the novel, in its own essence, that it is obligatory reading for Jew and Gentile.

"I love these strange, late works of the masters." The phrase of Barrès may well recur to those who recollect that Brod's *Unambo* of 1948, following almost half a century of achievement on his part, is a truly *new* work, an evolution, an act of enfranchising a State within himself. The artifice of the book sometimes creaks clumsily; yet the gauche self-consciousness is absolutely integral to the book; it guarantees the truth of its feeling; it exercises compulsion. Hitherto, except perhaps in *Tycho Brahes Weg zu Gott,* Brod's creative gifts were impeded rather than helped by his searching intellect. Now intellect and passion have combined—with pain, but also with the result of power.

Five Novels

THE SEASON'S DIFFERENCE. By FREDERICK BUECHNER. Knopf. 303 pp. $3.50.

THE BEETLE LEG. By JOHN HAWKES. New Directions. 159 pp. $2.50.

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE. By H. J. KAPLAN. Harper. 245 pp. $3.00.

THE CATHERINE WHEEL. By JEAN STAFFORD. Harcourt, Brace. 281 pp. $3.00.

LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS. By WILLIAM STYRON. Bobbs-Merrill. 400 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HEINZ POLITZER

GONE are the days of the novel as a confessional; the equation of author and hero does not work any longer: Hemingway's *Across the River and Into the Trees* was, at least for the time being, the swan song of those who were both the victims and the executioners of their own imaginations. Detachment has now become almost an obsession. The age of the authors of the books at hand—roughly between twenty-five and thirty-five—has ceased to be the age of their heroes and heroines; children, adolescents, and people beyond their prime now fill the scene.

The writers of the Lost Generation knew exactly what they were talking about; they were their own problem; and although they were ultimately unable to solve that problem, they could state it with the directness of immediate experience. The writers at hand fumble with structural problems in order to camouflage the fact that they move in unfamiliar territory, in areas they do not know from their own experience.

Their younger characters are distorted by too much objectivity; most clearly, Jean Stafford's Victor, in whom this distortion congeals to physical deformity, and Frederick Buechner's two adolescents, whose "ugliness" induces in them ideas of grandeur and the pride of outcasts. It is as if these novelists wanted to prove their own maturity by denouncing, albeit in a very subtle way, the age of innocence. Again we see the writer involved in a *recherche du temps perdu;* except that now he can no longer recapture the full meaning of a youth that he seems never to have possessed in all its range and depth. Consciously or not, the source of this half-psychological, half-mythographical presentation of youth is Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw.* And the two writers whom we see concentrating most strongly on this motif, Stafford and Buechner, are also definitely post-Jamesian in style.

ON THE other hand, there are the characters who are older than their authors in age and experience: H. J. Kaplan's American in Paris; William Styron's Milton Loftis, the Southerner; Buechner's visionary school teacher and the whole set of adult vacationers surrounding him; Jean Stafford's genteel Katharine. Even John Hawkes's Cap Leech, who pioneers beyond the frontier of death, belongs in this age group. All of them move over despair as on a frozen stream; some skate, some plunge through the broken surface, but all slide from "unreality to unreality" and end up in more or less real disaster. Styron's young heroine oversimplifies the situation: "Those people back in the lost generation . . . they thought they were lost. What they were doing was losing us." But they lost not only their relation with their children; they lost contact with their own existences, and with life in general.

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Certainly, an older person's fatal insight into the purposelessness of his life has been a literary stock subject since Tolstoy's *Death of Ivan Ilyitch*. But only with *Death of a Salesman* has this subject become a specific form of protest—the protest of the younger American writers against the generation that preceded them in life, literature, and politics. The crisis of our civilization is defined as the spiritual climacteric of the generation of one's fathers and mothers. By withdrawing from their parents, as well as from their own childhoods, writers try desperately to arrive at a position of their own. Many a deficiency, especially in the structure of their novels and in the use of language as a means of communication, stems from the fact that their detachment is purely negative. They are ashamed of the too great directness of their predecessors, they are suspicious of the soul, and of their insights into psychological mechanisms; they are intent only on forming myths out of a basically unmythical material: the present. The creative ego is in a panicky flight before itself; what remains is the exercise in style, with the *level*—of quality, of seriousness—as the ultimate goal. The subject matter is understated in varying degree but with an obstinacy common to all; the task seems now to lie in a manner of presentation increasingly aware of its own virtues, as remote from autobiographical reference as possible, and—if anything—indifferent to the reader. In the near distance looms the ivory tower of *l'art pour l'art*, an astounding sight in the literary landscape of mid-century America.

What renders a book like H. J. Kaplan's so hopeless is the author's patronizing attitude toward his own hero. Throughout the narration Kaplan displays a condescension which he would like to think is irony but which springs from the arrogance of self-hatred, and from the lack of any fixed point from which he could approach the figure he has created. He feels insecure, as does Styron toward his Helen Loftis, a Strindbergian monster with overtones borrowed from Faulkner, O'Neill, or directly from Freud.

Both Kaplan and Styron make abundant use of the flashback technique. Kaplan's hero finds himself on page 25 "in a scrofulous building off the Place Maubert, in a grimy cell-like room under the eaves of what must have been the most ancient and dilapidated hotel in Paris,

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with a strange woman sleeping on the bed within reach of his arm and—outside, in the pitch-black corridor—a man mad, drunk or doped, breathing on the latched door, holding a bare knife, waiting for Clifford to emerge and be murdered. . . ." On page 243 he discovers, after reviewing his history and writing his will, that he has "O irony—a future. . . . I have nothing to do but decide what to do." The rest of what the blurb calls "an intellectual thriller" is taken up by the account of how Clifford has come to this unexpected situation, a report broken up by aphorisms in the cold jargon of the intellectual Smart Set. All this leads Clifford eventually to accepting his position and himself as authentic. Thus, in orthodox existentialist fashion, the deadlock is resolved and the way out of the conflict opened. But Kaplan's "good message" only reveals the brilliance of a dissecting mind, which is exclusively interested in the operation it performs and completely neglects the hero who is exposed to it. Life is doomed to die under these sharp, glittering, and sterile sentences.

William Styron's book, on the other hand, is all but brilliant, though its message is exiguous and its New York scenes provincial. Its theme is set by the return to her home in Port Warwick, Virginia, of the body of a young girl named Peyton Loftis. Her story, ending with her suicide, is picked up by flashbacks, and flashbacks set into flashbacks already in progress, a technique that tends to blur the action without making it any more interesting. But Styron does know how to transform the mud of life by sheer power of narration into the music of style. The background is American, complete with Daddy Faith, the Football Game, and the Cocktail Party, with the car drive to the end of the night and the Puritan shame of the morning. And there is a beauty both ancient and promising in the downfall of his hero, Milton Loftis, inextricably in love with his daughter's fixation on him, the narrow and middle-sized man from the South, and as such not quite convincing, not quite "experienced," but still something more: a man in anguish and mystery, giving up on himself, smitten by what he loves most.

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In some respects Jean Stafford's Katharine is the man from the South translated into a Boston lady. Like Milton Loftis, she is conditioned by her reminiscences, and has made a philosophy of them: "There is only one time . . . and that is the past time. There is no fashion in *now* or in *tomorrow* because the goods has not been cut." Like Loftis again, she is exposed to the aimless activity of youth, and the anxieties, equally aimless, of her own contemporaries. But her summer house stands outside the village of Hawthorne in Maine, and her roots extend deep into the traditional and adventurous soil of Boston and its hinterland, from which she gains a strangely completed passion, and finally gains even her own death (the other books here reserve tragedy for the younger generation alone). Like Styron's and Kaplan's novels, Jean Stafford's picks up momentum only in its second half. By a thoroughly decomposed composition, by very slow narrative rhythms, by detailed description that out-Prousts Proust, so that the texture of the writing becomes like refined needlework—in short, by a sort of magical boredom, Miss Stafford draws her reader closer and closer to the center of her story. It is the children who take shape first; they belong to the heroine's best friend and first cousin, Maeve, who becomes visible in turn, and transparent; she is married to the man to whom Katharine has devoted the past that is her life. Suddenly, these now familiar characters spring into action, and Katharine goes to her ironic doom.

Jean Stafford, standing between the world of children and that of their parents, gives no indication as to where she herself is to be placed in the succession of generations. As a writer, too, she remains outside her story, brandishing the magic wand of style—a wand that often becomes unwieldy and unnecessary—appearing arbitrarily here and there, but withdrawing as soon as she has succeeded in making her presence felt. In spite of its elaborate smoothness, her narrative is uneven and disquieting. Only in the last few lines of the book

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This *I believe*

by *William O. Douglas*

"THE GREAT DANGER of this period is not inflation, nor the national debt, nor atomic warfare. The great, the critical danger is that we will . . . limit or narrow the range of permissible discussion and permissible thought. . . . If we do, we will lose flexibility. We will lose the capacity for expert management. We will then become wedded to a few techniques, to a few devices. They will define our policy and at the same time limit our ability to alter or modify it. Once we narrow the range of thought and discussion, we will surrender a great deal of our power. We will become like the man on the toboggan who can ride it but who can neither steer it nor stop it.

The mind of man must always be free. The strong society is one that sanctions and encourages freedom of thought and expression. When there is that freedom, a nation has resiliency and adaptability. When freedom of expression is supreme, a nation will keep its balance and stability.

Our real power is our spiritual strength, and that spiritual strength stems from our civil liberties. If we are true to our traditions, if we are tolerant of a whole market place of ideas, we will always be strong. . . ."*

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J. M. Kaplan, President

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does the author unveil her face: the hard and wise features of a writer who, like fate, sums up in one stroke the ambiguities and complexities of the human scene.

Frederick Buechner's book follows, obviously, hard on the heels of a successful first novel. It shows, with equal obviousness, signs of exhaustion, reading like a pastiche of its predecessor. It is interesting mostly for its effort to break through a pattern of imagery carried over from the first novel. There is a Gothic, almost Teutonic, fury, a violence of vision and grasp that Buechner has obviously inhibited and smoothed over so long that by now it gives off a hollow sound. The impact of a basic experience like the school teacher hero's vision on a group of people gathered at random could have yielded a character study of relevance. But the author is not interested in his plot, which is negligible, or in his characters, who hide their triteness behind oversophistication. The novel is, at its best, an almost abstract experiment in human relations, but completely out of focus; its few dramatic incidents are immediately wrapped up in reflections and lyricism, their point quickly blunted beyond recognition. All that is left is a gossamer of small talk, allusions, and witticisms, and a nearly complete breakdown of intelligibility.

To some extent John Hawkes stands apart from the foregoing writers. Like Styron, he is a *young* writer, whereas Buechner and Jean Stafford are heirs of tradition, with all the refinement and fragility of late descendants, and Kaplan wants us to believe that he is as old as the Bible which he so abundantly quotes. Like Kaplan, Hawkes deals with the American experience of Europe. But Kaplan's Europe is the Paris of Fitzgerald, Hemingway, and George Gershwin, a Babylon revisited and brought up to date. *The Beetle Leg* is firmly set in the American West, and its author, who was an ambulance driver in Italy and Germany, brings to his setting the atmosphere of Europe on the morrow of the war—recent Italian movies like *Paisan, Shoeshine,* and especially *Bitter Rice* are felt in it.

Hawkes's subject is one that Pietro di Donato had left hanging in mid-air in his *Christ in Concrete* of 1937. "A man lay buried just below the water level of the dam. He was embedded in the earth and entangled with a caterpillar pump engine and a hundred feet of hose, somewhere inside the mountain that was protected from the lake on one side by rock and gravel and kept from erosion on its southward slope by partially grown rows of yellow grass. . . ." The theme appears first in its nuclear smallness—a construction worker who had to be sacrificed during the building of an irrigation dam—but by following up the effects this one death had on the survivors, the book concentrates in slow progress on the natural pain, and dignity, of man. The technological universe recedes and Man takes over again, until, on the last page, the theme of the victim is repeated triumphantly, yet modestly. The narrative is blurred and broken up by stylistic experiment, by a quest for artistic integrity in the avant-garde tradition. And yet, there is fresh air, and a savage beauty that verges on the archaic and the primitive. Here, for once, the accepted standards of modern American letters, of Henry James, Proust, and the other masters, have been tentatively replaced by a voice through which echoes the timid-daring stammer of contemporary European civilization.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

William A. Irwin is professor of Old Testament studies at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. He contributed the chapter on the Hebrews to *The Intellectual Adventure of Ancient Man,* edited by H. A. Frankfort (1947).

Leslie A. Fiedler, on leave from the University of Montana, is teaching American literature at the University of Rome on a Fulbright Fellowship.

H. R. Trevor-Roper is a Fellow of Christ Church College, Oxford, and the author of *The Last Days of Hitler.*

Herbert Howarth was for a time an official of the British Administration in Palestine, and since 1946 has been employed in the London office of the Jewish Agency. His most recent contribution to Commentary was an article on Winston Churchill (June 1951).

Heinz Politzer is assistant professor of German at Bryn Mawr College. He has been one of Commentary's most frequent contributors.

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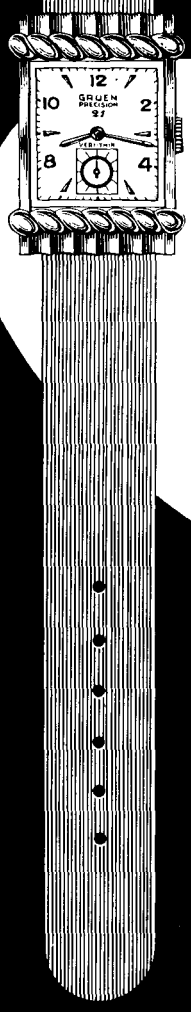

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